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Painting by Paul Peel

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE
In the Canadian National Gallery

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

THE ARCTIC HOST AND HOSTESS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW NORTH"

THE Canadian Eskimo is a gentleman. I foregathered with him last year on Canada's Arctic fore-shore, and would make my statement with authority and prove it by the scribes.

The Century Dictionary says that a gentleman is "Any man whose breeding, education, occupation, or income raises him above menial service or an ordinary trade." This definition would seem to have been made for the Kogmolyc and Nunatalmute of the Mackenzie Delta. These fellows with their well-knit bodies and athletic sprightliness have for their occupation seal-hunting and walrus-sticking. Lords of their own ice-floes and ocean-edges, they scorn "ordinary trade"; and with family-trees finding root in ancient Tartar soil, carry escutcheons all unsullied of menial service.

What other demand does the dictionary of the Southerner make of Eskimo *gentillesse*? He must be, "A man distinguished for fine sense of honour, strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others." Let Sergeant Fitzgerald, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, stationed with the Mackenzie River Eskimo, speak for them. In his Departmental Report this officer states: "I have found

these natives honest all the time I have been at Herschel Island. I never heard of a case of stealing among them." He has been there five years.

Up there on the Arctic the bare word of an Eskimo is accepted of all men. If a Kogmolyc says to a mounted policeman or Hudson's Bay Company factor that he has an order from a whaling-captain to get certain goods for himself, the unwritten order is honoured though it may date back two, or even three, years. An order presented by a white man must always be in writing and certified.

But there must be further trial before this man may bind knighthood's spurs over those watertight skin boots of his. It is Barrow who asks and answers: "For what, I pray is a gentleman — what properties has he whereby he is distinguished from others and raised above the vulgar? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesy?" By experience we proved the delicacy of feeling, the strong pride, the spontaneous generosity of these people; and who would dare impugn the courage of this one man of all men who faces in single combat the polar bear and asks no favours of fate?

Emerson and Steele carry on the



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON AND AN ESKIMO HUSBAND AND WIFE

cross-examination. In his essay on "Manners," Emerson lays down the dictum: "A gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behaviour." Truth, independence, high-bearing - our gentleman qualifies in these before any grand jury or committee of his peers.

On my way to the Farthest North, at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, I picked up in the old Hudson's Bay Company's library a thin-worn copy of "The Tatler," and turning it over one day in the *topik* of Oo-vai-oo-ak, Chief of the Kogmollyes, by a strange chance I stumbled across the touchstone of gentlemanhood as laid down by Dickie Steele: "The appellation of 'gentleman' is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them."

This completes the case for the Nunatalmutes and the Kogmollyes standing before you, six feet in their seal-skin socks, smiling their well-bred smile, looking you in the eye with a glance that is a superb challenge, and caring not a clam-shell for

your verdict, whatever it may be.

Why would I enter the lists and take up icy spear for this Polar gentleman, this fellow British subject? Because he is so very worth while. Because through the years the whole world has conspired to libel him. Because within a decade or two he will have passed utterly off the map, and because it is so very much pleasanter to write appreciations than epitaphs.

The Eskimo came to us last summer as such a surprise! We reached him after months spent in the tepees of the Cree, Chipewyan, Dog-rib, Slavi, Yellow-Knife, and Loucheux, making our way northward and ever northward; and these Indians, interesting as they cannot fail to be, make an excellent foil to the Eskimo. In what way? The Eskimo, occupying sea and land, a true amphibian, has more food in his range than the Indian has, and consequently, with his wives and babies and dogs, is fatter and better nourished. He shows the effects of his good living in a merrier manner, a jauntier bearing, a more assured carriage.

This man wins you at once by his frank directness; his is the bearing of a fearless child. The Indian, like Ossian's hero, scorned to tell his name, and on occasion would dodge the camera; the Eskimos all liked to be photographed, pressing to our side like a friendly class of boys and girls round a "chummy" teacher, volunteering data of age, sex, and previous condition with all sorts of coveted bits of intimate family history.

You respect the Eskimo because he is brave, enduring, resourceful, adaptable, because he takes hold of existing conditions and bends them to his will, asking odds of no man. You love him because he is kind to his dogs and gentle to little children. His entire willingness to take you on credit is contagious. Trust begets trust, even in walrus latitudes.

Then this Kogmollyc is such a clever chap; with no teacher from "outside," no manual-training classes or technical schools, no modern appliances, he does so many things and does each so admirably. He is a hunter by land and sea, a furrier, a fisherman, a fearless traveller, a carver, a metal-smith, and he takes in every task the pride of a master-mechanic, for such he aims to be.

The duties of men and women are each well-defined. The head of a Nunatalmute or Kogmollyc household is the blood-and-flesh winner, the navigator of the *kayak*, the driver of the dogs. It is he who builds the houses on the march, and when occasion requires he does not consider it *infra dignitatem* to get the breakfast or mind the baby. The wife dresses the skins, prepares the food, makes all the clothing; and the lord of the igloo demands from her the same perfect work that he turns out himself. When an Eskimo wife has finished making her spouse a pair of waterproof boots, she hands them to him, and he blows them up. If there is one little pin-hole and the air oozes out, he throws the boots back to her, and two ways are open for her to take up the pedal gauntlet. She has to meekly start to make another pair of boots without murmuring a word, or leave him to take to his bosom a new conjugal bootmaker. We noticed with interest in witnessing this little tableau that there was no recrimination, no word was spoken on either side. The exacting husband contenting himself with blowing up the boots and not the wife.

We watched with uncanny fascina-



AN ESKIMO FAMILY

tion one old woman currying a seal-skin. Her tongue was kept busy cleaning the scraper, while her mouth was a repository for the scrapings, which went first there, then to a wooden dish, then to the waiting circle of pop-eyed dogs. The whole performance was deft and executed with a precision of movement that held us during all the time the exhibition was on.

If a white woman were to be shipwrecked and thrown upon an Eskimo foreshore, presenting herself at a "Husky" employment bureau, many surprises would be in store for her. Instead of demanding references from her last employer, the genial proprietor would most likely first ask to inspect her teeth. Your teeth are as important in prosecuting the female Eskimo handicraft as your hands are.

A young wife's cobbling duty does not end with making for her mate boots that shall be utterly waterproof; each morning she must arise before the seagull and chew these into shape. You see, after the boots are wet each day they get as stiff as boards, then they must be lubricated with oil and chewed into shape; and fine jobs the women make of them. We watched Mrs. Oo-vai-oo-ak the Younger at this wifely duty. Taking the big boot up in her well-shaped hands, incisively the white teeth made their way quarter-inch by quarter-inch around the border between upper and sole. The indentations in the finished part looking like the crisped edges left by the fork round the rims of the pies

your mother used to make so well.

If there are several men in the family group, or boys old enough to take their place with the hunters, it is several hours' work to chew the boots before the matutinal meal. Solomon's eulogy of Mrs. Oo-vai-oo-ak corrected to the latitude of seventy degrees north would read: "She seeketh fish and the liver of seals and worketh willingly with her hands; she riseth also while it is yet night, and cheweth the boots of her household."

Our mothers used to buy a web of cloth and proceed to shrink it before they cut out the garments for the growing family of boys and girls. The Eskimo wife and mother makes every stitch of clothing used by the whole family, summer and winter. There are no village tailors, and no convenient hand-me-down suits to be bought. Nothing that the white man makes is of any use in the way of clothing for the Eskimo, everything that this man wears is tailor-made by his own private tailoress.

Mrs. Eskimo is not only a *modiste*,

she must be a currier and furrier as intermediary trades before the winter-suit of the seal can be turned into the spring suit of her lord. The Eskimo is particular about the fit of his clothes. You never see a man walking round in a misfit Poole coat of fur, nor a woman in a walrus gown that was not fashioned for the lines it covers.

Every bit of Eskimo skin-clothing is as soft as a kid glove. This effect is not produced without patient labour, and again the teeth of the wo-

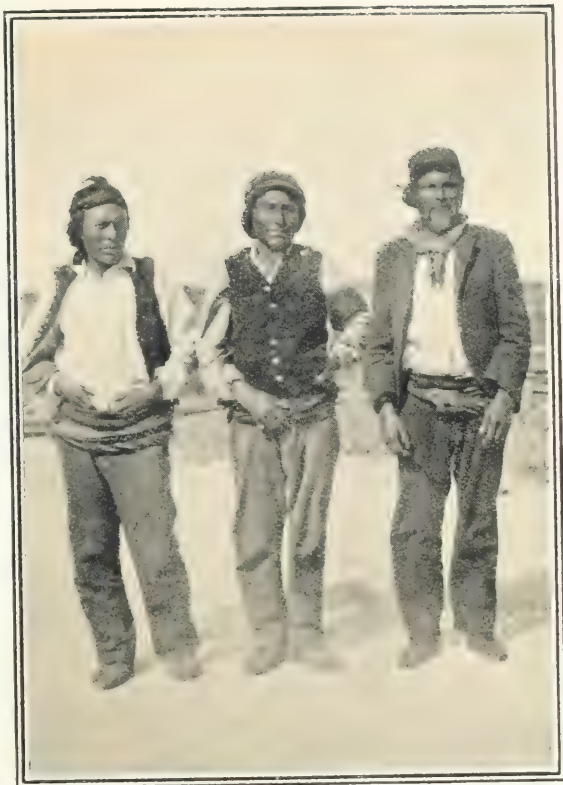


A "DOG-RIB" TRAPPER

men are brought into requisition. The sealskins or hides of the reindeer and bear are staked out in the sun with the skin side up and dried thoroughly. Before this stiff hard material can be worked up into garments it must be made pliable, and the women do this by systematically chewing the fibres. This is a slow and painstaking task. Creasing the hide along its whole length, the women take it in their hands and chew their way along the bend from one end of the skin to the other, working their way back along the next half-inch line. Watching them, one is reminded of the ploughman driving his team afield up one furrow and down the other of his paternal acres.

It falls to the lot of the woman, too, to do her share of boatmaking. The frames of both *kayak* and *oomiak* are deftly fashioned by the men, who use in their construction not a single nail or piece of iron, the wood being fastened together by pegs and thongs of skin. The women measure the frame to be covered and then sew green hides of the proper shape to fit, making wonderful overlapping seams that are absolutely watertight. As the whole of this has to be completed at one sitting, a "bee" of the women of the neighbourhood is often held, for it is necessary to put the skin covering on while the hides are raw; as they dry they contract and make the covering of the craft as light as a drum.

No sympathy needs be extended to the Eskimo wife because of the physical work she does; this very labour and exertion makes her as strong as the man is, and one sees very little sickness up there. The country and conditions demand strong minds in



INDIANS SEEN NEAR GREAT BEAR LAKE

strong bodies, and the elements make no gentle allowances for a "weaker vessel." The dictum, "I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild, but by men with the hearts of vikings and the simple faith of a child," applies with unflinching exactitude to man and woman, babe and stripling. These women, when necessity arises, drive dogs, draw sledges, and sit out all night on the ice with their hooks, fishing for the family food.

One scarcely knows for which of his clever arts to most admire the Eskimo. His rare gift of carving in ivory must surely have been brought from some Japanese ancestor. For this work he takes either ordinary bone or the ivory of walrus-tusks and makes from it beautiful ornaments, copying the birds and fishes and animals around him, or following the suggest



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, FORT SIMPSON. IN WINTER

ed design of the white on-looker. Out of little bits of scrap-ivory he will carve for you the human figure with an intelligence and a knowledge of anatomy that sets one wondering. Where did this man get his versatile ability? Only the walrus knows. The whalers and rare white visitors to these people have inducted them into the art of making cribbage-boards. They use for each piece a complete tusk of walrus-ivory, covering the whole with a very wealth of descriptive carvings illustrating all that

comes into the yearly round of an Eskimo's life—snow-igloo, dog-team, walrus-sticking, and bear-hunting.

So far as I could find out, the "Husky's" connection with cribbage ceased with his making these *edition-de-luxe* boards of choicest ivory. He himself seemed to have gathered no inkling of the fine points of the game which instinctively one associates with *Dick Swiveller* as tutor and the little *Marchioness* as pupil.

In the world "Outside," far from igloos and ice-floes, where people ga-



WHIP-SAWING IN WINTER, FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER

ther round cheery Christmas fires with "one for his nob," "two for his heels," and "a double run of three," these ivory crib-boards are sold for from \$75 to \$100 each. We have two of them among our most cherished trophies, and with them an ivory ring beautifully formed, which we saw made to our order. Set in the ring is a blue stone of irregular shape, which was fitted into the ivory matrix with a nicety of workmanship that few jewellers could attain. By patient work the cavity was made the exact shape of the stone it was to receive, and then the ornament was gently pushed into its setting, the whole a wonderful triumph of clever workmanship.

The auger or gimlet with which ivory and bone are pierced is a clever tool cleverly used. A rigid needle is made to play in a socket at right angles to a block of ivory held in the mouth. Two thin strings or thongs are wound in opposite directions round the needle, the whole being set in motion as a child spins a top, and in a wink a hole is pierced through the ornament or utensil worked upon. I had fashioned for me a gavel in the shape of a sleeping seal, made of fossil ivory from the Little Diomedes. The contrast of the weathered brown of the outside of the ivory, with the pure white of the inner layers, when worked up into a carved design, gives the effect of a cameo and intaglio combined.

When the white man and the Eskimo meet, it is a question which will learn the more from the other. Certain is it that the Eskimo lays under tribute everything that comes under his observation, turning it to wise account. His method of hunting the seal is a direct "steal" from the polar bear. The Eskimo father takes his son of eight or ten years with him for a long day on the ice and bids him watch the bear kill the seal, telling him that the closer he can imitate the stratagem of that sly hunter the better. What do the Innuits father and

son see in that polar kindergarten?

A seal is on the ice by the side of its hole stretching its flippers luxuriously in the year's first sunshine. The big white bear has sighted his prey from behind an ice hummock at a distance whence the seal appears but a black speck. Throwing himself on his side, the bear, himself not much removed from the colour of the ice, "hitchbes" himself along in much the same fashion as a baby crawls. The seal at this season takes short cat-naps of twenty or thirty seconds each, waking up from each one and surveying the landscape o'er. When the seal sleeps, Bruin hitches. As the seal opens his eyes the bear lifts his head and imitates the voice of another seal, the sound being so deceptive that a man's ear cannot detect the imitation. The admiring Innuits calls this, "talking seal," and bids his little lad practise it in his play-time.

This alternate "hitching" and "talking seal" goes on until the bear is within striking distance, when a sudden rising to his four feet and a powerful pounce ends the duel of duplicity on one side and drowsiness on the other. If the seal is quick enough to reach his hole before the hidden umpire of destinies calls "Strike one," he makes a home-run and congratulates himself. For those who would bet on the game, it is fair to say that the poor seal does not succeed one time out of ten.

The Innuits, from top to toe dressed in skins, looks even more like a seal than a bear does, and pursues his quarry from a distance in identically the same way, saying that if he could "talk seal" as well as a bear he would have greater success.

Sometimes the Eskimo essays a waiting game; he seeks a seal-hole and waits for his victim to come to the surface. To find the home of the seal, he uses his keenest-scented dog, harnessed. The dog never makes a mistake. When he smells the seal he makes a bee-line for the hole, drag-

ging the sled and driver bumping over the ice toward it.

And now we see the Eskimo waiting for his dinner. Who shall say what thoughts flit across his furry mind as absolutely motionless he stands or sits at that hole waiting for the seal to come to breathe? As we watch the Eskimo, hours may pass by before that tension of his whole body tells us it is time to get our kodak ready if we would strike as he strikes. The approach of the seal is heralded by strings of bubbles, the animal emptying its lungs as it rises to the hole to breathe. As the wide nostrils reach the surface and the seal begins to take one long delicious inspiration, the Eskimo brings his spear directly over the centre of the hole and strikes with the speed and certainty of a coiled snake.

The skull of the seal is almost as thin as parchment, and this is in marked contrast to the skull of the walrus, which is so hard that it flattens a bullet. One is surprised at the size and weight of a seal's brain, although the stories we have been telling show it to be the victim of brains more cunning. Still, the wonders that are done by animal-trainers with captured seals would show their brains (the brains of both trainer and trained), to be of high order indeed.

Merrily the seasons glide with the Canadian Eskimo; there is no monotony in his round of days, and not one of his loyal British cousins to the south is fuller of the mellow juice of life than this man. His hardest time is at the very beginning of the year, when the days are lengthening, the larder thinning, and the seals are safe in open water. By the time the vernal equinox is cheering the hearts of people in the temperate zone this man begins to turn his thoughts and footsteps towards the trader's door hundreds of miles away, where furs can be changed for ammunition, tobacco, and tea.

This journey is made in easy stages, following the shore ice and stopping

wherever there is a chance to kill a seal. These are not always speared or shot, they are sometimes caught in nets made of the skins of their pre-deceased relatives. One Kogmolyc on Herschel Island in the year 1905 caught twenty-eight seals, at different times, in one net.

As a rule, two or three families travel in a little cavalcade, one old woman walking ahead of the dogs to encourage them, and the men wandering about on the ice in search of seal holes. Each evening they make a one-night stand and always draw a full house which they have first constructed of ice and snow. Their snow-knives made of old saws are formidable enough looking weapons and, like the sword of *Hudibras*, would do to toast or strike withal.

As the men finish the house, the wives and children take the bedding and impedimenta from the sleds, over the snow go willow mats and then deerskins, the seal-oil lamp is lighted; and as the women fit up the good-for-this-date-only home, the men unharness the dogs and feed them. Dog-harness is taken into the house so that it will not be eaten, for everything of animal origin is potential food up there. A missionary's temporary church made of skins was once eaten to the ridge-pole by a pack of hungry canines, a house of worship that literally went to the dogs. These dogs of the Eskimo are acute of hearing, and the word of command is given in a low tone, a startling and pleasing contrast to the mixed invective of French and Cree used by the Indian south of this range.

February, March, and perhaps April are spent in reaching the trading-post, where a few weeks pass in looking around and dallying with life. When the Eskimo starts northward the days are longer, seals basking in the warm sun are easy, and the Eskimo might well hum (if he had ever heard it) the line, "I took a day and found the world was fashioned to my mind." With the June sun the land

becomes bare of snow; geese, swans, and ducks are plentiful. This is the month of fat things, the month the Innuits chants about in his sing-songs. Seagulls' eggs furnish raw omelets, the "salmon of Mackenzie" is fish to their net, the white porpoise comes within range, and walruses have been sighted with their sun-dried hairy hides. This sea-elephant with his awkward gait but incredible swiftness, his little red eyes set in his unsteady head, and his tempting ivory gleaming in the sun, might well by Canadian law be protected for the exclusive use of the Eskimo; for this brownish-coated bulk of quivering fat, this tank of living blubber, is treasure-trove to the "Husky," meaning many meals and much rejoicing, while to the white man he is but an object of curiosity and questionable sport.

By mid-August or September our nomads have provided themselves with many a sealskinful of porpoise-oil and seal-oil—light and fuel for the long vigil of the winter igloo. Barren Ground caribou (*Rangifer arcticus*) gather now in big herds for the mating season and the yearly southward migration. Their skins are prime; and in these happy hunting grounds the Eskimo keeps his early autumn, not returning to the ocean-edge till sufficient snow allows dog-sleds to carry out the heavy haul of "meat in due season."

There is an unwritten law which governs the individual in every Eskimo community. The aged are respected; criminals and lunatics are quietly removed from the drama by one of the tribe; supposed incurables commit suicide and in that act go to a hot underground heaven. The body of the dead is sewn up in skins and kept in the igloo for a while, as the spirit of the departed hovers round and would feel hurt at the indecent haste of a speedy burial. On account of the hard frost all sepulture is made on top of the ground, the covered body being merely weighted down by drift-wood, the Eskimo following the In-

dian fashion of placing a man's most cherished belongings on his grave.

Conjugal and filial love show themselves in providing enduring anchoring-logs for the graves the mourners would respect. Travelling with your "Husky" guide, he says to you as you pass a grave by the wayside, "Good fellow him buried there; big logs, big chief, I think." For 120 hours after death the fellow-tribesmen mourn for him who is gone. No work is done and no hunting, no willow-mat disturbed, no lamp trimmed, no boots chewed. In the Eskimo calendar it takes five days to bemoan a dead man and three days to rejoice over a dead bear, both mourning and rejoicing being celebrated by cessation from work.

Festivities, as in other lands, are marked by music and dancing, the dancing is more a rhythmic swaying of body and limbs than a tripping of fantastic toes. The chief musical instrument we saw was the *keeloon*, or tambourine, of reindeer-skin, furnished with a handle and played by striking the encircling hoop and not the stretched parchment.

It was with real regret, when the parting of the ways had come, that we said good-bye to these Mackenzie River Eskimos, the Kogmollycs and the Nunatalmutes. The Kogmollycs are the people that Sir John Richardson met, and they have "from the beginning" occupied the shore from Baillie Island west to Barter Island. For thirty-seven years the Kogmollycs have been trading at Peel River with the same Hudson's Bay Company's officer, Mr. John Firth. The Nunatalmutes moved into this region in 1889, when the American whalers first visited Herschel Island, being driven by scarcity of game to desert their hunting-grounds in Alaska inland from Kotzebue Sound. The two tribes now live on and near the Mackenzie Delta in peace with each other, and they intermarry.

Nature to these Eskimos is especially benign. The junction of the

Mackenzie and the Peel is covered with a forest of spruce, and even to the ocean-lip footprints of moose and black bear are seen. In the delta are found cross, red, and silver foxes, mink and marten, with lynx and rabbits according to the fortunes of war. East of Cape Parry, the Eskimos tell us, bears are so numerous that from ten to twenty are seen at one time from the top of a high hill.

These "Huskies" in immediate contact with whalers and traders have two assets, labour and fur, which are convertible into goods for the white men. The resultant bill-of-fare in the summer season is a Delmonico spread—bacon, venison, blubber, seal, fish, bread, tea, coffee, "consecrated" potatoes, tinned tomatoes!

What do their neighbours, the Indians to the south, enjoy? Vermilion flour once a year, if they belong to the treaty tribes, tea and tobacco always, moose-meat, caribou, fish, rabbits, and starvation as God sends.

The Chauncey Depew of the Kogmollyes, the man with the best stories and most inimitable way of telling them, is Roxi. It was Roxi who told me the love story of his cousin, the

Nunatalmute *Lochinvar*. This young man wooed a maid, but the girl's father had no very good opinion of the lad's hunting ability and was obdurate.

The lover determined to take destiny into his own hands and force the game. A deep ravine of ice lay between his igloo and that of the family to whom he would fain be son; over the chasm a drift-log made a temporary bridge. One night *Lochinvar* crossed the icy gully, entered the igloo of his elect, and seizing her in her *shin-ig-bee*, or sleeping-bag, lifted the dear burden over his back. Then, in spite of struggles and muffled cries from within, he strode off with her to his side of the stream.

Safely crossing the gulch, he gaily kicked the log bridge into the gulf and carried his squirming treasure to his own igloo floor. He had left his seal-oil lamp burning and now it was with an anticipative chuckle of glee that he undid the draw-string. We end the story where Roxi did, by telling that the figure which rolled out sputtering from the *shin-ig-bee* was the would-not-be father-in-law instead of the would-be bride.



JANE BEARDMORE'S SACRIFICE

BY FRANK H. SHAW

A SPECULATIVE builder bought the coastguard station on Berrymore Head, and at once proceeded to dismantle it. An economical government had decided that the station was totally unnecessary; the passage of time had brought steam, and the leviathans of to-day seldom, if ever, approached within signalling distance of the trim white colony, which was chiefly distinguishable from the sea by its towering flagstaff and its surrounding whitewashed wall. Sailing-ships, so authority would have it, were practically extinct, and really, these coastguard stations meant so much for upkeep that it was necessary to cut down wherever possible. There were those who remembered the days when each and every day brought some white-winged homeward-bounder almost within hail of the blue-black cliffs, to run a parti-coloured string of flags to peak or masthead, and so to await the single pennant that would be hoisted on the gaff of the white flagstaff ashore to indicate the message was taken and would be flashed to Lloyd's at the time appointed. But now, it was reckoned as something of a miracle if one ship a week were sighted; and the coast was so well known that there had not been a disaster for twelve years—shipmasters were growing more cautious; and, after all, what was the need of a coastguard station at all? To prevent smuggling? Rubbish. There was no smuggling nowadays; it was not worth while. To prevent wrecking? It was an age of enlightenment, and no one would ever dream of luring a ship to

its doom. So the speculative builder and his men appeared; the clang of pick and shovel sounded loudly above the fret of the sea on the reefs beneath the Head; carts trundled slowly away, deep ruts appeared in the even green of the sward; out of simple beauty was bred unsightliness; again, Nature did its work, and the gaping cellars and foundations were clothed with earth and living green once more. The coastguard station might never have had an existence save as a dream.

Jane Bearlmore was one of those who remembered the old era, when the homeward-bounders hauled their main yards aback and waited patiently for the answering pennant from the Head. It had been part of her life to gaze out to seaward day after day, week after week, year after year, straining eyes that were at first bright and far-seeing, but that afterwards grew dim and weary for a sight of that ship she had once waved adieu to the ship that never hove its topsails above the horizon and wafted its welcome message of safe journeying to the land. It had become a habit with her to pace the verge of the cliffs with the dawning of each new day, there to stand patiently and watch the light sea-mists roll back from the oily water like the jealous unveiling of a priceless picture. But generally the sea was blank from north to south; the ship she longed for never appeared. Other ships did — great iron sailing vessels, four and five-masted, wonderful, prideful, astonishing; gigantic steamers occasionally sent a

trail of evil smoke over the perfection of that vast expanse of shimmering green, but never did that stubby, fore-shortened brig, the *Endymion*, reveal herself to human gaze. Her owners had given her up for lost twenty years before; but when hope is one's only food it dies hard, and still Jane longed and trusted that some day the miracle she expected would be wrought and the ship would return to port.

Not so much the ship, but what that ship contained — her man, Job Treepenny. For had not Job promised with all earnestness that on the completion of that voyage, which commenced twenty years before, he would marry the woman of his heart and settle down definitely ashore, to give up for ever the roving life, and join his lot with those others at the foot of the cliff who dragged a meagre living from the bowels of the deep? And Job was always a man of his word; there was really no need for the simple ring, with its insignificant pearl, that he had placed on her finger the night before the *Endymion* sailed on her last voyage.

But the slow passage of the years brought no fulfilment of Job's promise; only a slow diminution of that early glorious hope, only a weariness of soul to the patient watcher, only a slight bending of the once proudly upright figure and a streaking of the bonny black hair that it had been the man's pride to finger gently, the while he spoke of what the years would bring. Vain dreams, vain promises: and now nothing remained but the single watcher. Job was forgotten; the *Endymion* was forgotten; but Jane alone lived on, hugging to her breast the passionate conviction that some day Job would return. It was a foolish hope; in these days of deep-sea cables and fast-steaming liners the sea holds no secrets; but then Jane was undoubtedly foolish. The people down there in the little fishing hamlet under the cliffs would touch their heads meaningly when a red cloak

was seen against the towering darkness of the Head; and everyone knows what that means. Jane was a little lacking in mental brightness; this constant watching of hers had become a mania, that was all.

With the disappearance of the station Jane herself began to feel a little lonely. The snug, white colony held an air of companionship; it, too, seemed to indulge in a never-ending watch for something that must appear; and the navy men themselves, courteous with the rough courtesy of the sea, never smiled behind their hands when she appeared, with her inevitable question; "Hast seen aught o' the *Endymion*, men?" They answered her gravely, an answer that was familiar by much weary reiteration; "Not yet, lass, but time will show." Ay, but time did not show; twenty years had gone, and still——

Yes, undoubtedly it was lonely up there on the Head; for it was but seldom a human figure showed against the skyline. That is, it would have been lonely to anyone else but Jane; but she was different somehow. She belonged to Job, and she had need of no one else, save of Job and her house.

There were some who laughed when they saw the woman's home; in reality it was a somewhat incongruous blot on an otherwise fair landscape. It had been built early in that time of waiting, and Jane herself had done much towards its building. She was hale and strong then, capable of performing a man's work without weariness. Her instinct then had been to make a haven for Job when he returned — a place of peace where he might rest his tired head, and yet hear through his dreams the whisper of the sea he loved, and the hoarse clamour of the wind that was his friendly enemy. No one knew all that home meant to her; it stood for everything life held dear—it was her home and Job's, tenanted by vague memories of the handsome brown-faced man with the neat beard and

the kindly eyes. And it was her pride to have it ready against the ultimate home-coming. Job must never return to lack a welcome. Some day she would open the door to see him striding over the downs; and she pictured the glad light that would spring into his eyes as those eyes rested first on her, then on the house, for everything that could make for peace and contentment was within the open door.

There was the old oak settle that she had brought at a cost of much labour from the hamlet when her mother died. Job had said that it was the grandest invention ever brought out in the way of restfulness for weary limbs. Many a passing tourist, calling at the strange little house, had cast covetous eyes on its simple beauty, and made astounding bids of money for its possession; it was a gem of price, but it was there for Job, and all the wealth of the Rothschilds had not bought it now. There was the sea-chest, great and heavy, Job's legacy to her on his last leaving port.

"She's naught but a small craft, the *Endymion*," Job had said, when he asked permission to stow the chest away in Mrs. Beardmore's kitchen. "There ain't room for a man's traps proper, she being well manned for a craft of her size. It'll be a canvas bag for me, Jane, lass; just enough to keep me changed; and as for these duds here, why, keep 'em against my return. There's a mort of small stuff that a man picks up abroad; happen it might sarve ye a good turn in furnishing the house when we're wed."

The gatherings of ten years of ocean-roving ornamented the living-room now; quaint Chinese idols, South Sea carvings, a shark's backbone and open jaws—Job had a tale to tell of those jaws, a tale that sent a loving woman shuddering and pressing her trembling hands over her ears to shut out the horrid clash of his closing teeth.

"Missed my foot by less than a

quarter fathom," said Job, when he told the tale. "If the starboard watch hadn't been lively on the rope he'd have had me sure." That was the time when he went overboard on the line to rescue the captain's little daughter, who had fallen from the taffrail in a vainglorious attempt to defy authority.

"But we got him after all," said Job. "It was me 'at baited the hook, an' we nailed him. Yes, lass, I helped to eat him. Why not? He'd have eaten me fast enough." So there were the spine and jaws, installed above the curious wooden mantelpiece, flanked on the right by a model of the *Truefit*—the ship Job had served his time as ordinary seaman aboard—and on the right by a rough painting of the *Boscawen*, full-rigged ship, weathering a Cape Horn snorter, and looking pretty sick at the ordeal. As for curious shells, stones and the like, their name was legion. They filled every crevice in that house of many crevices; one need not turn round there to lay hands on some memento of the absent man. The room was odorous of the sea and those that use it; it had been Jane's pride that it should be so.

In effect the living-room, half-kitchen, half-parlour, was a practical duplicate of the cottage under the cliff, where Jane had lived all her life until the year after Job's departure.

"The biggest looking room I've ever sat in," had said Job, smoking a reflective pipe, and waving a hand that was as rough and hard as the underwater hull of the *Endymion* herself. "Never wish to sit in a snugger place. I've travelled east an' I've travelled west, but never the like o' this place did I see in all my goin's to an' fro." Jane remembered that, as she had remembered every word her lover had spoken, and when the time came for her mother to embark on the last, long voyage with a smoother haven at the end than any about all the British coasts, she had pleaded with the owner of the cot

tage that she might be allowed to remain. But the owner had other views; the cottage must go — it was old, it had been condemned by experts as insanitary — it must certainly be pulled down. Jane had held out to the last, but she had to leave in the end; and with her went every fragment of the old place that was not an integral part of its structure. Thus it was that the infrequent visitors, filled with weak laughter at the unsightly exterior of the cottage on the cliff, entered to scoff and remained to wonder. For the walls of the living-room were panelled breast-high with rare old oak; Jane had fixed it in place with her own capable hands, lest a hired workman should have his own ideas and refuse to conform to directions. The open hearth was the same; the ingle-nook had been transported bodily from bottom to top of the cliff. Upstairs in the one room under the eaves was the great four-posted bedstead, also of solid oak and wondrously heavy. In that room, too, were tables and chairs, all made when men worked thoughtfully, with an eye to a future generation that should praise their work. In her youth Jane had found no great difficulty in moving many of the articles unaided; now she realised the flight of time, for her shrunken muscles seemed almost painfully futile for the work. Only by dint of heavy exertion could she transport the oaken chairs from the room to the narrow landing on the days when the room was "done out"; and as for moving the chests and tables, that was a frank impossibility.

But what of that? Job would find that his every fancy had been humoured when he returned; and she could picture to herself—she did it daily, for she had little else to do—the glad look of content that would come to his face as he entered the open door, and sank into the cushioned corner of the settle. It was all for Job, and the work had been light, for hope was far from dying in those

long-gone days. Not that hope was dead yet; he would return in God's own time; that was a matter that had long ago been settled between Jane and her Maker; but at times the waiting grew tiring, and her eyes were not so keen to detect the triangular patch of whiteness against the green of the open sea.

But if the interior of the cottage were a dream of quaint and thoughtful comfort, such could not be said of the exterior. There had been much scoffing when Jane had announced her intention of taking up residence on the very brink of the cliff, under the shadow of the white coastguard station, and Jane was proud. Added to that, money was not so plentiful as now, hired labour cost heavily. Men would refuse to tramp all the long weary way from the hamlet to the cliff top — to ascend its face were a sheer impossibility—to draw an ordinary workman's wage. Jane found that she had only herself to rely on, save and excepting Johnny Faal, the village imbecile, a cunning man of his hands when humoured rightly, and as strong as any three men in all the country round. Slavishly Johnny offered his help, and throughout one summer the strangely assorted pair toiled with the rough boulders that littered the waste piece of ground Jane had pitched on for her new homestead's place. The good-natured coastguards would offer hints freely; and more than once, when a piece of timber had to be lifted that taxed even Johnny's efforts to the utmost, they would put their brawny shoulders under the weight, until the idiot would drive home the long iron bolts—relics of some ancient wreck, these—and declare all safe. But Johnny Faal was dead, too—blown down the cliffs in a brainless search for rare eggs to decorate the quaint rooms—and only Jane remained.

Up to a height of some five feet the cottage was built of rough stone—stone that hardly knew the chisel or the hammer. As they had been

found, so had they been used; and the interstices had been lavishly plastered with mud and mortar. But then the supply had failed; and as stone was dear and wood, by comparison, was cheap, the rest of the building was composed of old ship's timbers, roughly hewn logs—each one of which could have told a tale of striving and peril—flotsam gathered with infinite trouble at the brink of the restless sea. Timber everywhere; and there were strange groanings and rattlings o' nights when the south-westerly gales blew forcefully, as they did thereabouts, as if each timber were telling the tale of its strivings of olden times. But it was warm and weatherproof within, whatever its outside appearance might be; and the roof, timber again, lavishly bestrewn with tar, let in no single drop of water, let it rain never so constantly.

Here, then, isolated from the world, and lonelier than ever, now that the coastguards had gone, Jane dwelt. A forgotten uncle had died and left her a modest competence; monthly a letter would arrive from Exeter containing a sufficient sum for all her needs; beyond her few fowls and ducks she had small interests. But the capital sum of her fortune would come in useful when Job returned, weary as he must be weary after all these years of striving, to rest on his own hearthstone. Each dawn saw her peering out to sea, each sunset saw her return slowly to the cottage, to place in its narrow window a lighted lamp to guide the wanderer home. But Job never came.

II.

"There ought to be a lighthouse on this headland. I consider it little short of criminal that this particular portion of the coast should remain totally unguarded. Why, the early history of this district is one long list of the most appalling wrecks. Lives by the hundred have been lost within sight of these windows, or the spot where this house now stands. And I suppose you Trinity House people

will not think it necessary to build a proper lighthouse until public indignation is aroused by some wreck of colossal magnitude."

"My dear Francis, you have to remember this: the early history of this place is separated from the present day by a considerable period of time. I grant you there were wrecks here when ships were exclusively propelled by the wind, but we have changed all that. Study any chart published within the last twenty years, and you will see that the Smallstones Light effectually guards this headland and leads any ship into safe harbourage at Wendellsbank, fifteen miles farther up the coast. There hasn't been a wreck here for fifteen years to my certain knowledge; oh, yes, there was one three years later, I believe, but then it was proved indubitably that the captain was drunk and the first mate colour-blind. He mistook the Smallstones for the Outer Gubbard, which no sane man ought to do, seeing the latter is a red flash, and the former a white occulting light."

The first speaker stuck to his point tenaciously. "But supposing that circumstances happened the same again, what then? Suppose, for purposes of argument, that another ship happened along this quarter, a westerly gale blowing, and making this a lee shore—and supposing that this second ship's captain were drunk and her first mate colour-blind—who would be morally responsible for the deaths of all her crew? Or supposing, still for the purposes of argument, that her captain were colour-blind and her first mate on deck, attending to the braces, the deaths of all hands would be on somebody's head. From my point of view, I'd blame Trinity House."

"Well, Trinity House would sleep easily enough of nights. Such coincidences as that don't happen; twelve years ago there were twice as many sailing ships as there are now, so the possibilities of a recurrence of such

a thing, remote in themselves, are halved."

"And if such a catastrophe did occur, what then? Here the coastguard station is dismantled; there isn't a lifeboat nearer than Wendellsbank, so far as I'm aware, and by road from there to here is nearer twenty-five miles than fifteen. Whilst I'd defy any lifeboat ever built to weather the Outer Gubbard in a westerly gale." The Trinity House man shrugged his shoulders.

"We're not to blame for the government's shifting the rocket apparatus; we aren't responsible for the coastguards. Anyhow, you're going wide of the mark; we were discussing lighthouses."

The argument deepened, and became still more unintelligible to Jane Beardmore, who, after serving the tourists a simple meal at their courteous request, had stood back beside the window, where she could command a passable view of the sea. She was very seldom out of sight of the ocean.

It was seldom she had visitors; these two gentlemen had happened upon her unawares; but there was always a good store of food in the little house, for Job was a hearty eater, and had his own idea of what constituted a good meal. Hence Sir James Fordyce and his companion had no fault to find with the fare provided, and showed their appreciation by eating heartily, after a fourteen-mile walk over the breezy, life-quickenening downs.

Jane listened still; anything that concerned the coast was her business; and by dint of ignoring the longer words she contrived to arrive at the facts of the case. Undoubtedly the coast was dangerous, or rather it had been dangerous before the era of steam. She knew quite well that in the event of any catastrophe the men involved must surely perish, for it was impossible for a single boat to leave the hamlet below the cliff in anything of a breeze. And to at-

tempt to swim ashore, with the surf beating monstrosously on the Flatling Reef, a jagged monstrosity, meant only death. A swimmer would not have time to drown; he would be caught up by the cruel waves and dashed to fragments on the spikes and ridges of the low-lying rocks to seaward.

"Well, you've certainly made me think; I admit that. I shall put it to the corporation, and they may see fit to erect a lighthouse hereabouts." The travellers had finished their meal and were preparing to go their way. Replete and happy, the younger man glanced about the room.

"Jolly snug den, this. Do you know, I wouldn't half mind having it for my own. A chap could write big stuff down here, with that sound in his ears." He motioned with his hand to indicate the wind that was rising with a soft screeching sound. "By Jove! yes, a man ought to be able to write with both hands at once here." And being a man of quick impulse he turned to the attentive woman behind him.

"Is this place for sale?" he asked. A spasm shot across Jane's face; there was passion in her voice as she answered: "Money couldn't buy it, sir. For all the gold in the world I wouldn't part with this bit of a home of mine. It's waiting for when my man comes home — as it's waited these twenty years or so." The questioner lifted his eyebrows, and glanced across at his companion. It was evident that he shared the opinion of those in the hamlet beneath the cliff: that Jane was a little mad. Swiftly, perhaps a little incoherently, Jane told them what that home stood for. They heard her patiently to the end: then the writer bowed gravely.

"I see; yes, I see. This house could never be sold. I fear I was a little thoughtless; a beautiful idea, though, to keep the place as a welcome for a man who has been absent so long. Yes, yes; the place is beyond value — priceless." He was

already weaving fancies about that little, lonely place and the bent woman, with the sad, wistful eyes. "Madam, I hope your wish will come true, and that Job will return. Now —" He made a motion towards his pocket, but something in Jane's face checked the impulse.

"I'm more than paid by them words, sir," she said. "It's the first message of hope I've had these dozen years. And Job — he was a sailor, sir, free-handed, ready to share his last crust with a hungry man — I wouldn't like to have to tell him when he returned that I'd asked payment for a simple meal."

The two men left the house, but as they topped a rise in the ground and looked back for a final view of the sea, the writer felt his heart ache with a ready sympathy.

"Jove! what a stupendous ideal! That woman waiting, waiting, until her lover returns, confident that he is not dead! It's immense. It deserves an epic poem to itself. Well, poor soul, she'll wait in vain."

"Yes; ships don't turn up after twenty years. I remember the loss of the *Endymion*; my father held shares in her. Of course, she was lost; there was no doubt of that. Now, as you were saying, Francis—" And the discussion was resumed.

Fired by the words of hope Jane left the house and took up her usual position fronting the sea, her back against a gigantic boulder, her eyes on the far horizon. Somewhere behind that curving line, she knew, her Job was — frozen up, perhaps, in Antarctic solitudes, stewing on a coral island beneath the Line — but somewhere; and in God's own time he would return. Her face was quite calm as she watched the sun droop, a red and threatening ball, into the sea.

"There'll be a mort o' wind soon," she thought, as she entered the house again. "If it doesn't come to-night, 'twill come afore the week-end. God help them at sea, say I."

It was half an hour later that she made the discovery. The oil-barrel was empty; in some strange fashion it had leaked its contents away slowly. It stood in a dark corner of the back room, and rang hollow to the touch when, no oil flowing from the tap, she rapped it soundly. A lighted candle showed her that the oil had run away under the flooring, though under the worn linoleum the planks were still dripping with the combustible.

The lamps were burnt dry; the arrival of the strangers had interrupted her just as she was about to replenish them. And for close on twenty years she had kept a light burning in the window to guide Job home at last. Not now must the signal fail—now that the fresh hope had been born in her soul. Whatever happened she must procure oil, even though it meant a weary trudge through the night inland and then towards the sea again, by way of the rough road that led to Bellarshay. What did the roughness of the road matter? She was hale and strong, ready for more than that in case of need. Eight miles at the least; say two hours and a half, and the same to return; or allowing for the fact that she would be burdened, and that the greater part of the way was uphill, say three hours. She could be back well before midnight even then, with the oil. Yes, she would go.

She took down her shawl from the hook where she had hung it every evening since the house was built, pinned it under her chin, took the oil flask from its place, some money from a drawer, and left. She did not lock the door; Job might return whilst she was absent, and finding the portal sealed might count her faithless to her trust.

The keeper of the little store at Bellarshay looked with some sympathy at the wind-blown figure that presented itself at his counter a long three hours later.

"Ile, did ye say, Jane Beardmore?"

Aye, I've ile in abundance. A dozen new casks in by carrier from Penzance this very day. Name your needs."

Silently Jane passed the flask over and laid her money on the counter. Not until the oil was decanted did she speak.

"Send me up a cask to-morrow," she said. "There's bad weather coming on, and a woman might be weather-bound without a light."

"They be mortal big casks, Jane; full size. The ile company's refused to supply half-sizes now." The man was a trifle dubious.

"Then send up a full-size cask; I must have my drop of oil, James. I can pay good money for it, aye, an' for cartage, too. You knows I allus pays my debts." The man promised, but demanded payment in advance. Jane found the necessary money, but James lacked change, and after attempting to persuade her to take something else by way of makeweight in vain, he retired grumbling to a room in the rear for the necessary loose cash. Jane was a trifle weary with her long walk. She sat down heavily on a packing case beside a wall, her head dropped forward on her breast a little. Suddenly she sat upright, listening intently. The wall behind her was merely a matchboard partition; the room on the other side was something of a general resort for the few males of the hamlet. It was whispered that brandy and wine that had never paid a cent of duty circulated in that small room, for the shopkeeper was not one to scorn to turn an honest or a dishonest penny. Jane had heard men talking; one heated voice dominated the general murmur; a heavy fist struck a table that creaked its protestations.

"Tell 'ee it's as easy's easy," said the voice. "Whoy, my granfer he used to speak on it to his death. Ships — aye, a mort o' ships, big uns, an' rich uns — have gone to pieces on Flatling Reef. What did it matter if a lamp was slung in a wrong

place; no one were wiser for't. They coastguards 'ud ha' been mighty smart to stop it, but they've gone now. There's a rich fortin for them 'at's bold enough to take the risk. Tie lanterns to a few donkeys' heads, walk 'em up beyond a bit, an' there's not a ship at sea but'll take 'em for ships' ridin' lights an' make for anchorage. With a westerly gale brewin' too; it's sheer fleein' in face o' Providence not to do it."

"Be'est asleep, lass; here's thy change," grumbled James, the shopkeeper; and Jane aroused herself hurriedly. She was well aware that if she mentioned a word of what she had overheard, means would be found to silence her for ever. The shopkeeper himself was, as likely as not, prime mover in the projected scheme; a glance at his face told her that he would not hesitate to effect her silence. And the talk she had heard had not conveyed a clear impression to her mind. She hardly understood as yet that the men of Bellarshay, held in restraint for years by the presence of the coastguards, were reverting to type, and becoming wreckers. Their forefathers had never gone to bed without voicing the old-time prayer: "Lord send a ship ashore afore marnin'." Now, undeterred by any sight of intrusive uniforms, what was to prevent them? The little bay, itself a danger spot, entirely useless for anything bigger than a fishing cobbie, lent itself admirably to the plot.

"Seem maxed like, lass—hast seen a ghost? I have it; Job's coom back." The shopkeeper laughed coarsely, but Jane took no heed of the jest. Her brain was in a whirl; she was trying to fit pieces together; the words she had heard that day from the two strangers seemed to fit in somehow with the talk of the fishermen; but as yet coherence would not come. There was some work contemplated, what it was she did not exactly know; and it was necessary that she should return with the oil,

lest Job should miss the house in the darkness. She gathered up her change, clutched the oil flask to her breast, and set forth on her lonely journey.

The wind was rising, it muttered vindictively in her eyes as if threatening wild terrors for the future. But Jane hardly heeded it; to her the wind was a friend; she had breasted it bravely for years and had heard it thunder glorious promises in her ears; promises of Job's return. And it was at her back for the earlier stages of the journey. To be sure it fronted her as, gaining the summit of the downs, she struck towards the sea again, but she was strong and virile; and so much depended on her lighting the lamp that night of all nights.

But it was unfortunate that, the perils of the way having been passed without scathe, her foot should turn on a loosened stone and throw her to the ground so heavily that when she attempted to rise a sharp pang told her that serious damage had resulted. Setting her teeth she crawled to her own doorway and entered, to be welcomed by the cheery glow of the cunningly tended fire. It was an effort to fill the lamp, but she did it somehow, and not until the light was burning bravely did she pay heed to her own hurts. It was not a break, merely a severe sprain; but it threatened to keep her to the house for days. She bandaged it with dripping cloths and crawled wearily to bed; but sleep deserted her eyelids, the words she had overheard drummed through her brain with ceaseless reiteration.

III.

The wild promise of the night was more than fulfilled by the new day. A terrific gale was hurtling inland, bringing with it a soft fog of driven spray, that spattered Jane's windows even on the summit of the cliff. The sky was overshot with massive clouds that seemed to be indulging in a giddy game up there, chasing one another in from seaward recklessly,

to speed inland like racing horses with tossing manes and space-spurning hoofs.

Jane Beardmore rose wearily, and setting foot to floor, knew that her injury was no trifle that a night's rest would displace, but something undoubtedly serious. But she was a woman of spirit; and as soon as the fire was lighted she contrived to drag herself into the open, and, by means of crawling on all-fours, to the edge of the cliffs. There was nothing to be seen below save the leaping waves that seemed to threaten to drag the hamlet from its foundations and carry it out to sea on the backwash of the breakers; these and the scurrying spindrift. A wild day for those at sea; and Heaven help those who made a mistake in their reckoning then!

She stood there, waiting for the occasional breaks to reveal to her a wider expanse of storm-lashed water, until the clamourings of hunger drove her back to her own fireside. The magnitude of her own disaster had driven the recollections of the past night from her mind; in a storm she always felt distraught and fey; her thoughts flew instinctively to the missing lover; and beyond that point they would not stir. Now she busied herself with preparations automatically; and the day dragged through to a gloomy close. It was late in the afternoon when Jabez Talliwick, the man who did the carting from Penzance and fulfilled such small commissions as Jane entrusted to him, arrived with the barrel of oil. To unload it and put it in place was heavy work; for Jane was almost unable to aid him; but it was done somehow at last, and the burly carter stood back wiping his brow with his red handkerchief.

"Ye'll take back the empty?" asked Jane, busying herself with laying out a cold meal for the man.

"Nay; I'm not for that to-night. I'm goin' on — there's a mort of stuff to be picked up inland—I'll call another day. Nay, but it's a long

road; happen I'd better take it along." And he stowed the empty barrel in the cart, after he had consumed the meal and washed it down with copious libations from the small barrel of cider that was kept against Job's home-coming. Jane stood at the door until the cart had trundled away into the mists; she shivered a little as she stood there, and wondered vaguely what that shudder portended. She was not colder than usual; she was used to the ravings of the storm; this seemed to be an inward shiver, as if her heart had been seized with misgivings. What did it mean?

Night fell darkly on the world; but the sea-fog seemed to clear as if by magic with the growing of the dark. Jane completed her household tasks, trimmed her lamps, and set the brightest in the window as usual; drew her chair up to the fireside; and gave herself over to her simple thoughts. But somehow they failed to come with their wonted clearness; they were obscured by a strange haunting fear of something to which she could put no name. Her ankle was paining her too; that diverted the steady train of reflection; and for once Job's image, usually clear cut before her mental eye, was blurred and indistinct. There was something else that needed her attention—something that seemed to be dragging her out to front the sea.

Painfully she dragged herself out again until she had reached her old position on the cliffs—no, there was nothing there. Nothing out of the common, that was—only the lights down below seemed to be burning brighter than usual. The revelation came to her suddenly—these lights were strange — some she had never seen before. And they were not still; the lighted windows of the hamlet were fixed and immovable; but these new glimmers were higher and constantly moving to and fro, exactly as if ships of size were riding securely at anchor. Ah! she understood it

now. Like a flash the meaning was made plain. The wreckers were at their work again — each of those lanterns was tied to the tail of a donkey, and as it was driven slowly to and fro the light swayed and reared in exactly the same fashion as an anchored vessel's riding light. A ship approaching the land from the seaward side, seeing these lights, would at once come to an inevitable conclusion. Those responsible for her safe navigation would think they had passed the Outer Gubbard Light instead of the Smallstones, and that this haven under their lee was neither more nor less than Wendellsbank. And the entrance to Wendellsbank was wide and free from danger — whilst the entrance to Bellarshay was fraught with dangers, and no ship could pass the Flatling at night, especially on such a night as this.

Something must be done—she knew that. She was inside the cottage again, weak and trembling, obsessed anew by those strange, vague fears that were momentarily becoming less vague. Something must be done—but what? Should she sally forth and make her way to the hamlet beneath, there denounce the scoundrels and threaten them with the long arm of the law unless those lights were at once veiled? That were impossible—even if she succeeded in reaching the hamlet—and that in itself would be a monstrous task, for she must crawl on hands and knees — they would refuse to obey her commands; more than that—they would probably put it out of possibility for her to lay an information. Men who would lure a whole hapless crew to destruction that they might snatch some fragment of salvage from the hungry sea, would not hesitate to silence her for ever.

What must she do? Go to Wendellsbank—fifteen miles away by sea and twenty-five by road? Equally impossible. In her then condition a week had been all too short for the journey; and even if she reached the

spot hours, aye, days, might elapse before the authorities set out. There was nothing to be done, nothing—she was only a weak woman, unable to cope with the massed circumstances. Nothing — save that she could watch patiently through the night and pray that no ship might be driven towards those false beacons, that promised safety and shelter where there was only death.

For hours Jane crouched there against the great boulder, peering out to sea through salt-smarting eyes, praying, now audibly, now whisperingly, to the God of the sea for mercy and help. But only the howl of the gale answered her — it would seem as if all mercy and pity had been annihilated in that mad revel there about her and below. The thunder of the beating surf drummed through the howl of the storm; the screech of the pebble beach, dragged down by the ton by the hungry waters, was like the wailing scream of countless dying men. Jane clasped her hands fiercely together and prayed on—without hope.

It was midnight when her well-nigh exhausted eyes detected a faint speck in the infinite distance. The wind had lulled somewhat, it was merely gathering its forces together for an onslaught, compared with which all that had gone before was the merest sighing of a tropical zephyr; and the last of the sea-fog had cleared from the face of the waters. In that blackness the lights below blazed with alarming distinctness; but that tiny speck far out to sea was undoubtedly another light — a light carried by a homeward-speeding ship. Jane knew well every signal that had ever been shown by the users of the sea; had she not watched through half her lifetime in hope that ultimately the one light of all would blaze across her vision? It was a sailing-ship's sidelight; yes, tired though her eyes were, she could make out the greenish sheen. A ship making up for shelter, overburdened by the weight of the

storm—making up for the shelter of the haven under her lee, which all on board must confidently hope to be Wendellsbank.

The ship was doomed; Jane was hopeless to aid. Within an hour, nay, in half an hour, her keel would take the fangs of the reef, the gallant hull would be rent and torn to fragments; her crew would be the sport of the relentless waves — not a single man would escape with life. What was to be done? Nothing — she could only beat her hands helplessly on her breast and renew those futile prayers for aid. If only God would answer her prayer! But no — no answer would come—stay, though what was that thought that was growing to birth in her brain? Not a suggestion from God, that; a command from the devil, rather. No; she dared not do it—she dared not.

But the plight of the ship was desperate; as she watched she saw the light swing a trifle inwards as if those on the vessel had seen the lurching signals and were making the harbourage at last. Yes, the position of the light was shifting—no longer was the vessel endeavouring to claw off the shore. The wind was rising again madly; and only half an hour remained.

Feverishly she sped towards the cottage, forgetting her injury, forgetting everything save her need for action. She seized upon whatever came to hand and flung it into the open; but the light objects were caught up by the wind and carried recklessly into the darkness. No; that would not do. Before she could kindle a fire the fuel would be blown in a hundred directions.

Back again to the cliff-top now to peer strainingly out to sea. Yes, the ship had fallen to the lure—she was gathering way and plunging onwards. Only a few minutes remained before the end.

She did not know how she covered the ground; she did not know what wild outcries against God's will had

darted through her soul; all she knew was that she was feverishly smashing in the head of the full oil-cask and allowing the contents to gush into the room. She was filling pails with the inflammable stuff, dashing them wildly everywhere, careless of ruin, until the house itself was soaked with paraffin—Job's house, the place she had made for his welcome. What of it? Job himself would have been the first to do the same when his fellow-seamen were in such dire peril; and those men out there were men who would have called Job brother. They must be saved; no matter what the cost. A few more pails of oil were carried upstairs and flung recklessly on bed and bedding, high up amongst the rafters. With a heart that seemed suddenly to have turned to stone, her hands a-tremble, Jane lifted the brightly burning lamp from the window and threw it from her. It exploded loudly, and she was followed to the door by a crawling tongue of flame; the house was ablaze in a second, it burned like tinder.

Her soul was reeling to its centre; those eager flames were devouring all her hopes; now that the work was done irretrievably she had time for remorse; the slow, hard remorse that comes to the lonely woman; But it was done — nothing could alter that fact. Gone were the cosy nooks that Job had loved; never again would she rest her weary eyes on them. She stumbled towards the edge of the cliff and looked out to sea. The flames had risen to fever height; they roared with gleeful exultation, licked by the wind, they shot up high in air, only to be levelled flat and carried away inland, a beacon such as no man might see and mistake. The lurid light behind her dazzled her somewhat: it was not easy to make out objects with any distinctness — but, yes — there was something — a green light that slowly swung away from the land, to reveal the white light astern. The ship had

taken the warning and was clawing off into safety.

Jane Beardmore did not faint; she was made of too stern metal for that. The inevitable reaction came upon her; she was homeless, alone, and refuge down there in the hamlet was impossible. The wreckers must know what she had done and why; they would not be disposed to kindness; perhaps they would go farther and ask a definite explanation of her. But she must find refuge somewhere; the wind was piercingly cold; it seemed to drive the strength from her. She sought about for harbourage, and, helped by the glow from her burning home, found it amongst the overgrown remnants of the station.

*

It was there a gray-haired man found her two days later, with a few poor fragments of the cottage about her, such trifles as she had saved from the general ruin. There was a look of dazed amazement in her eyes as she lifted them to his; but all suddenly the amazement fled.

"Job!" she said simply; "Job!"

"Ay, lass, it's Job. Come back to ye from afar; back aboard the very ship ye burned off two nights ago. We was makin' for them false lights! Me, being a bit hazy after livin' for a matter o' twenty year amongst the savages out in the South Seas, where never a ship passes, wasn't able to make out that Smallstones wasn't the Outer Gubbard. We was makin' fair for anchorage, until we saw the blaze, an' sheered off with not a cable's length to spare. They telled me how 'twas down there yander—but, why, lassie, lassie, cryin'?"

"Ay, Job cryin' with gratitude. I know now what that voice was biddin' me set the cot afire — but there's no home for ye, my man, there's no home left."

Job gathered her in the arms that had been empty for twenty years, and she forgot the loss in the greater gain.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, WHERE THE GREAT FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE WILL BE HELD

THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE story of gray old London: "Heart of the Empire," told in twenty-four living historical scenes by 15,000 performers! That is what Mr. Frank Lascelles, Master of Pageantry, has set himself to do by way of providing the central feature of the Festival of Empire, to be held at the Crystal Palace, this summer.

It is a formidable task, but Mr. Lascelles builds his hope of success on the achievements of the last few years. He triumphed at Oxford, where the Don of the University was taught to count it no dishonour to play "lacquey" to the draper's

"lord" on the pageant ground; he produced the history of Bath in a week of sunshine, and the good people of Mr. Pickwick's favourite city still talk of it and treasure albums of picture post-cards.

And then came the Quebec Tercentenary on the broad Plains of Abraham. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said of the spectacle that it had advanced the social relations of the people by thirty years. The record is enough to make any man undertake a task which at first thought seems Utopian. But it will be carried through, and by the time the last chorus has been chant-



A SAXON LADY, AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST

ed — as the spectators are leaving the beautiful grandstand, which has been designed on the lines of the old Greek amphitheatre — Mr. Lascelles' man will be hurrying his luggage to the docks. The Pageant-Master is needed in South Africa for the spectacle which is to mark the opening of the Union Parliament.

Exactly how the Festival of Empire originated, no one seems to know. But the story is told that when the Prince of Wales saw the Quebec pageant, he said, "Wonderful!" Anyway, the Festival is to be held and the Old Country is promised the most remarkable spectacle of the last fifty years. It is to be a social gathering with contingents of 200 persons from each overseas State. They will take part in the final scene of the pageant

—symbolical of the children gathered round the mother.

In each overseas State, the Governor-General or High Commissioner is at the head of a local committee and the enthusiasm with which the whole project has been taken up leads the Festival officials to believe that the Crystal Palace will be in the eye of the world for nearly eight weeks. The programme of festivities is so long and diversified that a Utopian magazine would be required if details were demanded. Empire concerts, historical costume ball and carnival, art exhibitions, inventions exhibition are a few of the features. Altogether, it is a wonderful scheme and an average daily attendance of 100,000 is expected. It is not a commercial scheme. The promoters, with the



A SAXON NOBLE, AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST

Earl of Plymouth as their chief, will be well satisfied if the meaning of the word "empire" is firmly impressed on the mind of every person who visits the Crystal Palace. Between the mother country and the outposts of the Empire the blood ties are in many cases thin and atrophied. This Festival has been conceived with the idea of illustrating, in a social manner, the importance of each link in the chain of Empire. Any profits that accrue will be devoted to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

The pageant of London is a happy inspiration, for the history of London is a history of the Empire. The story is to be traced from prehistoric times up to the passing of the great and ambitious Napoleon. And it will not be a pageant of a theatrical character.

The most eminent historians in the country have been delving among their old nests of reference this many a day in order that historical accuracy, even to the shape of a shoe-buckle, shall obtain. And each scene will mark some vital evolution in the history of the country.

At the same time, the Master of Pageantry must have an eye to the theatrical. While desirous equally with the historians to make the picture correct historically, his is the hand that brushes away the dust on worm-eaten volumes of records and discovers the "kernel" so pleasing to the crowd. An anecdote to illustrate the point: For a fortnight a number of historians had been gathering detail for the scene, "London of Merrie England." An awe-inspiring mass of data



EXAMINING MODELS FOR THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

had been collected, dealing principally with the triumphal procession of Henry VIII. from Windsor to Eltham. But there was something lacking. The Master of Pageantry himself went to the bookshelves to see if anything had been missed. He marked each detail of the procession and at last discovered that as the King ascended Shooter's Hill a body-guard of archers shot a flight of arrows into the air as a welcoming salute. The historians had not overlooked the fact, but when the Pageant-Master read aloud: "and each arrow was tipped with a whistle so that it sang through the air," they realised the meaning of the words "Pageant-Master." That one point was worth a fortnight's search. Whistling arrows are being made for the Pageant of London.

One of the most thrilling scenes in the pageant should be the "Danish

Invasion." History tells us that the Danes made repeated attempts to get up the Thames in their large-prowed boats, but they always found London Bridge an insurmountable obstacle. At last Olaf ordered his men to row up to the bridge, make fast their boats to the uprights, and then row back dragging the bridge with them. For the purposes of the pageant a facsimile of the original London Bridge is being built across the lake in the pageant-ground, and the defenders of it must be prepared for a cold douche when the structure is wrecked by the attacking Danes. Apropos of this scene, the Master of Pageantry was presented with a model of a viking ship which was discovered in 1880, in a grave-mound at Gohstad, near Sandefjord, just outside the mouth of the Christiania Fjord. On the lines of this model will be built the Danish boats that are to be utilised in the

Danish invasion of London scene.

The original of the model that has been received is preserved in the Museum of Antiquities at Christiania. She was about seventy-seven feet long from stem to stern, sixty-five feet on the keel, $16\frac{3}{4}$ feet broad amidships, depth at the same point $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, rising to $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet at either end. She was clinker-built, pierced for sixteen oars a side, with a block amidships for stepping the mast, fitted with small shutters for closing the oar-ports, when not in use, rudder hung on the starboard side, whence this side got its name (steerboard).

Outside, along the gunwale, were hung thirty-two shields on each side, painted alternately yellow and black, and hung so as to overlap each other. The ship had been buried in clay, and was very well preserved except the extremities of the stems, which penetrated into a surface layer of mixed clay and mould, and had rotted

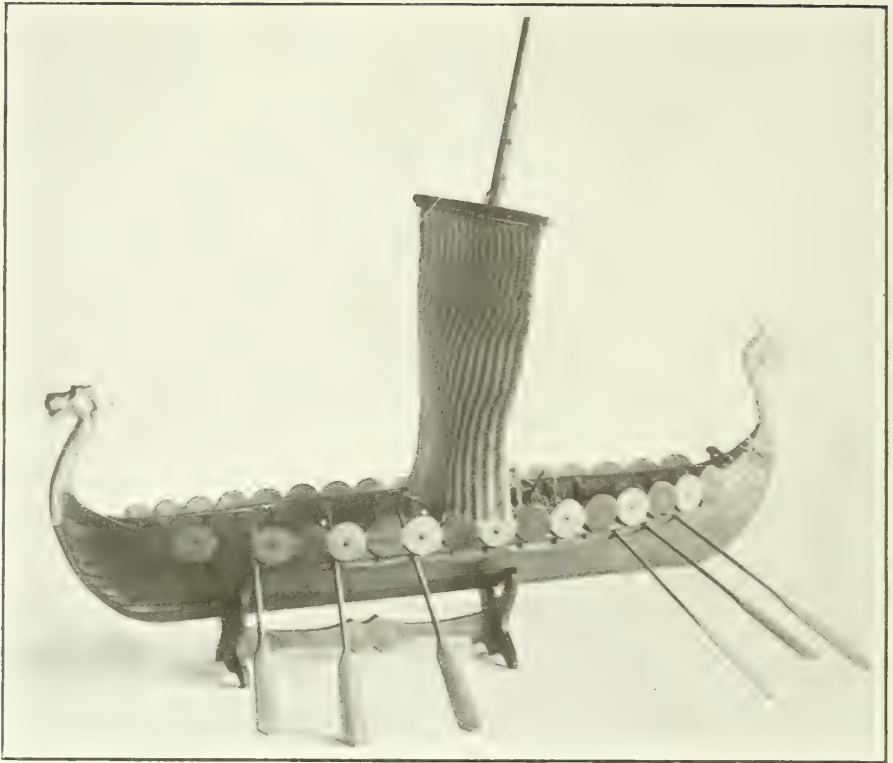
away. Hence we do not know if the stem and stern posts of this vessel ended in a carved dragon's head and tail. Probably they did, as dragon heads were found carved on the tiller of the vessel, on the remains of a high seat (state chair of the owner), and on the barge-boards which had supported a tent over the vessel when at anchor.

The beautiful lines of the ship and her excellent design and workmanship show that at the time she was built (probably about the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century) the art of shipbuilding in Norway was very highly developed. This ship is generally supposed to have been built for use on the comparatively smooth waters of the Norwegian fjords, and the vessels in which the vikings crossed the North Sea are probably of a stouter and heavier build. That the sailing qualities of such a ship were quite equal to a long ocean voyage is



THE ORIGINAL LONDON BRIDGE

A REPLICA WILL BE USED IN THE "DANISH INVASION" SCENE OF THE FESTIVAL



MODEL OF VIKING SHIP FOUND IN A GRAVE-MOUND IN NORWAY

shown by the fact that a model of this vessel, which was built for the Chicago Exhibition at the shipbuilding yard of Framness, in Sandefjord, close to the place where the original was discovered, crossed the Atlantic under her own sail, and sailed up the inland waterways to Chicago.

A grave-chamber had been built inside the ship. This had been broken into by cutting through the ship's side at some remote period, probably soon after the interment. It was the practice to bury the dead with his weapons and treasure, and mound-

breaking in search of these is often mentioned in the Sagas. Accordingly, no weapons or objects of value were discovered at the nineteenth century mound-breaking, though many objects of interest and of the highest antiquarian value were found.

The Festival of Empire will extend over three months, and during the whole of that time visitors are not likely to have a moment's rest in the daytime. It is a great, even a noble scheme; it means more to the Empire than the Empire may realise at the moment.





DOCTOR TORRINGTON AT HOME

DR. TORRINGTON AND HIS WORK

BY JEAN BLEWETT

MORE than half a century ago Doctor Torrington left behind him his beloved England, the country of music-lovers and of soft voices, to cast in his lot with the people of Canada. It has meant much to him, but infinitely more to the country. Even half a century ago we had plenty of musical talent and ambition, but we lacked an executive force to direct and develop them.

Then came Doctor Torrington, whose name in time grew to be a household word. Into his work he brought the confidence of training and education, the activity mental and physical of one thoroughly in love with the task and imbued with the belief in its importance; and, what stood for more than all, a big sympathetic na-

ture and a personality forceful enough to make itself felt.

His first position in Canada was as organist and choirmaster of Saint James Methodist Church, Montreal. During his twelve years there he was connected with many musical organizations, had charge of the 25th Regiment (King's Own Borderers) band, the Montreal Orchestral Union, and other companies. When the patriotic people decided on a musical festival by way of welcoming the Prince of Wales, our present King, on his visit to Canada, the leadership was given into the hands of Doctor Torrington. To such successful issue did he bring it that when, later, the cousins across the line were about to celebrate the first Peace Jubilee in Boston they

invited the Doctor to take charge of the Canadian contingent. Not content with having his occasional help, they set about securing him for themselves, and to this end offered him the organ in King's Chapel, Boston, which he accepted.

Unflagging as ever in his zeal, he formed and conducted societies throughout the State, conducted the mass rehearsals for the second Jubilee, took part in the Harvard Symphony, and Handel's and Haydn's orchestra, keeping up the while the organ recitals in many churches, among them Henry Ward Beecher's, and also in the Boston Music Hall.

In 1873 he came, in the full flush of his achievement, to take the organ and choir of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. So strong a factor in the success of the church did his music become, that in places throughout Ontario the Metropolitan is still spoken of as "Torrington's church" by the middle-aged men and women who, as boys and girls at school in Toronto twenty-five or thirty years ago, fell under the spell of the master musician's touch on the organ-keys and the singing of his choir.

The history of Doctor Torrington's career in Toronto has been, and continues to be, one of unabated faithfulness and vigour. He has always refused to fear work, or be daunted by difficulties. Among his early efforts was the reorganising of the Philharmonic Society, which, under his direction produced such works as "The Messiah," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise" and "Creation." At the present time the Toronto Festival Chorus, organised by him in 1886, West Toronto Chorus, with the To-

ronto Orchestra, are, under his direction, producing similar works. Doctor Torrington stands identified with many musical events of note, among them the special performance to celebrate the late Queen's Jubilee of succession to the throne; the opening of Massey Music Hall in 1894, by request of Mr. Hart Massey, the donor of the Hall, with Handel's "Messiah," and the gala musical performance with orchestra and chorus in honour of the present Prince of Wales' visit in 1901. In recognition of his worth, the University of Toronto bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Music.

Doctor Torrington, as head of the College of Music, as conductor at the production of some massive work, or waking the echoes in Boston Music Hall or one of our own large churches with that wonderful touch upon the keys which marks him master of his craft, is a notable figure, worthy of a name and place that are peculiarly his own.

But a word about the Doctor Torrington of the library in his Pembroke Street residence, with its open fire, its profusion of books, pictures, music—its atmosphere of pure home life. The stronger the personality, the more closely knit is the inner circle to which it is revealed. To the world at large he is the musician pure and simple; to his pupils he is known as autocrat; but to the "hearthside folk" he is the genial, kindly soul, the faithful friend, the "Torrington" whom his followers admire as a man and love as a boy—yes, as a boy—for enough of the eternal youth of genius is his to keep him a boy till the end of the chapter.



THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE

AN OUTLINE OF PROPOSED LAND REFORM IN ENGLAND, INVOLVING
SMALL OWNERSHIP, LAND BANKS, AND CO-OPERATION

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

THE traveller over the vast prairies of Canada, fifty years ago, saw only alkali plains on which the buffalo fed; the first settlers in Australia looked out upon the salt-bush plains where it seemed that only the dingo and the kangaroo could find a living. What a change has taken place! Now the vast West of Canada, which was supposed to be an alkali desert, incapable of effective human settlement, is transformed into waving seas of golden grain which help to feed vast populations in Europe and give homes and work to growing millions. The salt-bush plains of Australia, the undulating wastes of New Zealand, have become wide fields of pasture and farms of wheat. It is as though a magician had spread out his wand and altered the surface of those lands. Behind that progress, behind those changes, has lain the principle of ownership: first, tenancy, as in the case of Australia and New Zealand, then ownership; in the case of Canada, ownership—ownership—ownership. The traveller in England half a century ago and more, looked out upon innumerable spaces covered with waving corn. England was feeding herself to a large degree. The small owner, the yeoman farmer, was to be found everywhere.

All that has changed. Our colonies have plunged from the wild grass and the wild pasture into rich, abundant cultivation. We have

gone back into the more primary condition of a nation. The land is being turned into one great pasture; the small yeoman has gone; his children have fled to take refuge in new lands, or to be lost in the bitter competition, the smothering congestion of great cities. We have thrown away so much agricultural wealth, seen with listless minds the breaking down of the very foundations of national strength that it would almost seem too late to reconstruct, to rebuild.

Fortunately, however, all parties are in accord that something should be done. They are agreed upon all the terms of the agricultural and land problem save one, and that, unfortunately, is the solution. Towards the solution they travel a long way together, being agreed that small holdings are the basis of real reform. But on the vital question of tenure they part company with some violence. The Liberal party turns to perpetual tenancy and land nationalism; the Unionists turn to ownership. Unionists do not propose to do away with tenancy, but propose that tenancy and ownership shall exist side by side. There are parts of the country where large tenancies have been and are successful, where very small farms and small owners would not find favourable conditions; but universal and perpetual tenancy, which denies full scope to ambition, which prevents a man from realising the desire to pos-

sess, to own, to enable him to say, "This is mine, all mine!" cannot but undermine the vigour, hope, and power of a people.

Still less can tenancy succeed when the State is the landlord. The success of tenancy depends not only on the skill and industry of the tenant, but on the sympathy and assistance of the landowner. It has even been urged that the small owner will suffer through being thrown on his own resources and deprived of a landlord's helpful sympathy. But so is the man who becomes the tenant of the State or of a County Council. He cannot expect from a public body, the trustee of the public, the aid which the private landlord can, and does, give to help him through hard times. The tenant of the State, at the best, suffers all the disadvantages of tenancy and ownership without enjoying the advantages of either. But under the Small Holdings Act of 1907 his position can be made still worse, for he is forced to pay full rent, and also to repay to the Council the purchase of the land; and then, having paid the purchase price of the land, he never gets it, but remains a tenant for ever. We propose a better way, the origin of all progress—Ownership.

The policy of ownership is based on human nature and experience. Deep in the heart of every man is the desire of ownership. To have something, however small, which he can call his own, calls forth all that is best in him. He is stimulated by the burden of responsibility and the fulness of reward. The life of the small owner is not an idyll; it is a serious, often a very hard reality. Small ownership no more gives immunity from toil or care than any other occupation; it has its blanks as well as its prizes. But it gives to the owner the full and undivided reward of his labours; all that he puts into the soil is repaid to him, and to him alone. And more, the land being his, he has always something to leave behind. The tenant can only leave his savings; the owner can leave his

savings and his property as well. It is in human nature that a man should desire to be an owner; and the success or failure of all things depends on their being in conformity or opposition to natural law. As applied to land tenure, this theory has been proved by every nation. By accepting it, and translating it into action, they have found a solution of those agrarian problems which now afflict us. It is not only the old and overcrowded countries of Europe which have sought and found the solution in the distribution of the land among small owners. Our own Colonies, whose land is thinly peopled and belongs to the State, have created private ownership, and have even found it desirable to break up large estates into small ownerships, in pursuance of their policy of closer settlement. The younger nations are doing this to attract men to the land and to fill their empty spaces; the older nations have done it in order to find place for their redundant population, and to stimulate the capacity of the soil as employer and producer. But all alike have acted on the doctrine that it is ownership which most attracts and binds men to the land, and that small ownership begets in the highest degree the energies which secure the utmost return from the soil. It is for the future to show the results in the New World; but there is a century of triumphant experience to which we can appeal in the Old World.

Having adopted small ownership as the basis of true land reform, the first question is how these ownerships may be created. There are two classes of men with whom we have to deal—those who already rent land, who are willing to buy, and whose landlords are willing to sell; and those who have no land, but who have the capacity to make good husbandmen, given the opportunity. And in both cases we have to assume that the would-be purchasers have little or no capital of their own, certainly not enough to enable them to pay any

substantial share of the purchase price and still retain working capital. That the energies of such men should be utilised to their fullest extent in the regeneration of our greatest industry is a matter of national concern; and therefore the resources of the State should be employed to relieve them of the handicap placed on them by want of means. This obligation has been admitted by England in the case of Irish agriculture, but it is not necessary that the method adopted there should be adopted here. There are objections to the creation of a new loan by the State which could be met by the establishment of a Central Land Bank, having the guarantee of the State behind it, at any rate in its earliest stages. This Central Land Bank might have four or five dependent or branch banks in the five great districts of England—the North, the South, the East, the West, and Wales. Or, again, there might—there no doubt would—be Provincial Land Banks, founded by private enterprise, in which the public and the Government might take stock, and these would provide purchase-money for the small owner. No hard-and-fast limit need here be set to the amount of money to be advanced. In Ireland the tenant purchaser is provided with the whole amount of the purchase money, and the English Act of 1892 requires the purchaser to find one-fifth. But it is clear that, if the scheme is to be a reality and a success, the greater part, if not the whole, of the purchase money will have to be advanced.

Behold, then, our owner settled on his little farm. He has the land, the pride of ownership, a little capital perhaps, but not enough to carry him on. He cannot make bricks without straw, and he has no straw. Had the small owner no one to fall back upon he must fail; indeed, that is largely why he failed in the past. And it is true that he will have no landlord to fall back upon. But it is part of the Unionist land reform policy to pro-

vide a substitute for the landlord, to enable him to fall back upon—himself.

Here we come to the last and most vital item of the Unionist policy—co-operation. Without providing for the organisation of agriculture it would be folly to risk the national credit in attempting its regeneration, and it would be cruel to expose industrious men to almost certain disappointment and ruin. An agricultural organisation must take the form of co-operative effort. Co-operation, mutual help, is only self-help under another aspect. The individual is merged in a community of men in like case with himself without losing his individuality. He contributes to the general body the results of his character and energy, and is repaid an hundredfold by getting the support and assistance of his associated fellows. Co-operation walks beside the small owner all the way, buying for him, selling for him, and financing him.

Finance has been the stumbling block over which peasant proprietary has fallen in the past; co-operation alone can remove the obstacle. The small owner must have easy access to cheap money, and the access to cheap money through the big joint-stock banks not being easy for the small man, he must form banks of his own; he must create credit for himself. This he does by forming co-operative Village Banks on the lines laid down by Raiffesien, such as cover the Continent and are succeeding so admirably in Ireland. These Village Banks must not be confused with the Land Banks which provide purchase-money.

The Land Bank has fulfilled its functions when the small owner is placed on his farm. The Village Bank then steps in to provide the working capital for its cultivation. The Village Bank has no shareholders and no subscribed capital. It operates in a small area; its members are known to one another, and are elected for their character. With them, and them only, it deals. As they cannot become

members unless they have a good reputation for industry and honour, they are able to borrow the money they want for stocking their little farms, for seeds, implements, and the like, on the personal security of themselves and one or two friends. Their character becomes an asset, because they are dealing with men who know them personally. The Village Bank obtains its money by deposits, or by advance from a Central Land Bank, or (as in Ireland) from large ordinary banks, with or without a Government guarantee. Borrowing at low rates, having no dividend to pay, and no staff or office expenses, it can lend to its members on very easy terms—often only a penny per pound per month. Being based on the principle of mutual help, the Bank Committee consider the purposes for which loans are asked, and advise the borrowers as to the employment of the money.

The small owner buys in small quantities, and so has to pay retail prices for seeds, manures, feeding stuffs, implements, and so on. Conveying them in small quantities, he has heavy charges for transport. Being a small customer, and of little account, dishonest dealers often palm off inferior articles upon him. He thus buys in the dearest and frequently the inferior markets. In his farm work he is handicapped by lack of suitable implements. He cannot afford expensive modern machinery; he works on too small a scale to make its use profitable, even if he could; and yet competition requires him to be up-to-date in his methods. Co-operation takes him by the hand and helps him past these difficulties. Co-operative societies buy what their members need, from machinery down to fencing wire, direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices, and transport in bulk, thereby getting cheaper railway rates. Their custom is worth having, therefore the manufacturers supply them with the best material. Neighbouring small owners combine to buy, or hire, expensive implements, and

use them in common. Thus by co-operation the working costs of the small farmer are lowered and his efficiency increased.

Last of all in the industrial process comes the distribution of the produce of the farm. Here, again, the small man, by himself, is seriously handicapped. It is almost impossible for him to sell his stuff to the best advantage. If he hawks his produce himself, he has to neglect the business he knows best; if he sells through dealers, he is often at the mercy of a "ring"; in any case his profits pass through many hands and shrink in passing. He cannot study the markets, nor, if he did, can he avail himself of higher prices in places at a distance. He cannot make contracts to supply goods, because he has not the quantity of produce to enable him to fill his contracts regularly, nor grade it to a regular standard. And always, and in small quantities, he has to pay high rates of carriage. Once more co-operation steps in and takes the business of distribution off his hands. The Co-operative Society advises him how best to sell his stock, and it sees that he gets full value. It collects his milk, fruit, eggs, and vegetables at its depots, and sends them away in bulk, and therefore cheaply, to the centres where it has contracts, or where prices are highest. Thus the small farmer gets the best return for his labour, is relieved of business which he does not understand, and shares in the profit of the societies which have helped him.

To encourage and assist the development of co-operation, in finance, production, and distribution, is an essential and integral part of Land Reform. Without credit and co-operation, small ownership cannot succeed. Without ownership, credit and co-operation will not produce their highest results. It is by the combination of all three that we can hope to call out the best qualities of the husbandman, and give his energies the fairest prospect of success.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DANCE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

WITH a great sigh of relief, Doctor Girard lifted the latch of the Seigneur's gate and passed into the quiet shade of the laurels, and the grateful coolness of the grass path which led to the Seigneur's front door. The door stood open, and somewhere, from the dimness beyond, Madame Berthe emerged at the sound of the knocker. At sight of the doctor, she began to talk volubly as she advanced.

"Ah, Monsieur Girard! How glad I am that you are come at last! Monsieur de Valleau is greatly exhausted—the result of this terrible attack, you understand—the eyes staring—the chin sunk—and he shivers—*mon Dieu!* like this—" and her plump sides shook in futile imitation.

Doctor Girard removed his broad straw hat and fanned his heated and bewildered face.

"But, *nom de Dieu*, madame," he objected, "it is incredible! When I left monsieur this morning, he was vastly improved, the pulse tranquil, the brow cool—it is incredible—incredible."

He repeated the word several times mechanically as though to conceal behind it some half-formed thought. Then tentatively, he raised his eyes to the face of the housekeeper with the kind keenness peculiar to men in his profession.

"Madame Berthe," he said, speaking softly, as he always did to women, "what did Monsieur de Valleau do that induced this second attack?"

The quiet insistence of his tone produced in her a sort of agitated

calm. Her breast heaved, but her voice reflected the calmness of his.

"Is it necessary, professionally, monsieur, that you know?"

"Very necessary, indeed."

"For the good of Monsieur de Valleau?"

"For his good."

Madame Berthe raised her arched brows appealingly; the doctor bent his bristling gray ones in final decision. "For his good."

"*Très bien!*" she broke out. "I will play the spy! My tongue shall repeat what my eyes had no right to see. But if it benefit Monsieur Louis, for what does my honour count? You understand! And to speak—what relief! I feel sometimes Monsieur Girard that I must burst with the secret if I retain it longer!"

The doctor nodded sympathetically and she went on:

"You ask, monsieur, what the Seigneur has done to induce this relapse. I answer—nothing. He is powerless, I believe, to combat the cause of these sicknesses. And the whole cause, Monsieur Girard, is the Stradivarius violin! It calls to him with a thousand tongues, each one more false than the tongue of a woman—*hein?* You laugh? But we are false, monsieur. Once with that brown harlot on his arm he is become as a straw, blown about by every gale of melody. After the ecstasy, there is the price to pay in his poor throbbing head and broken nerves—*voilà!* I send for Doctor Girard! As for Mademoiselle Gabrielle, she only encourages him in his madness, and she

—my faith — with four Saints' names!"

She paused to take breath. Doctor Girard, seizing the opportunity, led her with gentle pressure into the dim parlour, and, placing an arm-chair for her, he seated himself opposite with an air of determination.

"Now," he said, "behind all these metaphors, there is something more than a bagatelle. Seated so, we can discuss the matter with more composure, and you will be able, my dear lady, to lay the entire case before me with your accustomed precision and admirable discernment."

Madame Berthe relaxed for a moment into an appreciative smile; then, with a wave of her plump hands brushed an imaginary veil from between them, and began:

"*Voilà!* the whole story!"

"I have lived in this house, as perhaps you know, for more than forty years. I arrived from Old France a year before the birth of Monsieur Louis, the present seigneur, and consequently, two years prior to the death of my dear lady, his mother. Since that time he has been as a son to me, always gentle, always considerate, and yet, on occasion, of a mulish stubbornness. When he desires anything, one may as well give in with a good grace, for he will have his way in the end, of a surety.

"As a child, he was like a little bird, so full of music, hearing voices where others were deaf. For example, the great poplar that shadows the house—you have observed it?"

"One of the stateliest of its kind, madame."

"*Eh bien!* He would lie on the grass by the hour with his little face turned upward toward its trembling leaves. 'Don't you hear it Tante Berthe?' he would call, 'That's the Spirit of the Poplar whispering to me!' And me, monsieur, I heard nothing save the leaves rustling in that aggravating way that poplars have, but pouf! I made pretense to hear it also—to please my little Louis.

"*Alors*, when he was fourteen, the old seigneur presented him with a violin all inlaid with pearl. That was the beginning. Before a month, he could play anything with assurance from the songs of Old France to the boatman's chant of Canada. But for the dance music, he was superb! Incomparable! You know Remi Leduc, monsieur, who keeps the tavern?"

"He is a rascal, madame."

"Without doubt. But you admit that he fiddles well? *Alors*, I have seen Monsieur Louis and Remi, as boys, at a country dance, making music that put the devil in one's heels—and such a picture they made— young Remi with his wicked black curls and bold eyes and my dear lad so slim and pensive and all lost in the melody. But to return! Finally Monsieur Lambert, Louis' tutor, declared it a waste of time for the boy to drudge over Latin and mathematics with so great a talent unrefined and the old Seigneur was persuaded to send him to Montreal to make a study of the violin. So Monsieur Lambert conveyed him thither — the worst day's work of his life. For five years we saw him only during short visits. Then, when he was twenty the old Seigneur sent for him. He was growing feeble and he wanted his boy at his side. *Mais* — do you think that Monsieur Louis remained here in content? No, it was nothing but Rome, Rome, Rome! It seemed that a great master of the violin taught there and nothing would do but he must have lessons of him, and, *en passant*, I believe, to see a little of the world. Now had it been dear Paris—but *Rome!*" Madame Berthe's dimpled fingers waved contempt.

"However, Rome it was, and music it was, till there was no living in peace with him! For me, I liked his playing less than before — all the *esprit*, the gaiety had gone out of it. It made one think of Ember days, and cold night winds and the poplar tree. Finally, monsieur, the music came between the father and son. There

was no longer the same camaraderie. They would sit almost silent at their meals, the old Seigneur worried and depressed; Monsieur Louis dreamy and preoccupied. In spite of myself, I was in sympathy with the boy. *It is the woman's way, n'est-ce pas?*

"And, *en effet*, there was small pleasure in a little village, for a young gentleman of his attainments. Then, one spring morning, quite unexpectedly, the old Seigneur died in this same arm-chair. *Mon Dieu!* After the first hour of grief, I could see the resolve in my boy's eyes, shining in spite of himself. One night, a month later, he led me to the hall window, which gives on the south. 'Tante Berthe,' he whispered in my ear, 'don't you hear the Spirit of the Poplar Tree? It's calling me—'Louis de Valleau, come to Rome!' And oh, Tante Berthe, I must heed the call, and go!"

"It was his way of breaking the news to me; and of what avail was it that I should demur? *Après tout*, he was a de Valleau and I his house-keeper. So, almost before I realised it, our adieux were made, and I was left to face the solitary years."

She fell silent and the unheeded tears ran down her cheeks. Doctor Girard looked out at the poplar, whose trunk, an arm's length from the window, showed sternly against the green of the laurels. When he had given the house-keeper time to recover her composure he turned to her and said gently:

"We all know, madame, how the Seigneur went to Rome, and how you bore those years of loneliness without complaint."

"Thank you, monsieur. It was almost seven years till his return, but he wrote faithfully. It goes without saying what pride I had in his success."

"*Alors*, he wrote one day that a beautiful and gifted Italian lady had given him a rare old Stradivarius violin of great value. Monsieur," with a slight shrug, "everyone knows that he married her, and that four years

later, he came home, broken in health and spirit, with the Petite Gabrielle in his arms, all that was left to him of Rome and that unhappy union. Tell me, what do they say in the village concerning her?"

"That at the best, she is worse than dead to him; that, at the worst, he is better here than there."

"Ah, they know much, monsieur, but not the worst, which is—" Madame Berthe leaned toward him with an air of mystery and whispered—"that she was no great lady but *une danseuse*, who won her bread by her agility and so pirouetted into the heart of my boy. Would such as she be faithful even to a de Valleau? *Mon Dieu*, no! But he is loyal to her—quixotically so—to the extent of sending her every *sou* that can be spared. *Spared!* Heaven forgive him! He does his best to starve us that the economies may be sent to her at Rome!"

"These economies, then," asked the doctor, "is it that they affect the health of Monsieur de Valleau to such an alarming extent or—but I see, madame, that the half of your disclosures have not been made. Pray proceed."

"Ah, doctor, the Seigneur would rather die than that I should inform you of this? But in what a dilemma am I? Shall I allow him to die when you perhaps can save him? Doctors, too, like priests, remember nothing that is best forgotten, *hé? Eh bien*, there are two things from which you must save the Seigneur, himself—and the Stradivarius violin."

Doctor Girard nodded, his patient dark face immobile. Madame Berthe proceeded.

"Music, in its place, monsieur, is a joyful thing. Am I not a Frenchwoman? The promenade—the costumes—a tang of the sea in the air—the military band—oh! *très agréable!* *Mais*—music in the dead of night, a piercing bizarre wailing of one violin—is it agreeable, monsieur? Does it soothe the senses?"

As for the dancing of Mademoiselle Gabrielle, I call it *indecent*. And, without doubt, it is that which kills the Seigneur by inches.

"It was in this manner that I became cognisant of it. In November last I was a martyr to neuralgia of the teeth. *Eh bien!* One night about the hour of twelve I raised myself from my couch in despair. I am crazed with pain. Will nothing relieve me? Suddenly, I remind myself of the ginger tea. I determine to make a cup with just a suspicion of whisky *blanc*.

"I light my candle and grope my way toward the pantry. Then, as I open the stairway door, I am paralysed with horror by an unearthly sound of music. During a moment I try to convince myself that it is but the howling of the wind, for it is a stormy night. But no, as I strain my ears I become certain that it proceeds from the chamber of Monsieur le Seigneur. It is the violin! And, blessed Mother! Such music! It was like the cry of a soul lost at sea—it was as the creak of the guillotine—still more it resembled the dance of the dead leaves in November and the bare branches of the poplar scraping on the eaves.

"But there is not much of the dance in me. I stumble down the stairway to the Seigneur's door. I press my eye to the keyhole. My knees tremble as with the ague.

"The chamber is half-lit by a shifty moonlight. There is one bright patch directly before the door. Suddenly I become aware of the sound of quick breathing. I press my eye still closer. Then in the moonlight I see mademoiselle in her night-robe. She darts forward, she crouches, she spins like one possessed. Her lightness, her grace, her tricks of the hands and head are those of the trained dancer.

"I can no more remove my eye from the keyhole than I can remove it from its socket. I remain there I know not how long; then the music ceases and I see no more of made-

moiselle. The voice of the Seigneur comes then, very weak and broken. He is saying—'Draw the blind, my child, and then to thy bed. Promise me that you will forget this night.'

"I hear the child say, 'Yes, papa'—the sound of a kiss—then, in a moment, she is in the hall.

"Once the door is safely closed, I clutch her by the arms and drag her to the pantry. She makes no sound. She is dazed by my attack.

"'Little evil one!' I scream, shaking her—in truth I am beside myself—'Explain!' I scream, 'explain!'

The house-keeper's voice rose to a high pitch and Doctor Girard made a warning gesture.

"Ah, forgive me if I appear foolishly wrought up, monsieur, but these occurrences have preyed on me for nearly a year! For the rest, there is little to tell. I questioned Mademoiselle Gabrielle closely. She is a truthful child although like no de Valteau I have ever seen. She said, looking me in the eyes: 'My papa called me and I ran to him in my night-robe. When I entered his room he was playing the Strad. Without resting his bow, he nodded and smiled at me and said—'*Dance!*' I cross myself, Tante Berthe, it is the truth. I knew the way at once.'

"'Had this ever occurred before?' I demanded. Yes, twice, she replied; once a long, long time ago, and once in the summer. Did I not remember, when her papa was ill? *Hélas!* I had cause to remember!"

"And the next day?" interrogated Monsieur Girard.

"My toothache was departed."

"And Monsieur de Valteau?"

"Enervated beyond speech, and irritable, *mon Dieu!* like a caged lion!"

"And Mademoiselle Gabrielle?"

"As though nothing had happened—gay, singing through the house, gambolling with some young kittens, and imploring me to make a *pâté* for her supper."

"How often has this occurred since?"

"Once again in the early spring and, during the last month, three times."

"You have seen nothing?"

"Absolutely. At times I awake in the night starting with perspiration, listening involuntarily for the sound of music. It is but a fancy. Only by the extreme exhaustion of the Seigneur on the following day can I draw any conclusions concerning the night before. I am convinced that my dear Seigneur is powerless to resist this evil, and, as for mademoiselle, who can blame her? She is as the good God made her. The dance is in her blood. Does the bird know why he sings? It is the Stradivarius alone which is responsible. While it is in the Seigneur's chamber may the Saints pray for him! *Voilà tout.*"

With this pious invocation Madame Berthe laid her palms together with some complacency. It was not often that she had so good a listener or a narrative so thrilling.

Doctor Girard rose without comment.

"I neglect my patient," he said abruptly. "If you will pardon me, madame—"

He bowed at the door and turning, ascended the steep stairway. At the turning his spare figure was lost in the upper dimness.

*

In the chamber of Monsieur de Valleau, it was so dim indeed, that a moment passed before the doctor could discern the face and hands of his patient showing pale against the carving of his high-backed chair. Then he advanced.

"Ah, a pleasant morning to you, monsieur! Shall I open your shutters a bit? I can make nothing tangible out of you in this gloom."

"Yes — and nothing very tangible in the sunshine either. I am growing to be such stuff as dreams are made of, doctor."

The voice came with penetrating clearness, vibrant as the tone of a 'cello. Doctor Girard unlatched the shutters, admitting a pathway of sun-

light. Then, being seated, he laid his fingers lightly on the Seigneur's wrist.

"H'm! As I expected — extreme lassitude, following a period of intense excitement. It is inevitable."

He raised his eyes to the Seigneur's face with frank scrutiny. The Seigneur's own eyes, long-lashed, with something of the delicacy of a woman's, narrowed a little, then he smiled faintly.

"Whom am I to thank for the insinuation in your tone, Monsieur le Docteur? Is it that you imagine I have been drinking?"

It was not the habit of the little doctor to beat about the bush. He came to the point now with trenchant directness.

"Not alcohol, monsieur, assuredly not. But there are other excesses as evil in their effects." He nodded toward where the Stradivarius lay in its rosewood case. "Music for example! Sometimes people become crazed over that. I have been observing you carefully, monseigneur, and I think that is at the root of your trouble. I may as well say I am positive this is the case." Catching a gleam of anger in the Seigneur's eyes, he added, with a slight shrug: "You see, I am your medical adviser, otherwise, to me, you were above suspicion. But that which I suspect—I know."

Louis de Valleau made as though to rise, then, with a certain weariness of movement, habitual to him, and now accentuated by his physical depression, he threw himself back in his chair and faced the doctor.

"Ah, Girard," he said, with one of his sudden smiles. "You have me at last, old humbug! It goes without saying that you are right. It's the music madness that is killing me—the madness of music — and motion — the music of motion" — he passed his hand confusedly across his eyes — "Ah, faith! I'm a poor sort of fellow. I shall go on a little longer, while the spark holds out to burn and then—at last—I shall step off into the night, and so—*bon soir!*" He made a light

gesture of the fingers as one who casts away a cigarette, at the same time watching the elder man, somewhat boyishly, to observe the effect of his words.

Doctor Girard scratched his grizzled chin in thought for a moment, then he raised his inquiring gaze to the Seigneur's face and asked slowly: "And when you step off into the night, Louis le Débonnaire, will Mademoiselle Gabrielle accompany you, or will she remain behind perchance to reap the harvest you have sown?"

*

An hour later, Madame Berthe, in attendance in the hall below perceived the little doctor marching soberly down the stairs with the Stradivarius violin held awkwardly before him. As he reached the bottom step he extended the instrument to madame, who took it by the neck gingerly, and for a moment they contemplated its urbane polished surface in silence. Then madame, breaking into tears, laid her head in the black lace cap, quite simply, on the homely breast of Doctor Girard.

With a tenderness in which there was a hint of exasperation, he patted her plump shoulder, grumbling: "Madame, for the love of Heaven, contain yourself! Tut! tut! For what are you crying? God bless me, what a woman!"

The pats became almost fierce, and Madame Berthe was induced to raise her head and straighten her cap, which was drooping dejectedly over one eye.

"I am an old fool!" she cried. "But it seems too good to believe! Tell me, doctor, did Monsieur de Val-leau surrender it willingly? Shall I dare approach him?"

"Of a certainty. You will find him quite penitent and very docile. Be cheerful in his presence, make a deal of him — you women know the way. Above all, see that he eats plenty of nourishing food. It is of the utmost importance. Some good Burgundy a

cutlet to breakfast, French chocolate, broiled chickens, grapes — in short, let him live well. We cannot produce a materialist, madame, from a diet of music and pills!"

He knew more of the house keeper's economies that she was aware. As he stood on the threshold, he added in a whisper: "And if he demands the violin, send for me, send for me."

The doctor's spare figure had barely disappeared behind the laurels, when Gabrielle emerged from them. She was in white and her curling brown hair hung loosely about her face. The warmth of an honest wrath showed in her olive cheeks. Her eyes smaller and more almond-shaped than her fathers, had in their depths a latent recklessness that went well with the poise of her small, finely formed head.

"Tante Berthe!" she burst out, "are you in love with Doctor Girard? Tell me — I demand to know! For I saw you in his arms one moment ago — with my own eyes! Tante Berthe, I think you are a very wicked old woman, I do indeed! As for Doctor Girard—grr-r!"

She towered fiercely over poor Madame Berthe, who had sunk in a confused heap on the door-sill, and now, rocking herself to and fro, inquired pathetically: "What has come over me this day?"

"Tell me, were you making love, *ma tante*?" reiterated the child. "It is no use to deny. I caught you in the act. Last fête day I saw Henri Gosselin and Marie Roy making love. It was the very same — her head on his shoulder, her hat over one eye, as your cap to-day — oh, it was unspeakably the same!"

The picture of herself thus conjured up touched Madame's ever keen sense of humour. She began to laugh hysterically.

"Oh, naughty child!" she gasped, embracing Gabrielle. "for what was I born! I leave my beloved France and come to these wilds to nurse your dear grandmamma. I bring up your

poor papa. I am a mother to you although you are like no de Valteau I have ever seen. Finally, in my old age, I am accused of making love to a bourgeois Canadian doctor! *O'est fini*, let me crawl away to die!"

Gabrielle was conscience-stricken. She pressed her cheek to that of the house-keeper and slipped her arms about her neck whispering: "Forgive me, *ma tante*, it is I who am wicked, me, with four Saints' names. I will eat mutton broth to my dinner — I will embroider my sampler for an hour — I will even wear my hair in plaits without complaint! Do you love me now?"

"*Là, là, chérie! Attends donc!* And I shall tell thee why thy foolish old nurse laid her head on the shoulder of Doctor Girard. It was that she might shed tears of thankfulness because she believes that he will be able perhaps to make thy dear papa quite well again."

She led Gabrielle to the oak-beamed parlour then and told her what had taken place and how they must be heedful to keep the Seigneur always cheerful and that it was to be her little part to bring him flowers, to read to him; that she must be a little mother to him in place of a daughter, and she must kiss him on both cheeks, but never, never, speak of the evil Stradivarius. Monsieur Girard depended on her.

Gabrielle's cheeks flushed as she listened and her eyes widened in contemplation of her new responsibility. Heretofore, she had been refused admittance to the Seigneur's room during his illness; now, she would be allowed to lavish all her love on him and that would make him well without fail. She hugged Tante Berthe rapturously and then demanded:

"But if I nurse my father what will be your part?"

"Ah, that is the heart-break, *ma petite!* Monsieur Girard says it is imperative that thy papa have the best of food, the most expensive wine, peaches, chocolate, young fowls and

cutlets — where is the money for these? That is what vexes me. You see, our little garden here produces none of them; indeed, we shall have to send to Quebec, I fear. I have almost no money, and I dare not harass thy papa when he is so ill. Where, then, can we obtain it?"

"Tante Berthe, I know, by the way your lip twists, that you have some plan. Is it to ask Monsieur le curé?"

The house-keeper smiled uneasily.

"No, not that. Thy papa would prefer to die—I am certain. But there is a way—it is true I have been thinking of it—it seems unavoidable—to sell the violin."

Gabrielle reddened to the neck. She left her seat and went to where the Stradivarius lay on a marble table. She drew her fingers caressingly across the strings and said slowly with a little catch in her voice: "It would be like stealing—like stealing."

"*Fi donc!*" exclaimed Madame Berthe hurriedly. "What things you say, child! When the good papa is quite well again, he can buy it back. I will make that stipulation on the bargain."

The truth was that she had determined not to give the Stradivarius house-room for another night. Might not some ghostly bow draw from its strings the prelude to another midnight dance? Come what might, she would save Louis de Valteau and his child from themselves.

"Ah, but no one would buy it," said Gabrielle, hopefully.

"I have thought of that also," said Madame Berthe. "It shall be Remi Leduc, the landlord of *Le Chien Noir*. He broke his fiddle yesterday over the head of Jean Baptiste Ratte because he *would* beat time on the floor with his hob-nailed boots. *Eh bien!* Remi shall buy the violin and when thy dear papa is quite himself again, we shall buy it back, my pet — *n'est-ce pas?*"

Gabrielle nodded; she dared not trust herself to speak. She was struggling to grasp the extent of the void

which the loss of the Strad would make in her eventless life. It had been as one of the family. Its silvery notes had called her with the yearning of a mother's voice. When a little child she had gazed at her own reflection in its deep red-brown surface as in a mother's eyes. A hot tear splashed on it, and with her finger she traced the moisture on the polished wood. It took the form of a cross. She was thrilled by the thought that it was marked thus with the sacred sign for a sacrifice.

The remainder of the afternoon she went about dreamily, scarcely speaking, and once, when her father drew her to his side and kissed her, she burst into tears, and implored him to say that he loved her and was entirely pleased with her. When the tea hour came, she carried her salad and brown bread to the porch and ate it from the doorstep, and grew comforted in watching how the sunlight left the lowlier things, bit by bit, till at last only the topmost branch of the poplar tree was gold.

Inside, Madame Berthe consumed many cups of strong tea preparatory to her encounter with the landlord of *Le Chien Noir*, with whom she meant to drive a thrifty bargain. At twilight she emerged, wearing an air of great cheerfulness and her winter cloak, which only partially concealed the form of the Stradivarius beneath her arm.

She would have embraced Gabrielle, but the child turned her face away, so she contented herself with kissing a bit of white neck that showed between the curls.

When the gate clicked Gabrielle, watching through her hair, saw the ample bonnet of Tante Berthe bobbing above the hedge as she trudged down the road. How hot she must be in that heavy cloak! Gabrielle felt sorry now that she had not kissed her, and, after a moment's reflection, she ran to the gate to wave a kiss and call an *au revoir*. Madame Berthe halted and returned the salute as well as she

could, being so much incommoded.

There was no difficulty in persuading the landlord of *Le Chien Noir* to purchase the Seigneur's violin. Already, he was lamenting his stupidity in breaking his own beloved fiddle over the bullet head of Jean Baptiste Ratte. The poker would have been equally effective and infinitely harder to break! So he paid the ten pounds which Madame Berthe demanded, so cheerfully, that the good soul felt a pang of regret that she had not made it twenty. In this manner, the Stradivarius, which had been the idol of a Roman antiquary became the pride of a little inn-keeper of Quebec, and its mellow-throated strings were tuned to lowlier themes.

Thus supplied with ample means to indulge her housewifely instincts, Madame Berthe purchased seasonable delicacies to tempt the appetite of Louis de Valleau, who dutifully ate his *pâtés*, his Burgundy, his mellow peaches, his clam *purée*, without inquiry as to their probable source.

As the days passed without reference to the Strad from her father, Gabrielle's courage rose and she began to be very happy in her post of nurse and little mother to him.

They spent their days together, and when twilight fell they would draw their chairs close to the window to catch the last light on the page she was reading.

One evening she read "*La Feuille*." It was in late September, but the breeze that ruffled her brown hair, was balmy. As she reached the words:

"Je l'ai où va toute chose.

Où va la feuille de rose

Et la feuille de laurier."

—the Seigneur's white fingers covered the page and he drew her closer to him.

"Shut the book, sweetheart," he said. "shut the book and let us sit quiet for a while together."

So Gabrielle stretched her arm across his knees and laid her head against his breast with her face upturned to his; and the Seigneur look-

ing down at her, praised the tinting in her cheeks and hair and said her mouth was like her mother's.

The thought of her seemed to increase his sadness, and presently he suggested that they take a turn in the air on the balcony beyond the bed-chamber. So they paced up and down with his arm about her neck. The peacefulness of the night was falling, and from the garden's obscurity the sweet odour of the white stocks came up to them.

When the Seigneur tired, they leaned their arms on the balustrade watching how the lights came out, one by one, in the village below. The Seigneur discovered a yellowing branch on the poplar tree and said that autumn was come at last, but Gabrielle insisted that it was but the work of some destructive worm. He did not answer and she heard him repeat to himself:

"I go where all things go.
Where goes the leaf of the rose
And the leaf of the laurel tree."

Gabrielle, slipping her hand into his, whispered, "Father, will you not come in now? The dew is falling." He smiled at her and obeyed. At the door she whispered again: "Father!"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Father, I do not intend to read those verses about the fallen leaf again, because they make you sad."

*

When Gabrielle awoke that night the moonlight was on her face, and she believed for a moment it was that which had aroused her. Then she saw her father standing at her bedside. In contrast to the sombreness of his long maroon dressing robe, the clear-cut purity of his lineaments was such that she fancied him a part of her dream. He touched her again.

"Wake up, *ma petite*! Father needs thee."

She raised herself to her knees and laid her hands on his breast. "For what, *mon père*? Art thou ill?"

He bent over her and answered in a half-playful manner, as though to reassure her: "*Mais, non*. Not ill. But my heart cries out for the old Strad — to hear it singing on my breast — ah, little one, I am not to be denied this time! You see the music is here," touching his forehead "and it must get out at the fingers or — confusion — confusion — madness — no, I don't mean that, not that — but bring the Strad to my room without delay — I won't be denied, Gabrielle."

"But, papa," she gasped in terror, "the Strad — the Strad — it is not — oh, *mon Dieu* — it is gone — a long way — Tante Berthe —"

"I know. You must pass her door — but go on tiptoe. Have care on the staircase, the third step creaks — remember. Oh! we shall not disturb madame!"

He gave one of his old light gestures, stood in the doorway a moment, smiling at her, and was gone.

Gabrielle pressed her fingers to her eyes and forced herself to face the task which lay before her, to regain the Stradivarius at any cost to take the music from her father's head — his poor bewildered head — lest he should go mad with the music always singing in his brain. She crept to the chair where her clothes lay folded.

"Blessed Sainte Gabrielle," she murmured, as she drew them on, "help thy child." Then she fell to repeating over and over with a sense of comfort — "Mamma, oh, mamma!" She had never said that before.

Her frock on, she stole, scarcely breathing, to the staircase. The third step creaked loudly. She had forgotten to avoid it. There was a moment of painful listening in which it seemed to the child that her whole being became as an ear, that she could hear with her fingers and her forehead. But the midnight silence was broken only by the ticking of the great old clock in the hall below. She ventured the remaining steps.

With timid fingers she drew the

bolts on the front door and stepped out into the moonlight. She had never been alone in the outdoor night before, and the familiar scene in the unfamiliar aspect brought a clutch of dread to her throat. The chirp of the crickets which in the morning was so merry, seemed at this hour to have a sombre note. "They never sleep," she thought, wonderingly.

On the grass path there was no need to tiptoe. The full moon hung low and luminous in the sky and every grass spear glistened with its weight of dew.

"The fairies are at work," she thought now, "spinning the cobweb for the morning."

Something alive started from the grass at her feet and she fled back to the friendly shelter of the stone porch.

"Gabrielle Catherine Anne Marie," she panted, "little coward, wicked little coward — and you with four saints' names!"

She began then to repeat her bedtime prayer aloud, and, thus armed, she passed safely over the grass path, through the vine-covered gate and on to the road. How long and white in the moonlight! She ran quickly and, after a little, she left off saying her prayer and repeated again: "Mamma! mamma!"

At the foot of the hill which led to the church there was a little roadside Calvary. She knelt to cross herself and started to see a small bird fly from its shelter. The road was rough and once she fell, but even as she cried a little in self-pity, she saw the bright lights of *Le Chien Noir*, and was cheered. At the doorstep she summoned her courage and knocked with her knuckles. The music within ceased and the landlord flung wide the door. His burly figure filled the opening; the Strad was tucked under one arm. At sight of the girl his handsome florid face gaped in mute astonishment; his very curls seemed to stand more upright.

But Gabrielle had no time for ex-

planations. She stretched out her hands toward the violin imperatively.

"For to-night — just this once— Monsieur *le Seigneur* demands it— my papa, you know!"

"Bapteme! Ma'm'selle, are you gone mad?"

"No— oh, no! Not me — but my papa — if he does not get his violin—he is very ill, and the music is all in his head, you see—"

"A thousand pardons, ma'm'selle! If I had the intelligence of a pig I should have understood at once. You will permit that I carry it to the gate. *N'est-ce pas?* The hillside makes a lonely walk for so young a demoiselle." Gabrielle shook her head.

"But no, M'sieu Leduc. I prefer much to go alone. I shall run all the way and the Strad is very light."

"*Mon Dieu!* You should see me run! An antelope, Ma'm'selle Gabrielle." He looked at her intently, observing how she was growing something more than a child. Gabrielle impatiently took possession of the violin with—"No, no, I shall run faster." Then, looking wistfully up at him she added: "You will keep it secret—my coming?"

"As the grave, Ma'm'selle. What a mystery for Saint Loo! I am discoursing sweet music on the Strad—I am called, summoned to the door—I perceive a vision in white—the violin is wrenched from my grasp—the vision disappears—*pouf!* like that! I am alone. *Quelle grande mystère!* Also, mysteries are good for the trade."

The last was to himself, for Gabrielle having gained possession of the Strad, ran off without ceremony, and was now but a white shadow up the road. As for fear, she felt none, with the slim brown body of the violin pressed against her breast. When she passed the little Calvary this time, she looked the other way and made no sign.

At last she felt the cool moist turf of the path beneath her feet and latched the gate behind her. Close

beside her father's open window, its branches almost entering the room, stood the poplar, very still and slender, wearing an air as of meditation.

She entered and passed swiftly up the stairway. In her own room she slipped off her clothes to her night-gown. Then, barefooted, with quickening pulses she turned the handle of the Seigneur's door. He was sitting in his high-backed chair drumming softly with his fingers on the carved arms. He reached eagerly for the violin. Gabrielle brought it and, leaning against his chair, watched his skilled fingers turn the keys to the desired pitch.

"Was I gone long, papa?"

"Gone long? Oh, no — but a moment. Thou art a dear little one — *diable!* When had I it tuned so low? And the E string — it is execrable — ragged, ragged, like madame's fringe! Ah, hear that, Gabrielle! reedy, sweet, is it not? Up to concert pitch to-night, my love! Faith, I have neglected thee! But now — you hear that, Gabrielle? In marvelous form!"

He drew his bow and delicate cadences filled the air. Gabrielle went to the open window and knelt there, cooling her hot brow and neck. A light breeze had sprung up and through the quivering leaves of the poplar the stars glowed and peered at her.

She was very tired, her legs trembled; she wished that to-morrow might be like all other days. She would forget about to-night then. Of course Tante Berthe would be furious. Very likely she would only get lentil soup for dinner. But what did that signify, when her father was made happy? For herself, she was glad also to have the Strad at home again. It stood for all the fanciful imagery of her childhood. Its strings were the genii which called from their haunts the little people of her own dream world.

Now, to her listening lazily, the music came as a whisper through the

marshlands, just enough to stir the rushes. She could see them gently swaying, she could hear the waters lapping; then it gained a note in volume and she heard the fairies coming. Coming running down the hillsides, climbing up the swaying rushes. She could hear their whirring wings and their joyous laughter tinkling. Then a cloud fell, and the marsh god in his twining purple draperies rose and hovered o'er the marshlands dancing in the fitful moonlight — "These are the thoughts," pondered Gabrielle, "that Tante Berthe says come from the Evil One!"

She tried to put them from her and turned her face to the room. But try as she would, she could not quite free herself from them. She saw her father through the haze of the marshes and he seemed a part of the dream. She was not tired now, but cool and rested.

A fresh gust of wind blew the white window curtains into the room, twisting and untwisting, bellying like sails. Gabrielle rose.

She looked her father in the eyes. He smiled at her. This was a night when the Italian mother was dominant.

She raised her arms and stretched them to their fullest length. The sleeves of her gown fell away from them and her flexuous young body hung for a moment in suspense. Then the fire of the dance leaped in her veins and she threw herself with graceful force from posture to posture, her white limbs bathed in moonlight. Then as the music grew wilder, she became only a part of the harmonious whole, like the waving poplar and the singing violin. Her light movements were as unstudied as those of a bird that swings on a wind-blown bough, and as abandoned. At times she was almost hidden in the shadow — only a pale something that rose and sank and softly whirled, and again she sought the patch of moonlight and happy laughter bubbled from her lips; her robe made a fluttering sound.

Louis De Valleau's white fingers flashed along the strings, his great eyes glowed. He was pouring out his soul through the Stradivarius and she—she had never danced so well before. It was a supreme moment. They both realised it, and as their eyes met once, they exchanged glances of admiration and delight as the dance proceeded.

One moment more and the music softened dreamily; the dance grew more harmoniously sustained; then—little by little—the melody trailed off

into a tranquil chord scarce audible. The breeze fell, leaving the curtains limp and white against the window, where the poplar tree stood motionless with an expectant air. Gabrielle sank to her knees exhausted. It was ashes after fire.

She crept to her father's chair and, laying her arms across his knees, looked up into his face. The Strad, silent now, was still held lovingly beneath his pointed chin, but the soul of Monsieur *le Seigneur* had gone out into the night.

THE INLANDER

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

MILES of sunny meadows call me,
Plains and hills and mountain sides;
Call me inland from the ocean,
From the vast of swinging tides;
And I long for little rivers
Where there are no swinging tides.

Heavy orchards, vivid meadows,
And the fall of inland rain:
How I love to hear it falling
On the fields of bending grain!
Desolate the hollow drooping
Of the naked ocean rain.

When I hear the great bell ringing,
Distant on a fog-dark sea,
Swung by oily, heavy currents,
Far the thronging world for me,
Then I long for my warm meadows,
For their voice comes loud to me.

When the tempest of the ocean
Sweeps across the blackened sky,
And the blackened waters whiten,
Lifting white against the sky;
When the wide world writhes in motion,
And the desert sea drives by;

Then I swear to heed the calling.
Let the oceans hand in hand,
Rule the fate of half that's human,
Calling youth from every land:
I shall be beyond its calling,
In a small familiar land.

PAUL PEEL AND HIS ART

BY ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

THE day was a mellow, hazy one in October, 1890, and the beautiful, symmetrical tree that graced the corner of Oxford and Richmond Streets in London, Ontario, was a mass of golden glory. Early frost had done its work thoroughly and effectively; not another tinge of colour was visible in the tiniest leaf. Two men approached slowly from the west and paused to admire; one, slender, graceful, of medium height, with closely cropped dark beard and great dark eyes, gazed long and wistfully, then reverently raised his hat from his curly head. There was a note of finality, almost of despair, in his voice when he broke the silence.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," he said.

An artist, who had already won honours, and for whom a great future was predicted by the critics, stood in the presence of the handiwork of the Great Master Painter, awed and overwhelmed with a sense of his own limitations.

Paul Peel was scarcely thirty, and he had already won fame as a painter. He was acknowledged by some critics as the greatest artist that Canada had yet produced, and the previous year he had attained the height of many a struggling artist's ambition by winning a gold medal at the Paris Salon for his picture "After the Bath."

The little curly-headed Paul Peel, who from his babyhood mixed colours, played with crayons and pencils and eagerly watched the work of his artist father, was an artist by heredi-

tary right. Ancestors for generations had been devoted to art, one at least having been famous as a painter. From the time that he could direct a pencil, Paul drew pictures, but so, for that matter, did all the other members of his family.

School days came with tiresome tasks and unlearnable lessons. Arithmetic was beyond comprehension; but there was always a solution to the difficulties, if not to the problems. If the devoted friend and seat-mate would work out the problems for both, Paul would draw him a wonderful picture of a horse or whatever he desired in return. Brilliant, Paul was not, to be sure, and teachers would have lost patience with any other than the merry, curly-headed little lad who was always sorry for his shortcomings, while continuing to cover exercise books and everything else available with pictures drawn from life. No one could be angry long with a boy who was so whole-souled, warm-hearted, truthful and beauty-loving. Even when he was most trying, something in the candid brown eyes, a look of wonder, of vision, checked impatient words, and the teacher instead gathered together the crude sketches to show to friends later, always with the same remark, "That boy is going to do something worth while yet."

But not even the artist father who fostered every evidence of artistic talent in his children dreamed of how much was in store for his son. An older sister was considered more talented until the first competition between the two was held when Paul

was ten years old. One night Father Peel brought home a Jew's harp. The children were delighted.

"Whoever wins this fairly can have it," he announced. "I want each of you to draw a picture of two boys fighting. The one who draws the bet-

ter picture gets the harp," he said.

The children set to work, one at each end of the table. Mildred's brows puckered as she slowly began. Paul's strokes were swift, sure and bold. He finished first, and his picture was full of life and energy. The



A LIFE OF MISERY



AFTER THE BATH

This painting received a gold medal at the Paris Salon, and was bought for the Hungarian National Art Gallery

boys clinched in a truly scientific manner.

The father smiled kindly as he patted the little girl's head. "I'm afraid Paul gets the Jew's harp," he said. "No one but a girl would have

made those wrestlers pull each other's hair."

The family dog was one of the best beloved members of the family to the Peel boys by whom he was owned. Such a useful old fellow he was and

such an invaluable steed to hitch to a sleigh in winter time. One day the doggie was tormented and abused by a larger lad and that was the day Paul fought his great fight. Scientific rules were forgotten and all the lad's righteous indignation found vent in punishing the enemy with fists, feet and anything upon which he could lay his hands.

The future artist was minus a tooth by the time he was separated from his crumpled opponent, but that was a mere detail. That night the defeated boy's father paid a visit to the Peel home, and Paul was called into the room. Battered from the fray, with mouth swollen but head erect and eyes fearless, he entered.

"Paul," said his father reprovingly, "do you know you might have killed this gentleman's son to-day?"

"But he nearly killed our dog," was the unrepentant reply.

Always, between times, Paul was making pictures and dreaming of those he would paint some day. With copies he had no patience. He was ambitious to paint from life. He didn't want to do something that someone else had already done. Young school friends were his models, the tiny girl who toddled proudly along, weighted down by a big umbrella, the group of boys playing marbles, an old woman with a basket of eggs, the old man selling papers, even the Indian in front of the cigar store.

When the other boys were let loose for play, his delight was to slip around to his photographer friend's studio on Richmond Street, where the invitation was always forthcoming to enter the mysterious "dark room" where such wonders were performed.

"Come, Paul," the photographer would say, "and watch how these lights and shades are produced."

An exclamation of surprise and delight would follow, then a perfect torrent of questions such as not another boy in ten thousand would dream of asking.

"I knew he was a prececcious boy,

but I didn't dream he was such a genius," said the photographer friend recently. "I liked to have him around. His interest was so real and so intelligent, and I loved the boy. Everyone did who knew him."

By the time he was fourteen his pictures were capturing prizes at the Western Fair, and his work, though crude, was beginning to attract attention. Landscapes he painted well, but he preferred figure painting, something with real life. At eighteen he was studying in Philadelphia, where he remained four years.

In Philadelphia, a number of the more serious pupils formed the habit of meeting in Peel's room in the evening for work and for the discussion of some phase of art. One night it was suggested that each should picture his conception of joy. When the sketches were finished, the young Canadian's was declared by all to be far the best. He had pictured the return home of one of the students, Gustave, with a first prize, and the happy meeting with mother and sisters.

For three years he was demonstrator of anatomy in the Philadelphia Art School, a position of honour bestowed upon the best pupil. It was characteristic of him that he never mentioned this at home.

From Philadelphia he went to England, but only stayed in old London a short time. The French schools appealed to him strongly. In Paris there were artists under whom he wished to study, and ambition was already whispering of at least honourable mention in the Salon.

The School of Beaux Arts was his goal, but in order to be admitted, he must paint a picture worthy of acceptance. A portrait he decided it should be; but whose? He decided to paint his own portrait by looking into a mirror.

At last it was completed, and, armed with the canvas, young Peel set out for the school. The great Jérôme, kindly as he was great, looked at the modest, unassuming

young man, in whose appearance were none of the eccentricities affected by devotees of art.

"Well," he said, "your courage alone ought to admit you. You are the very first pupil who has ever brought his model along."

In Paris his progress was phenom-

nal. He outdistanced all competitors, not by leaps and bounds, but with steady, rapid strides. Jérôme was his revered teacher and, later, Benjamin Constant.

"You are from Canada? It was Paul Peel's country," said an old artist to a visitor in one of the Paris



THE UNEXPECTED MEETING
This picture is owned by Queen Alexandra

studios one morning last summer.

"Paul Peel is still remembered?" asked the Canadian.

"Remembered?" was the reply. "By the older artists in the schools, yes. Ah, he was the student! He never ceased studying."

Working, working, working, always working and dreaming, he had no time for the life of Bohemia, for which he had still less taste. Always before him was his ideal, success, honour ("a vision with a beckoning hand")—and his achievements were so comparatively small. Always he said with the look of vision in the frank brown eyes, "Some time I'll do something worth while."

The very first year his dream was realised, for one of his pictures, "How Bitter Life is," received honourable mention at the Salon. It was a picture full of pathos: an old artist sitting before a canvas painting a little child as Cupid, and behind him, a tired little boy model, who, wearied with his cramped position, had fallen fast asleep.

Paul Peel was now a young man of medium height, slender, agile, graceful, as simple, sincere and unaffected as in the days of early boyhood. A peculiar winsomeness of manner attracted to him many friends. Less noble natures would have been spoiled by the fame that came to him so quickly. But not so Paul Peel. His reverence for his art was too great. He had a wholesome dislike for attire that might attract attention and an aversion to intruding his own personality. His pictures were the important things; he himself preferred to remain in the background.

An accomplished linguist, speaking French more fluently than his mother tongue, and also German, Italian and Danish, he was also a lover of music and performed very creditably on the violin. Fencing was one of his recreations, and he used the foil with such skill that he frequently fenced with the experts of Paris.

He was still as fond of animals as

in the days when he avenged the injuries done to his pet dog, and wherever he went, the children found a friend. He never had the slightest difficulty in getting little ones to pose for him.

While painting at Pont Avin one summer the picture "Fording the Stream," which hangs in the Toronto City Hall, he had as his model a little boy with an unspellable name, which, translated into English, means "Little Wooden Horse Head." The peasants rise with the sun and go to bed with its setting and the coddlesome "Little Wooden Horse-Head" had never seen the stars. One night when Mr. Peel had been painting later than usual, the stars twinkled out on the way home, "Look, look!" cried the boy, "little candles in the sky."

Then there was the little Danish model of "The Unexpected Meeting of the Little Boy and the Toad." The boy, the son of a gardener, ran into Mr. Peel's garden one morning much excited.

"You must paint quickly to-day, Mr. Peel," he said. "I haven't much time. My father's digging a well, and I've got to go and see it."

In Denmark there was also the original of the "Little Girl with Wreath of Daisies," five-year-old Marie, who was so afraid of grasshoppers that it was an ordeal for her to stand on her bare feet in the field. But not when "M'sieu Peel" carried the long stick and whacked the ground to keep away the grasshoppers and perhaps a mouse. And he was always very particular to humour her whims and save her anxiety.

No wonder his little models loved him!

One beautiful golden summer time in Brittany when accompanied by his sister Mildred (now Mrs. George W. Ross, of Toronto), he found the crowning happiness of his life, the love of one woman.

They were staying at the same *pen-sion*. Paul Peel, his sister and a



THE BRITTANY FISH-MARKET

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. J. A. Hunt, of London, Ontario

beautiful and brilliant Danish girl, Mademoiselle Isaure Verdier, a clever miniature painter and a member of a noted musical family. An artist she was of talent and also a musician, the author of several compositions of merit and an accomplished pianist. Mildred Peel and Mademoiselle Isaure went sketching together, an introduction to the brother followed and then an idyllic romance. It was a

case of love at first sight and love that was true and unselfish to the end. The marriage, which proved happy, took place in Paris two years later.

Two children were born, Robert André and Eileen Margaret; called by their father the pet names "Menzi-ko" and "Moutté."

One little incident in the domestic life, which occurred in Denmark, is



THE LATE PAUL PEEL

A Canadian painter who, at the age of thirty, won a gold medal at the Paris salon

tenderly cherished in memory by the sister who witnessed it. From the seat outside the door of the Denmark house was visible a bird's nest, high up in the eaves. Moutté and Menziko watched it each day, asking the father many eager questions about the occupants. One sunshiny day a tiny, unfledged bird was found stiff and cold on the gravel. The children were full of sorrow and poured forth more questions. Paul Peel, seating

himself on the bench, placed the little dead bird on his knee and drawing his babes close beside him, with pencil and words suited to their understanding, illustrated the parable of the little bird, which had disobeyed its mother and, trying to get out of the nest, had fallen to the ground. There it lay and it would never go back home again. Up in the nest was a lonely bird-mother, grieving for her little run-away son.

His own children were the little originals of perhaps the most famous and best known of Paul Peel's pictures — "After the Bath." This painting was hung in the Salon. The National Gallery of Hungary made the artist a generous offer for the picture, which was the sensation of the year. Wealthy Americans offered a larger sum, but the artist preferred to sell to a national gallery. The directors of the gallery, unknown to the artist, discovered the financial sacrifice he was making, and, much to his surprise, made up the difference, seven hundred dollars.

Shortly after the sale, Sara Bernhardt went to the studio and was much disappointed to learn that the picture was gone.

"I would have been willing to pay any price for it," she said, "that little girl with the red top-knot reminded me so much of myself when I was little."

It was just such a chance resemblance that caused Queen Alexandra to buy in Copenhagen one of his pictures, "A Boy and a Dog." Queen Alexandra, then the Princess of Wales, said the little child resembled one whom she knew and of whom she was very fond. King Edward was also a patron. He bought several of the young Canadian's paintings.

In 1890 Paul Peel paid his last

visit to Canada and his childhood's home in London, called there by the illness of his mother. The old friends found Paul Peel "just the same boy," entirely unconscious of anything unusual about himself, still keen to recognise his own shortcomings and to appreciate merit in others, still dreaming of "doing something worth while yet."

The year following his return to France, he and his wife and mother-in-law, Madame Verdier, took a beautiful house in the Bois for the opera season. An epidemic of grippe was raging, and there was illness in almost every home in the fashionable quarter. Madame Verdier and Mrs. Peel were feeling very much depressed, and Mr. Peel was taken suddenly and severely ill. It was afterwards learned that the daughter of the landlord had died a short time before of tuberculosis. The house had not been thoroughly disinfected, and the germs fastened upon the grippe-weakened body of the young artist. The most skilful doctors in Paris were called in, but from the first the case was a hopeless one, and in ten days the news was flashed throughout the world that the life of one of the most promising young artists of the day had been snuffed out after a brief span of thirty-two years of faithful work, joy, sorrow, love and fame.



THE SONG OF NIAGARA

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

An alien song. Though day by day I listen.
No syllable of that majestic chant
May my adoring passion comprehend.
With many a lucent, evanescent hue
The plunging torrents glisten.
Far-seen, colossal plumes of spray ascend,
Their dazzling white shot through and through
With quivering rainbows, until every plant,
Each hoar, blue-berried cedar loved of bird,
Each fine fern tracery, the cold mists christen
To spirit grace. The frosted branches bend
With sparkle of such jewels as transcend
All fantasy of elfin-craft. Yet who
Interpreteth the great enchantment's word?

Ye primal Sibyls, if eyes hardly bear
The glory of your opalescent robes,
Your diamond aureoles and veils imperaled,
May the stunned ear divine
Your awful oracle? August, yet wild,
Do your tremendous pæans still prolong
Creation's old, unhumanised delight,
The laughter of the Titans? Were ye there
With your deep diapason answering
The Archangelic, chanting, golden globes,
What time they chorused forth their crystalline,
Exultant welcome to the stranger world?
Or is it, tolling cataracts, the doom,
The unrevealable, forbidden thing,
Your antiphonic, solemn voices boom?
Or peradventure do your peals proclaim
Some all-triumphal Name
That could it once be won
By mortal ear
Would ecstasy the griefs we suffer here
And charter love to wing
Her radiant flight beyond oblivion?
Dread Sisters, ye who smite
The senses with intolerable roar,
Is there no meaning in your ceaseless song,
No word of God in all your mighty throng
Of multitudinous thunders evermore?

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN ONTARIO

BY KATHERINE HALE

TORONTO has been called the choral capital of America. It is perhaps the pulse of the musical life of Canada, and has become undoubtedly the centre of that life in the Province of Ontario.

But this is not to say that Toronto is inherently more musical than other Canadian cities. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a city less ready to recognise ability that is unheralded by the adroit press agent, and less imaginative in its conception of the most subtle of all the arts. Toronto lacks "the foreign element" which lends warmth and expression to audiences in cities of smaller population and lesser area.

Non-temperamental we may be, but none can deny our activity. From Miss Isadora Duncan, opening the season with cumbersome dancing, to Mischa Elman with the Symphony Orchestra practically closing it (unless we are to have the much-desired aftermath of Grand Opera from the Metropolitan Opera House) there has been a succession of important events which have drawn their quota of visitors from almost all parts of Ontario.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra has brought, in five of its succession of six concerts, Madame Gadski, David Bispham, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Fritz Kreisler, and Mischa Elman, and has given to the people, among other notable compositions, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven (that romantic and audacious theme

completed in 1812, and just as fragrant and as fresh as it was one hundred years ago), the celebrated Concerto in D. Op. 61, for Violin, by the same master, played by Kreisler (with the orchestra) leading the audience into a perfect maze of beauty evoked by the pure tone of the soloist, now soaring above now threading its way amongst the many voices of the instruments and, on the night when the Russian composer Rachmaninoff appeared, the Symphony in D Major by Haydn—unconventional, erratic, but in its harmonic progression, and the pure *volkslied* of the *andante*, prophetic of much that was to follow in what we call the modern school of music, of which Haydn was the father.

The work of the Symphony Orchestra can hardly be over-estimated in its relation to the musical life of Ontario, for the time is rapidly approaching when, as an organisation, it will be on such a firm financial and artistic basis that its work will be felt all through the smaller cities and towns of the Province. It is true that even to a small European community it would seem a kind of starvation to hear a great symphony or concerto only once a year, yet to us that may prove the awakening, at least, of a musical consciousness.

The Toronto String Quartette has done good work this season. Possibly their most noteworthy concert was that of January 15th, when they

introduced Miss Elizabeth Clark, a contralto from New York—not noteworthy on account of Miss Clark, but because on that evening the Beethoven Quartette in E Flat was so beautifully rendered by this exquisite finished four.

The warm and colourful playing of the String Quartette may in part be accounted for by the happy mingling of nationality and temperament which it represents. The first violin, Mr. Frank E. Blachford, is a Canadian who developed his art in Germany and represents much of the unrepressed poetry of the Teuton in his playing. Mr. Roland Roberts, second violin, is an Englishman with Scottish experience. Mr. Frank C. Smith, viola, who studied with Max Bendix, of the Thomas Orchestra, is an American; and Dr. Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist, who was born at Liege, Belgium, is a Doctor of Law, a student at "The Conservatoire Royal," Brussels, and late principal 'cellist with Sir Alexander MacKenzie's Canadian Festival Orchestra of a few years ago.

Doctor Ham made a popular departure in engaging our own orchestra for the National Chorus, and, as usual, was most happy in his choice of soloists. Madame Matja von Eissen-Stone was by all means the most intellectual prima donna that we have had this season; one does not even except Madame Gadske, whose art is so pure and so finished. Madame Von Eissen-Stone represents the new school of singing, which is of the mind as well as the voice and heart. Also, she gave unfamiliar arias and songs—news from the far-away centres of thought and feeling. She sang the big aria from "Achilleus" by Bruch, and Wolf's "Mignon"—strangely enough on the evening of the same day that one had heard Ambrose Thomas's opera of the same name—and "The Blind Woman's Song" from La Giaconda, a fragment that made one pause and wonder; also charming groups of *Leider*, which

were rendered with infinite grace and charm.

The National Chorus made a distinct impression in their presentation of the "Mefistofele" of Boito, and the finale of the first act of "Parsifal." In both works the chorus was aided by Mr. Frederick Weld, an admirable baritone, and a choir of boys who sang with a purity of tone and a careful precision that took one back to the cathedrals of England and of France, where, across the cool dusk of coloured space, drifts the breath of song as pure and impersonal as a bird's. The *ensemble* of soloist, chorus, choir and orchestra made the presentation of these two themes truly notable, especially in the "Parsifal" music, which is intensely difficult to depict in its true inwardness, without the glamour and the colour of stage setting.

The Mendelssohn Choir struck a modern and at the same time a mystic note, in "The Children's Crusade" by the French composer Gabriel Pierné, who writes in music much as Maeterlinck does in literature, using very simple and childlike phrases to make profound effects. In 1904 M. Pierné won the triennial prize given by the city of Paris for the best achievement in musical art, so the piece may be safely considered as representative of the modern French ideal, in which delicacy is blended with strength and imaginative power.

The composer has taken the romantic period of the thirteenth century for his setting, when throughout the age of chivalry rang the mystic call of the spirit, inciting even the little children to march in the divine cause towards Jerusalem. In tenderest soprano tones arises the *motif* of the Cantata:

Wake! wake! awake!
Set forth for Jerusalem.
Where Jesus waits.

Nothing could be lovelier than the exquisitely simple songs of the inspired children, as they set forth:

We'll pluck sweet flowers,
And many a cross we'll weave
Of green leaves and red roses
For Jesus.

For, like the little swallows in autumn,
That fly away homeward,
So must we seek the sun.
We must go to the sun,
We all shall gather flowers,
And green leaves and red roses
For Jesus.

The composer has divided his story into four parts, the Forth-Setting, picturing the Celestial Summons, with the response of the children and the vain pleadings of the parents; The Highway, the children's journey towards Genoa; The Sea, depicting the scenes and incidents on the arrival of the children at the Mediterranean, and The Storm, an intensely dramatic episode, where the cries of the children mingle with the roaring winds and the tumultuous billows, across which arises the heavenly vision of the Saviour who welcomes and takes to himself the little pilgrims.

At times the music is transcendently beautiful, and under its spell we, too, enter that journey along the highway in the spring morning, while the children gather flowers and sing their quaint mediæval hymns which we hear in four distinct choirs—one in the distance behind the stage, another in the far distance, and the two choirs on the stage; at first antiphonally, then together, and finally dying away in distance.

It is all real picture-making and music of a nature so pure and exalted, that the amount of work entering into the inception and its presentation can hardly be realised at a first hearing.

This new work, given on two evenings, and the Brahms Requiem, which opened the series of concerts on Monday night, were the principal Mendelssohn events, although the second evening, devoted to short numbers, chiefly of a *capella* character, seemed to draw out a peculiarly free and lovely tone from the choir which, from season to season, grows in that combination of qualities which differ-

entiate it in ease, purity, and rapture of tone from any other choir in the world.

Precise, perfect, and coldly clear was the music of the Chicago Orchestra, which is now associated with the Mendelssohn Choir. Mr. Stock demands impersonal perfection from his men, and gains effects that are mysteriously lovely at times, but never entirely human. The much-looked-for orchestra matinee was a disappointment to most of us. In the first place Mr. Stock took an hour of the time of the large audience gathered on a mid-week afternoon, to present an experiment, in a new composition of his own—a symphony in C minor. By all means let us have new music, but in a city of few orchestral concerts, the new music should be sufficiently inspired to convey a direct message to the listener. In Mr. Stock's case the symphony seemed to be a jumble of memories, half-formed ideas, and *motifs* leading nowhere in particular, interspersed by a few passages of genuine beauty.

Then one hoped much from the solo pianist, Busoni, of the leonine head and the black gloves who sat directly behind the Orchestra, listening to the symphony with a wise and discerning air. And Busoni came and laid his black gloves on the Steinway Grand, and ran his fingers over the keys, emitting a series of musical sparks as keen and clear as far-away stars. Then the Orchestra struck into the *Allegro Maestoso* of the Liszt Concerto, No. 1 in E Flat, and in a few minutes we heard the voice of the piano in the astonishing cadenza which introduces us to the soloist. All the way through Busoni continued to astonish us by his peerless style and technique. He played like a master, and called forth answering volumes of sound from the audience; but I venture to say that he never evoked a sigh from any listener that whole afternoon, or ever, to any pilgrim heart of music in that assembly, answered heart to heart: for he never even began to create where

mere technique always leaves off.

The Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union are organisations which touch the heart of the democratic mass of people, and surely in this age we are all more or less democratic. "Les Rossignols de la démocratie," we might call these singers who do not profess to professional or even trained voices, save for that training which comes through their united work in the two choirs which Mr. Fletcher so ably conducts, and induces to such spontaneous and truly musical effects. Their work, combined with the sunny energy and abandon of the Pittsburg Orchestra under Emil Paur, was a thing of living, joyous vitality, albeit they did essay somewhat religious music in the motett "Godhead Throned in Power" from Mozart's "King Thamos," and Handel's little known short oratorio "Zadok the Priest." Madame Jomelli, the French prima donna, is a notable example of the *bel canto*—the almost forgotten or lost art of pure open-throated Italian singing. Her voice, liquid, natural, and golden as a bird's, is a delight to remember, and the orchestra never before in any visit to Toronto reached such a supreme height as in the Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C Minor.

Apart from the usual concerts of the well-known organisations mentioned, we have had in Toronto this season artists who have come to us under the direction of the Massey Music Hall, whose late manager, Mr. Stewart Houston, was so ardent in his efforts to bring the world's greatest artists to our doors. Early in the season came Madame Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, an artist who holds her own among the finest pianists, Miss Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, whose glorious voice was heard by a mere handful of people in Massey Hall, and Mark Hambourg, the well-known interpreter of Chopin. One of the most interesting evenings of the season, and the most artistic, if we except the splendid declamatory singing of Doctor Ludwig Wüllner, was the Liza

Lehmann concert in February, when Madame Lehmann herself conducted a quartette composed of four English singers who gave "The Persian Garden" in a fashion which must have brought joy to the heart of old Omar himself, could he have heard it. The four well-modulated voices singing with such splendid comprehension, brilliance, and exquisite care for nuance did indeed strike us "like a shaft of light," turning the deathless Oriental poem into a medium that seemed composed as much of perfume, light, and colour as the mere blending of human voices.

It has been stated that woman never has, and probably never will, excel in the art of musical composition; but while we have Maud Valerie White, Chaminade and, best of all, Liza Lehmann, we are not quite desolate. Indeed, in the originality and the technical art which underlies the musical structure of "The Persian Garden" several operas lie hidden. For this is philosophy immortalised in musical sound. And the delicious humour of the "Alice-in-Wonderland" cycle deserves an equal admiration. Real humour is so rare and so regenerative.

In Doctor Ludwig Wüllner, the German baritone, one recognises the influence of his great countryman, Wagner, who made the ultimate compromise between voice, words, and acting. Wüllner makes a drama of each song, and evokes the picture by eyes, shoulders, hands, as truly as by voice. His "Earl-King," "Two Grenadiers," and those more intimate and essentially tragic songs of Schubert and Schumann were forces to shake the soul in the grasp of such an interpreter. Listening, one felt that it is dimly possible that an art, quite new in form, may arise out of this mixing of the arts in what Symonds calls "one subtly intoxicating elixir."

Such is a *sketch*—necessarily restricted by space—of the leading events of the season. Yet, the heading of this article has hardly been

touched upon, for to write of musical development we must go far behind outstanding events, to the inner and early life of the people.

Certain facts are aiding in the development of musical life in Canada, and, on the other hand, there are conditions which are retarding its growth.

The formation of choral societies from one end of Canada to the other shows a wholesome development towards the popular understanding of big and sweeping ideas. Musical clubs are also doing distinctive work of far-reaching value. In Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax, Toronto, as well as in countless towns and even villages, these organisations are holding meetings once a week during the winter, and, by the study which they impose, a truer idea of musical interpretation is effected.

But to go deeper than singing societies and clubs, what are we doing for the musical education of children in Canada? After all, this is the root of the whole matter. We go back to the old question "Is music to be considered as an accessory or a necessity in education?"

For myself, I believe that a practical knowledge of the underlying laws of this science — time, harmony, melody, absolute pitch, all of which may be taught with simplicity to children from the ages of ten to fifteen years—would do more to make them valuable citizens than a good deal of the dabbling in nature study that is going on at present. When we realise that our whole universe is built directly on the principles of music, that—as we understand the fact — its very constitution, co-relations, and effects go perhaps farther than any other science to disclose the existence of a Supreme Being, its importance as a factor in every-day life must be borne in upon us very forcibly.

I believe that it would be a wonderful thing, a revolutionary thing, to show children how invaluable to free-

dom are the fixed laws of sound—that laws are wings, not chains, and that thereby we may mount, at last, so high that we may see God.

It is not so daring as it sounds to present this suggestion, for it originated in Toronto many years ago, in one of the most brilliant minds of the century, although comparatively few people realise that Professor Goldwin Smith has been perhaps the only writer to insist on the universal teaching of music in schools as a specific against anarchistic tendencies. It is a proposition worth the attention of statesmen and educators.

Our present Inspector of Public Schools in Toronto—Mr. J. L. Hughes—is fully alive to the value of music from an educative standpoint, and part-singing, with all that it implies, is carried to a fine degree of perfection in the Toronto schools. Doctor Vogt also, in "The Children's Crusade," adds a further impetus in the musical education of our youth.

It seems to me that the factor which is retarding our development more potently than any other, is a certain spirit of dilettanteism abroad in the land. Taken in the mass, people are in a mental attitude as regards music that is almost as amusing as it is pathetic. Fancy a man of mature years, possessing probably a college education, with so little ordinary intelligence — musically speaking—that he violently disclaims a liking for anything but ragtime! Yet you all know that such men, and women too, are vastly in the majority. Indeed, it is quite unfashionable to care for a Symphony in this day of the music-hall craze.

I do not speak of the student-attitude, the sincere musical conviction, which will turn one little city like Toronto into the "Choral Capital of America." I am speaking of a general trend, or leaning, towards the easy and the obvious which does exist from Halifax to Vancouver. And it is this tendency which rears up before the professional musician at

the very outset of his career. The people at large do not want arias and folk-song, and the lovely melodies of Brahms and Schubert and Schumann on the concert programmes of the small cities and the large towns; they want the latest ballads with a catchy refrain.

One thing which may help to counteract this tendency is a deeper understanding of the practical interrelation of the arts. Until we begin to realise the kindredship of all forms

of beauty — design, and colour, word, and tone, and tint—we shall not lay the foundation for either an ordered or a natural appreciation of high-class music.

Music, in other words, must become a vital means of expression, as well as an ornament of life, before we may attain any real development: but some gratification surely lies in the fact that a tendency, at least, towards this development seems to be more imminent from year to year.

VIA AMORIS

By JEAN GRAHAM

'Twas through the fragrant woods of May
They wandered long ago,
'Neath boughs with apple-blossoms flushed,
Or chilled with cherry's snow.

Two friends were by her side that day,
And filled the groves with song;
While Life was naught but light and flowers,
So gay they danced along.

She turned from Spring's far dome of blue,
To gaze in Love's deep eyes;
And saw within that sapphire shrine
A fairer heaven rise.

A slender hand then touched her own,
A golden voice laughed low;
While Youth's bright hair in radiance gleamed
'Neath May's soft wreaths of snow.

The wistful shades of twilight fell,
The blue eyes smiled "Good-bye."
"And must we part?" she sighing said—
"Ah, well, one friend have I."

She turned to clasp a comrade true,
But Youth escaped her hold;
The distant hills one moment glowed
As flashed her hair of gold.

Beyond the purple peaks they passed,
Beyond the ocean blue.
How could she know when Love had gone
That Youth must leave her too?

THE GREAT SILENT FORCE IN CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

TWO events have occurred on this North American continent which have been of the utmost importance to the progress and prosperity of its people. The first event occurred in 1793, south of Mason's and Dixon's line, and the other one hundred years later occurred and is occurring north of the forty-ninth degree parallel.

Eli Whitney, a Connecticut school-master living in Georgia, invented a practicable gin for clearing cotton of its tenacious seed, and the South had no sooner realised what this new instrument meant than it suddenly sprang into competition with India and Egypt in supplying the world with cotton.

In our own time, a fifty-three-cent duty on bituminous coal coming from the United States into Canada is causing a tremendous development of another source of power, the power of falling water. For, just thirty years after Whitney invented his cotton gin, Michael Faraday, after toiling ten years, discovered a method for the commercial production of electricity by the rotation of a coil of wire in a magnetic field.

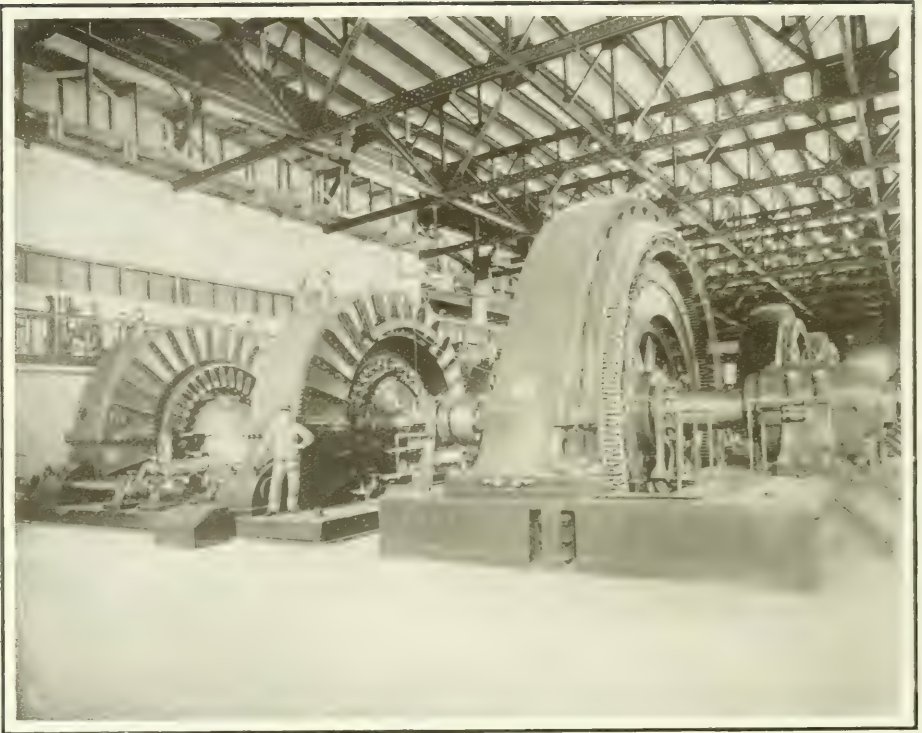
But it was not until the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, that people awoke to the great possibilities of the electrical system of distribution and production as a medium for the transportation of power. In the same year that Faraday made his epoch-making discovery, Peter Cooper built the first steam engine in the United States to

compete with the ox-cart and the stage-coach of the times, McCormick invented the first reaper and Morse his "new-fangled" telegraph.

In this manner people learned how to transport passengers and freight by means of steam and thought by means of electricity. But whoever heard of such a thing as transporting power? The notion was ridiculous.

"Why," they said, "power is not like bales of cotton or bushels of wheat. We can make the steam engine carry those things all right, but power is something that you cannot get a hold of. It is an invisible, intangible force in action, as the steam in the cylinder of an engine or a man lifting a weight. Certainly power can not be transported," they said.

Because of this grounded conviction, the possibilities of Faraday's researches were slow in being perceived, and so the great water-powers of the world were going to waste simply because the power which might be derived from falling water had to be used on the spot where it was not needed and could not be sent to the cities and the farms and the mines where it was needed. So the cities were lighted by dingy gas and oil lamps and the streets cars were pulled by horses because it was not found feasible to place a steam engine aboard each car. All the various uses of electricity, from the filling of a tooth, the cooking of food and the lighting and warming of a house to



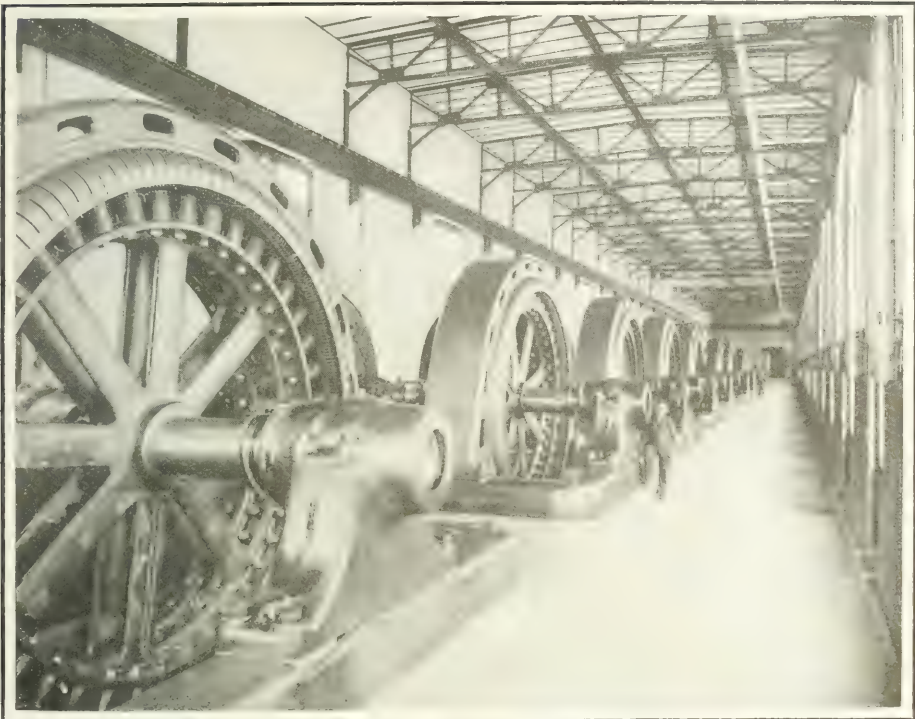
GENERATORS OF THE ONTARIO POWER COMPANY AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.
CONNECTED TO WATER-TURBINES

the running of factories and the moving of trains, had not as yet come into existence because of this reason.

Although Canada has vast deposits of coal throughout the Rockies on the one sea-board and Nova Scotia and Cape Breton on the other, a tariff on bituminous coal made her especially alert to other sources of power, and when the possibilities of power transportation by the electrical system were fully demonstrated, and the first great hydro-electric plant started at Niagara Falls, Canada saw in the development of her vast water power resources, possibilities for industrial and commercial expansion which would render small in comparison the great and sudden jump in prosperity of the South due to Whitney's cotton gin a hundred years before.

Doctor I. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, stated at the

Governor's Conference in Washington, recently, that one hundred years will see the end of the coal supply in the United States if the present wasteful methods of consumption continue. As the price of coal continually rises, the factories run by steam gravitate toward those places which combine the advantages of raw material with cheap water-power. That is why the former purely agricultural sections of the continent which possessed unutilised water-power are now being invaded by the factories. They are spreading both ways from the manufacturing portion of the States, south across Mason's and Dixon's line into the cotton fields, and north across an international boundary line into Canada. Their invasion and growth from a native soil means as much to Canada as the thousands of farmers and millions of dollars which are pouring into



ROW OF GENERATORS, IN WINNIPEG ELECTRIC RAILWAY POWER-HOUSE,
FIFTY MILES FROM WINNIPEG

the Canadian West to develop its agricultural possibilities and the harnessing of the great Canadian rivers and the building of the power houses are as dramatic in their scenes of life and death and irresistible progress as the pitchfork charge of the husky tillers of the soil across an international boundary line.

Hezekiah, King of Judah, who reigned from 717 to 688 B.C., was a pioneer in the harnessing of rivers. He constructed a system of water-works for the city of Jerusalem, probably without dreaming that in twenty-five hundred years from then the race would be harnessing the rivers in the self-same way, not only for drinking purposes and irrigation but also to do the work of man through the medium of a wonderful new force transmitted on wires of lead-pencil size two hundred miles

away to the places where needed. For in the Bible we read:

"He made the pool and the conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon and bringing it straight by an underground way * * * "

"He stopped the upper water courses of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David, and Hezekiah prospered in all his works."

But the rivers that could have done the work of all were allowed to let their power go to waste, and thousands of slaves tugged and perspired in the sun for thousands of years; and in this manner building great temples by their pigmy efforts, because men had not yet learned how to harness the rivers that flowed swiftly by them. As late as 1630 Galileo said:

"The laws governing the motions of the stars were better understood than those controlling the movement of the



KAMINISTIQUEA POWER-HOUSE BELOW KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

water on the earth." Then two hundred years later Faraday discovered the missing link which would bring the power of the river into your kitchen, parlour or factory.

Canada is taking full advantage of these great advances in science, for they will prove to be the foundation upon which all the future prosperity of the Dominion will be based. The census of production shows that the amount invested under the head of "electric light and power" in 1900 was \$11,891,025, and in 1905, \$80,393,445. The value of the products of the manufacturers in Canada in 1901 was \$481,053,575, and in 1905, \$718,352,603. These figures show the rapid development due to the increasing use of electric power and the harnessing of the great rivers of the country.

When the developments of electric power at Niagara are completed, Canada will have 400,000 horse-power

for distribution as compared with 300,000 horse-power on the American side. Preparations are being made by the Ontario Power Company for the construction of another pipe line from the intake at Dufferin Islands to its power house below the bank at the foot of Horseshoe Falls, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The company contemplates increasing the output of the plant by about 65,000 horse-power, the cost of which is estimated at about \$800,000. The additional pipe line is made necessary owing to the contract made with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario to supply electricity to the Government transmission line for the distribution of electric power throughout South-western Ontario. This Commission estimates a saving by Government transmission to the city of Toronto alone, annually, the great sum of \$684,000, divided as follows:



DAM OF THE WINNIPEG ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY AT LAC DU BONNET

City pumping	\$53,000
Toronto Railway Company..	217,200
Toronto Electric Light Com- pany	144,800
Other power users	100,000
Savings to be made if city takes over lighting plant..	169,000
	<hr/>
	\$684,000

The Hydro-Electric Commission has awarded contracts for the equipment of the various distributing and transforming stations in connection with the Provincial Niagara scheme, which will call for an expenditure of \$750,000. The vote of small towns like the following illustrates how the power of falling water is entering the lives of the people: Amherstburg, Bothwell, Chatham, Comber, Dundas, Elmira, Essex, Simcoe, Sandwich, Stratford, Tilbury, Tilsonburg and West Lorne. They will use power from the trunk transmission line along with the big consumers

The opportunities for the development of water-power in the Province of Ontario are great. There are numerous rivers all of which run through hilly countries and have many falls; some of which are continuous for many miles and amount to hundreds of feet. Near the city of Hamilton there is over forty thousand horse-power developed to run the cars and factories, and at Hamilton ten thousand horse-power is derived from the falling water. The development of electric energy from the Saint Lawrence River has been hindered because it is a navigable stream and also forms an international boundary line at those points of possible great development. Canals paralleling each of the rapids of the Saint Lawrence have been built by the Dominion of Canada, thereby providing to a limited extent water-power which is used by private interests. However, when the manufacturing and power demands of

Canada become sufficiently great, an international treaty will make possible the development of 700,000 horse-power at the Long Sault, thus equalling the entire output at Niagara. This means an erection of factories and cities of one hundred and fifty square miles lighted and operated by this wizard of development. At Galops, Cardinal and Iroquois Rapids, together with Rapide Plat, there are a total of 400,000 horse-power as yet undeveloped on this same river. On the Ottawa River there is 36,000 horse-power developed and 407,000 horse-power as yet unharnessed at various points along the stream. These will all be put to work with the coming of the electrical age in Canada.

At Grand Falls, on the Saint Johns River, there has been constructed an hydro-electric plant with the capacity of 80,000 horse-power with vertical wheel-pit construction and

tail-race tunnels, as at Niagara. In the Province of Quebec and parallel to the Saint Lawrence at a distance of a hundred miles, there is the Laurentian range of hills and mountains. On the top of that wooded range are many lakes, and those lakes form the reservoirs which feed the rivers which flow into the Saint Lawrence. These rivers are of large volume, and some of them have already been developed for power purposes. At Quebec there are three large rivers which are harnessed to the cars and lights and factories of the city. At Shawinigan Falls on the Saint Maurice River, there is over 60,000 horse-power developed by American, English and Canadian capitalists. This power is transmitted eighty-five miles to the city of Montreal and other portions of the Province of Quebec. Eventually 120,000 horse-power will be derived from this water-power.



UNHARNESSED WATER-POWER AT BURNT CHUTE, ON CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY,
NORTHERN ONTARIO



BELOW BONNINGTON FALLS, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, NEAR NELSON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Montreal uses about 40,000 horse-power from the rivers. The Ottawa River and its tributaries will furnish some of the greatest water-powers in America. It is estimated that there is one-half million horse-power capable of being developed so near as to be easily transmitted to the city of Ottawa.

The Canadian West is not behind in the harnessing of these mighty rivers of the Northland. On the Winnipeg River, seventy-five miles from the city of Winnipeg, or nine miles shorter than power is being transmitted from Niagara Falls to Toronto, the city is building a power plant of its own with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power and at the expenditure of three and one-half million dollars. On this river, near Winnipeg, one-half million horse-power is available. In this city the electric railway carried three million people

in 1900, but the power of falling water carried 22,000,000 passengers last year and operated 140 cars on sixty miles of city tracks and forty-four miles of suburban lines; lighted 675 electric street arc lights, operated 150 factories, a 300-pound high pressure water system and the presses of three metropolitan daily newspapers having a combined circulation of over 80,000 copies daily, besides being the main attraction for the location of thirty-three new industries in thirty-four months ending 1908. It is estimated that power can be sold by the city at not more than \$18 a horse-power a year for a twenty-four hour day. Electric power at this price means that Winnipeg in the future will be the vast smokeless manufacturing centre of the great Canadian Northwest. The advantages of a strategic location and the power of water has boosted the population from 48,000 to 128,000

in six years and raised the total assessment of city property from \$28,000,000 in 1900 to \$116,000,000 in 1908.

Sixteen miles from Fort William, the great railroad terminal and steamship port for the flood of grain from Manitoba and the Northwest Territory, is Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiquia River. These falls are 130 feet wide and have a drop of 165 feet. At this point 12,000 horse-power are developed and transmitted to the rapidly growing power market of Fort William; 24,000 more horse-power can be generated here when needed. On the north shore of Lake Superior are fine water-powers on the Current River, which furnishes the power for that other wheat-funnel, Port Arthur; and the Nepigon River, which has sufficient power capacity to grind the entire pulp output of the Nepigon watershed.

Engineers sent out by the Canadian Pacific Railway to investigate the water-powers of the Canadian Rockies brought back the report that there was enough power out there "to run all the railroads in the world." Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, declares that one of the reasons for recently voting \$50,000,000 of new stock for his road is that it intends to establish electric service over the Rockies and by the superior mountain climbing abilities of the electric locomotives practically nullify the disadvantages of grades which now confront the steam locomotives. In this manner 700 miles of track are to be electrified by the melting snows of the mountain tops.

Twelve thousand horse-power at Bennington Falls, in the Rockies, are transmitted eighty miles to be used for transportation, mining and smelting. At Vancouver some 350,000 horse-power are derived from the adjacent high heads. Here plans are being considered by a company for the construction of a large paper and pulp mill on the Powell River, where they

will construct a hydro-electric plant with a capacity of 5,000 horse-power. Coming eastward into the Province of Alberta, we find Edmonton, the railroad and industrial centre of the Last West, planning to harness the Athabasca River, at Grand Rapids, 160 miles northwest of the city, where it is estimated that 250,000 horse-power can be developed. The cost of the transmission line to the city is estimated at \$1,500 a mile. Coal on the banks of the Saskatchewan in close proximity to the city will be a strong competitor to the water-power, but these energetic citizens have evidently figured out that they can transmit this electric energy 150 miles and still sell it cheap enough to make Edmonton a second Winnipeg.

One may gain some conception of the work equivalent of this mighty flow of power when one notes that if it were possible for one to lift 550 pounds one foot high every second of 365 twenty-four-hour days, that amount of work would be equivalent to a horse-power year, and at Winnipeg it would be worth about eighteen dollars, and the total 120,000 population, if they were able to work night and day without sleep, could not produce power equivalent to one-sixth the capacity of their municipal plant. Thus it is that the rivers do the work of the people.

These are but typical illustrations of present water-power development and prospective power advantages whose capacities will be taxed in the approaching age of great smokeless cities, where thousands of little machines will hum at their daily tasks. As a painter omits details and the picture grows by great strong sweeps of the brush, so have the countless smaller water-powers been omitted in the endeavour to note the broad sweep of progress. But one thing is certain, as the coming events that cast their shadows before indicate, that water-power will be the most important factor in Canadian progress and industrial development.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

IT was one of the latest days of Lent, and earliest days of spring, with a cloudless sky of tender blue, intense and pure, and sunlight lying golden upon the snowy fields. All the broad, heavy cedar-boughs dripped softly, ceaselessly, while the other trees in which the sap was stirring, reached out naked branches, dark and damp, swaying gently, as though tentatively, in the breeze that had been wont to bring them clashing together, shivering their icy casings. The drifts were melting, the cocks calling and answering from the farm yards, and cats came forth to bask upon roof and doorstep. The good-wife going from her house to the out-buildings, no longer hastened, cowering into her shawl, but went leisurely, taking her time to look about her, and feel that the sunlight was growing warm. The hillside gleamed no more like burnished silver, the shadows beneath the pines were less darkly distinct, and up between the bare waving branches, floated the light smoke from the sugar-makers' cabins.

The sugar makers looked for a good season that year, for the days were mild and warm; but at night it would freeze, and the wind would freshen, then the sky so vividly blue during the hours of daylight, would be changed, and with broken white cloud-masses, between which the starlight glimmered, drifting across its darkness, became as some far northern sea, at the breaking up of its ice-floes. These tokens presaged a plentiful flow of sap, therefore all the sugar makers rejoiced, and set about their

work cheerfully, and of these none more so than his Reverence, the curé of Saint Hildebrand.

The fame of the curé's sugar was wide-spread, and there were merchants in the city who each spring strove to outbid one another and secure his entire output. The curé smiled as he read their letters, and demanded prices at which his parishioners marvelled, for while they clung to old-time methods, and gathered their sap in open pails, into which the snow melting upon the branches dripped down mingled with twigs and bits of bark; while they boiled it after the fashion of their great-grandfathers—a fashion, it might be, learned from the Indians, the curé's pails were tightly covered, and his cabin sheltered the most modern evaporator that money could buy. Apart from the profit accruing to him, the curé was proud of the reputation he had won as a maker of sugar whom few could equal, and the spring-time work was to him a labour of love. With a master-craftsman's scorn of mediocrity, he regarded the dull brown loaves, the dark, heavy liquid, which his neighbours were simple enough to send in to the market. He shrugged his shoulders a little impatiently, when he heard them, disheartened by low prices, say that the demand for their wares was dying out, there were only English people in the towns now. The curé did not controvert this statement, neither did he consider it any disparagement of the discrimination of these same English people, who were not slow to

appreciate at its worth syrup that ran clear as liquid gold, and sugar amber-tinted, and so delicately flavoured that it provoked the eater to greediness. He cared little that the times had changed, seeing that he has been wise enough to move with them, and he betook himself diligently to his boiling and moulding; for the various and quaint patterns of his devising, had been no unimportant factors in the sum of his success.

This springtime the curé had shaped his masterpiece, a statuette that with tiny clear-cut face, folded hands, and softly falling veil, might have passed for the work of some cunning artificer in precious metals, and which had moved the admiration of all who beheld it. His reverence had destined it as a gift to the bishop, who was to pass through Saint Hildebrand about Easter time; but now as the sun stood high in heaven, and all the path from his cabin to the woods was melting into slush, the curé and the sexton working together, lamented the loss of the statuette, while exchanging surmises as to who could have been so devoid of conscience, as to venture upon such an act, as that of entering and robbing the cabin of their pastor.

Down in the village the bell above the schoolhouse began to tinkle, recalling the children to their tasks. One there was, however, who heeded not at all its insistent summons. Seated upon a stone at the foot of an evergreen whose outspreading boughs closing in about him afforded him a hiding place, a boy of nine or ten years waited till the ringing should have ceased, waited patiently and at his ease, with none of the sudden starts, or furtive peering out, of the truant afraid of detection. A year, six months since, Fanfan absenting himself from school without leave, as had often been his way, would have chosen a more secure lurking-place, than this where he might be plainly seen by anyone upon the hillside. But a marvellous transformation had been wrought in him since those days when

he had been known as ring-leader in all mischievous pranks, the one upon whom with but little risk of injustice, punishment might be visited as instigator, if not actual prime mover in any youthful wickednesses.

It was since the beginning of the school year that Fanfan had changed so completely his way of life that all who knew him wondered. So exemplary in his behaviour had he become, so diligent at his tasks, and of so punctilious a courtesy to his teacher, that she, with tears in her eyes, declared to his grand-aunt: "The child is an angel, no more, no less." Fanfan heard the praise of his late-blooming virtues, which passed from mouth to mouth, and they in some degree compensated for the stern self-repression which had called them forth, the praises and a consciousness of the uneasy wonder with which his every action was watched by Médard Thériault, the object of his most profound contempt since their petticoat days, when at sight he had thrown a stone at him.

Médard was to be an archbishop when he grew up, he had never in all his life done wrong, yet he now openly betrayed his disgust that the black sheep should seem in a fair way to become as admirable a member of the flock as himself. The sole pleasure of harassing the future archbishop would, however, have proved but a poor substitute for the many adventures which Fanfan now wistfully, but steadfastly elected to forego, in his endeavour to make himself worthy to be numbered among the twelve chosen each year to represent the Twelve Apostles, whose feet his reverence himself laved and dried on Holy Thursday. This hope alone had been the incentive impelling him towards that exemplary course of conduct, which now seemed about to be fittingly rewarded. Fanfan doubted not that the honour would be his. Had he not heard his teacher speak of his being chosen at of a matter of course? "Fanfan's example will have such a

good effect upon the other wild ones," she had added. Since then his one preoccupation had been as to which personality of the Twelve, it would be his lot to represent in the ceremony. Before overhearing that speech of the school-mistress and realising what an effective influence he wielded, he would have been overjoyed by the assurance that the part of any one of the Twelve had been assigned to him; thereafter he had looked forward to a place among the Evangelists.

Now, Fanfan kicking his heels together in the soft snow, knew that he had attained to a supremacy un hoped for in even his most extravagant visions, that he and not Médard would throne among his comrades as the Prince of the Apostles; for he had discovered the robber of the Madonna!

For the night before, as he came from the stable, he had overheard voices beyond the fence, plotting a new descent upon the curé's cabane, and he had recognised these voices as belonging to a couple of hobbledehays, one of whom (who at fifteen drank and swore like any bad man), was the terror of every younger boy in the parish.

The bell ceased ringing, and Fanfan, rising, took his way across the fields toward the hillside, filled with a proud anticipation of the approval with which his reverence would listen to the news he brought. In his eagerness he broke into a run, and flushed and breathless came to the sugar-house. Above the cabane the out-reaching branches were dotted with tiny brown buds. Here and there among the maples a birch showed silver-white and slender against the perfect blue of the sky, and a crow went heavily over the tree-tops cawing and flapping his black wings, a shape of darkness and a strident cry in that sun-illuminated and silent landscape. The windows of the cabane were wide open. Fanfan standing on tiptoe saw the sap in the pans seething like boiling milk, though neither

the curé nor his assistant was visible. On the shelf at the end of the room, the moulds were piled together, and above them were ranged loaves and figurines, and tiny ark-like houses and great hearts, all made of that amber-tinted sugar for which the curé was renowned. Fanfan wondered that after his late experience, M. Baridon should leave the place unwatched, and unprotected. He placed his hands upon the sill and so lifted himself a little from the ground. It might be that M. Baridon was reading his breviary at the other end of the room, while the sap boiled. As he leaned inward a rough hand jerked him back to the ground, there to confront Antoine the sexton, whose graves he had despoiled, whose shrubs he had broken, and who had never had any faith in the reformation of such a youthful vandal.

"Tenez!" said Antoine with grim humour. "I was right and all the rest they were— 'Oh, I assure you, M. le curé, an angel, no more, no less!'" he minced, mimicking the girlish tones of the schoolmistress. "Oh, I do not say no, there are angels and angels, some horned. I knew well enough, Fanfan, that if you seemed to be growing better, it was only because you were meditating some worse *coup en dessous*. Well, we shall see what M. Baridon has to say." His mocking speech was sharply interrupted, for Fanfan confused by the suddenness of the attack, and the gravity of the charge, instinctively reverted to his old-time tactics of self-defence and flight. Striking out wildly at his captor, he wrenched himself free, and turning the corner of the cabane, rushed full tilt of M. Baridon, who with tin pail swinging on his arm, and cassock trussed up, like the skirts of an active housewife, gasped for breath, looking inquiringly from one to the other, as Antoine in turn came hurrying from behind the sugar-house.

Apart from the upgathered skirt, there was little suggestion of femininity.

ty about M. Baridon, taller by his iron-gray head than any other man in the parish. His grizzled brows were drawn, and the stern gaze which he turned upon Fanfan, chilled the child to the heart, so that he could say no word in his own behalf when Antoine accused him of the very crime he had come to clear up. What would it profit to speak now, he thought, helplessly, crushed under the weight of the circumstantial evidence against him? He realised to the full how puerile a fabrication the true reason of his coming thither must appear to those two who believed they had taken him red-handed. And the curé had never appeared quite convinced of his change of heart, had always seems at the catechism class to watch him covertly, as if recalling and weighing nine-and-a-half unregenerate years, against so few poor months of flawless rectitude. His reverence was already convinced of his guilt, and those two whom he had overheard, would on learning how and where Antoine had come upon him, sturdily deny everything, and then the big one, Jean Masse, would lie in wait for him and half murder him. All was lost, all that he had striven for, hoped for, well-nigh achieved. Nothing remained but unmerited shame, harder to bear now that he had done no wrong, than in other days when he had taken no heed of it at all, when he would just as soon have been blamed for others as not.

The curé, well acquainted with Fanfan's ingenuity in the framing of plausible pretexts, accepted his present speechlessness as a confession in the face of overwhelming proof. The rigidly closed lips, set so against whimpering, the lowered lids, beneath which the tears would gather, were to him as certain evidences of guilt, and he therefore addressed the boy harshly. For angry as he was with the robber of his statuette, he more deeply resented the astuteness of this incorrigible offender, against which his years and experience had not been

wholly proof, incredible though it seemed.

"And this was to have been one of my Apostles! So good! Such an example! The name already down there on my list, St. John the Well Beloved! Yes, that you shall be!" he thundered. "Get you down to the school, Fanfan Benoit, hopelessly perverted that you are. And when I come to read my list this afternoon, do not doubt that your name shall have a place upon it."

Then Fanfan turned away shivering, though the mid-day hour was so warm. For he already understood the meaning of the curé's words, and knew that from the sentence there could be no appeal, as there could be no exoneration from the crime laid to his charge. His days of consistent rebellion and scorn of all constituted authority had endowed him with a certain passive endurance in days of adversity, and so he heard his doom and gave no sign, but as he retraced his way along the fields, through which but so little time ago he had gone so light-heartedly, his fortitude all but deserted him as he recalled that never in all his marauding expeditions, had he laid hand on flower or berry belonging to the curé.

The school-mistress, a dark-eyed maiden of nineteen summers, smiled kindly at Fanfan as he came into the room. He was late, and went to his place without a word. This would have deserved a bad mark, had not his little friend in authority overlooked it. Fanfan was not well, she thought, as she noted how he crouched down by his desk, and how strained were the eyes that stared at the book before him. She called him, however, in his turn, and Fanfan made some reply, wide of the mark, at which his school-mates tittered, while Médard, in his place in the front rank, turned at the blunder of his would-be rival, and stared at him with curious satisfaction. Fanfan strove vainly to meet his gaze with his wonted assurance and disdain, as Médard craned his

neck, thrusting forward his little black head and pointed chin, but his eyes wavered and fell; benumbed, he could but listen, listen for the heavy fall of a dreaded step on the boarded platform outside the door.

It sounded on the threshold, the latch lifted, and all the children rose in respect, as M. Baridon entering, passed on to take his place behind the teacher's desk. She had picked nearly all her red geraniums which grew in the green wooden box in the sunny school-room window, and set them in a glass in the pastor's honour. With the great black crucifix on the wall above him, and the scarlet flowers before him, M. Baridon judiciously surveyed the assembled scholars, the while he tapped upon the desk with his roll of paper. Then laying it down, he proceeded to unfold it, all eyes following his every movement, all ears eager for the names of those who had achieved the glory of Apostleship. On this one day at least, the reward of virtue was seen as manifestly worth the striving for, and lawlessness discountenanced, witnessed the exaltation of those whom it had contemned. On the eve of Holy Thursday, more good resolutions were made than even on New Year's Eve. M. Baridon set his spectacles astride his nose, and scanning the paper before him, cleared his throat, and read aloud.

"Saint Peter," and a thrill went through his audience, "Saint Peter," went on the curé, "Médard Theriault." The neat little figure in the front seat, rose and bowed with entire self-possession. Médard had indeed looked for nothing less, but as he again took his seat, he could not forbear a triumphant glance at Fanfan, who leaned upon his desk in such inexplicable dejection. "Saint John, the Well Beloved, Louis Morin," his Reverence continued, and Louis Morin, stumbling forward, made his acknowledgment, with none of Médard's grace. Médard's eyebrows lifted a little as this second announcement

was made. The look of gratification on his sharp little face deepened as he heard the names of the Evangelists also given forth, but it changed to wonder, as one after the other, eleven, of whose number Fanfan was not, had risen in their places. Médard had never anticipated so signal a victory of this, and therefore when the curé went on to read "Judas, Fanfan Benoît," the clearly spoken words came to him as to all who heard them with a shock of surprise. The girl teacher half rose. With one accord all the children turned to the one thus stigmatised. The forsaken comrades of his former days, the elect among whom of late he had been counted, equally startled, seemed as though they could hardly trust their sense of hearing. M. Baridon went on to give them his explanation.

"My children," he said, "you well know that from the foundation of the Church, the name of Judas has been held in execration as the synonym of all treachery. Therefore, as I have chosen from among you to represent the Blessed Eleven, those who, though but imperfect children, are yet to be commended above their fellows, so I have assigned the part of the arch-traitor to him who, notwithstanding his tender years, his limited scope of action, has proved himself to be hardened in cynicism and duplicity. To Fanfan Benoît, who, having blinded the eyes of the whole parish, deceiving me among the others, went on to rob me, his pastor, carrying off among other things the statuette I had intended to present to Monseigneur at his visit here at Easter. I will say no more, but my hope is that the shame brought upon him by his own misdeeds may be salutary in its effects, that it may bring him to realise, while it is yet time, that judgment surely awaits the transgressor."

M. Baridon ceased, and once more rolling up his list, stepped down from the desk, so stern of aspect, that the baby of the class who in accordance with tradition should have toddled out

and begged his reverence for a holiday for Easter Monday, hung back with quivering lip. The others in awed silence watched him go forth; even the bolder spirits were terror-stricken by the magnitude of the penalty. The memory of the parish could not recall another instance of punishment so condign having been meted out. In other years, Antoine, sexton, sacristain, and man of all work about the presbytery, had in this latter character, played the part of the Lost Apostle. But the dark eyes of the little teacher were turned reprovingly, not upon the culprit, but upon his reverence himself, as with the swing and lift of an unwieldy craft loosed from its moorings, he went by the desks, and forth into the sunlight.

That Holy Thursday, when the hour for the ceremony drew near, the large, bare room at the back of the church was thronged, every chair was occupied, while those who could not obtain seats, knelt, or stood along the walls. It was an unusually large gathering, for as a rule few beside the parents and relatives of the happy children, and the more devout women of the parish assisted at the simple ceremony. But this was no ordinary occasion, for Monseigneur had arrived that morning at the presbytery, Monseigneur, whose beautiful life had won him the love and veneration of his whole diocese, and word had gone through the village that the bishop in person, and not M. Baridon, was to officiate. Therefore there were few who did not leave their occupations in order that they might behold this saint on earth pour the water upon the feet of the children.

The relatives of the eleven elect were full of pride, and none more so than the parents of Médard, the blessed child, chosen to be Saint Peter for three successive years. The father, with his hands spread wide upon his black knees, stared fixedly at the floor, and stirred no more than if he had been made of wood, when his wife leaning toward him, drew from

his hanging coat-tail, a large still-folded handkerchief, which she spread across his lap, lifting first one then the other heavily yielding hand from contact with his Sunday clothes. Madame Thériault for her part, was not lacking in animation. She leaned back in her chair breathing excitedly, so that the bosom of her beaded bodice was strained, and her gold locket rose and fell upon it. She had her kid gloves in her hand, and she folded and unfolded them, and turned smiling to the complacent Maître Pampalon, notary of Saint Hildebrand, and godfather of Médard, who sat at her right hand. She watched the side-door eagerly, by which presently the Apostles would enter followed by the bishop, and as she watched, it swung inward, and her little son with bowed head, and hands angelically folded against his surplice, proceeded his white-clad companions to their places. Eleven stools there were, ranged closely side by side, and apart from them, one other stool, where a child wearing his common dress of every day, sat himself down.

Fanfan felt that all eyes were upon him in execration, but this was as nothing compared with the anguished thought that in a moment he must so confront Monseigneur. Again the sacristy door swung inward, and a whisper rose among those who waited, as M. Baridon entered, bearing the white folded cloths upon his arm, and in his hands a small silver ewer, delicately traced about with vine leaves, an old time gift of the bishop himself. And now surely Monseigneur would appear thought one and all. Fanfan brought his knees close together, the room had suddenly grown shadowy, and he could distinguish nothing but that half-open door through which the prelate must come. But the door remained ajar, and M. Baridon was seen to approach Médard, who composedly extended his little naked foot. The foot was grasped. So, after all the bishop was

not to officiate, and many who had waited stole out again, and outside on the church steps exchanged surmises as to the probable cause which had detained Monseigneur, and wondered whether, barely arrived, he had been summoned away again.

At that moment, however, Monseigneur leaning back in M. Baridon's old horsehair armchair, placidly sunned himself in the spring light. He had heard the tale of the misdoing and chastisement of Fanfan, and though it was a fixed principle with him never to interfere with the methods of parish government of any curé within his diocese, yet he had in this particular instance endeavoured to persuade M. Baridon to remit the punishment; endeavoured and without result, for M. Baridon's answering words were playfully spoken: "Monseigneur's kind heart will scarcely believe in the necessity for punishments, even yet," and therewith he had set immediately about his preparations, bringing forth the folded white cloths from a drawer, and the bishop's former gift from the little cabinet where it always stood behind its glass door. "Even yet!" the bishop repeated the words inwardly. To the middle-aged curé himself he was an old man, and therefore would it be all the more shameful by the fact of his presence immeasurably to intensify the humiliation that a little child was to undergo. It was not in that gentle and tender nature to take part in the spectacle M. Baridon had devised. Therefore Monseigneur leaning back wearily in his chair had prayed the curé to take his own part as usual, and M. Baridon, looking down upon the frail form and nervelessly lying hands, had told himself that his revered guest had indeed already overtaxed himself, and had gone on his way alone. A little later the bishop rose from his place by the window, and bowed and stepping slowly, went out obedient to the calling of the spring.

Meanwhile over yonder the ceremony proceeded, as M. Baridon laved one by one the feet of the Apostles. To Fanfan the certitude that at the last moment a miracle had happened in his favour, and that the bishop had been detained, so lightened his burden of ignominy, that he could steel himself to meet without openly wincing the flow of the water that stung like fire, as M. Baridon knelt down before him, and the curé's massive iron-gray head was for a moment level with his breast. He even found courage to glance for the first time at the white-surpliced Eleven, at Médard throned above the rest, with lids primly lowered and lips demurely set. The representative of the Prince of the Apostles was to all outward seeming devoutly composed, but as M. Baridon came to Fanfan, Saint Peter's drooping lids were quickly raised, the black eyes shot a mocking glance along the intervening row of heads, and as at a given signal, the faces of the others, but now disdainfully averted, turned towards Fanfan, each bearing the impress of a very Pharisee-like consciousness of approved rectitude, and the youngest Apostle of all, and last of the row, drew away and folded his little black cassock over his knees, as though fearful of contact with the poor publican.

Fanfan waited awhile. His wish was to steal home unobserved: to creep away to a tiny dark shelter under the roof, and there to surrender himself freely to his grief and shame; and presently it seemed to him that the graveyard had grown quiet as the silent church on the other side of the locked door, and he stole forth, and soon found himself near that tree where he has sat the day before, and now with the jibing cries ringing in his ears he realised to the full what that pouring of water upon his feet had made of him, and the darkness under the roof no longer seemed to afford him a refuge.

All his little world that had been so pleasant a place to dwell in, was


changed, grown pitiless and cruel, a pillory wherein he must endure the scoffs and buffetings of the elders, even as of his own comrades, and thinking of all the days that must be as this one, Fanfan knew that it was more than he could bear. The derisive words of Médard coming back to him, suggested the one means of escape from it all. Passively he acquiesced; yes, he would hang himself. He had noticed a coil of rope lying by the door of M. Baridon's *cabane*, and a cedar tree grew near, with branches hanging down to the ground. He would hang himself there, and perhaps M. Baridon would then understand, and the Eleven would be sorry. He thought of his home, the home he was ashamed to return to, with a sudden choking grief that he would never see it again, with a great yearning for the old great-aunt who had cared for him all his days, and whom he had left weeping over his misdoing; and his heart seemed like to break beneath a rush of self-pity, as he thought how he would be brought back to her, to lie with flowers in his hands rigidly in state in the front room from whose walls the old daguerreotypes and holy pictures would stare down at him. He sobbed helplessly now, no longer restraining himself, for there were none to observe him. He was alone in the gathering dusk, and never again would he see a human face, never again hear the sound of a human voice.

So he went plodding heavily through the soft impeding snow, and jostling against the tree trunks on the hillside. All was still about the curé's *cabane*, the door securely padlocked, the window through which he had gazed at the tempting figures and loaves, fastened; but there by the wooden step still lay the loose coil of rope. Fanfan gathered it up, and holding it against his breast, plunged in among the bushes and young cedars. Blinded with overflowing tears, he stumbled along until he came to the taller cedar tree. Standing below


it he fastened the noose about his neck, and looked up among the boughs choosing one that would be high enough from the earth, and as he looked, noiselessly, with no sound of snapping twigs to give warning of his coming, one stood before him; one the purple of whose robe told of what exalted rank was its wearer. So they faced each other, the bishop, and the little bareheaded figure with the harsh rope knotted against his throat.

The bishop's delicate face went bloodless, as he understood upon what all-but-enacted tragedy he had come, in the twilight of the woods. "My child, my child!" his voice broke, and falling on his knees in the snow, he threw his arms about Fanfan. But the child writhed in his embrace. "Monseigneur," he gasped, "Monseigneur, I am Judas!" Then as the embracing arms but folded him closer, "But I never did it, Monseigneur, never! Never! Never!" Then, broken in upon with wild despairing sobbing, the whole pitiful story of his eager aspirations and undeserved ignominy broke from him. The bishop heard, shaken to his gentle heart with a rush of anger that one of the little ones, beloved of his Master, should have been so cruelly likened to that Master's betrayer. What undying remorse would not have been his that he had failed to lay his commands on M. Baridon. *had not his* footsteps been guided hither between the close-growing trees! His soul was filled with silent thanksgiving, the while with more than a woman's tenderness he comforted the child.

And presently the plaintive sobbing was stilled, convulsive tremours no longer shook the little body within his arms; the child's head fallen heavily forward, lay inert against his shoulder. Then in a little while, as the lights began to show in the village windows, Monseigneur, still holding him safe and close, led Fanfan homeward across the fields where the night was gathering.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

MARCH came and went without producing any marked change in the British political situation. The new riddle of the sphinx has become, for the Liberal party, the Lords or the budget, and what to do with either, or neither or both. The only unexpected incident perhaps has been the action of the Commons, at the instance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in taking supply for six weeks only, so that, as it was frankly avowed, when new supplies were due, the Unionists, at least, would not be able to secure them, and the Liberals will thus secure the whip hand. It is politics of a new sort, not without precedent on this continent, and perhaps not indefensible, politics having become a sort of civil war without bloodshed; at any rate, it is not at all a surprising manœuvre to come from Mr. Lloyd-George. It is to be doubted whether on the whole, however, it will increase the prestige and strength of the Liberals in the country.

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The budget is still in the background, and the Government is plainly apprehensive about bringing it forward; and in the meantime the finances of the country are getting into inextricable confusion; the Government looking on with apparent equanimity, believing that the blame will be placed on the shoulders of the Unionist party and the Lords. The Lords have had a full-dress debate on the subject of reforming themselves. Lord Rosebery taking the initiative, and laying down in a speech

of great dignity and power, certain general principles which were approved by all but a tiny minority when the question came to a vote. The effect of a reform of the Lords on the lines proposed would be to weaken it in numbers, but strengthen it in every other way, and it is not therefore a proposal which will be acceptable to the Commons in their present mood.

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Lord Rosebery was able to point to the examples of all great states and most of all to the great modern Republics of France and the United States, as illustrations of the accepted principle of a strong and effective second chamber, while in the case of the United States there is not only the veto of the Senate on the doings of the popular chamber, but a very effective veto on the part of the President, corresponding to some extent with the long-defunct veto of the sovereign in Britain. In favour of the principle of a single chamber, Lord Rosebery was able to cite only the sorry examples of Greece and Costa Rica, which are hardly worthy of analysis. The pruning down of the present Chamber was easily arranged by an elective system similar to that which now exists in the case of Irish and Scottish peers, but when it came to the infusion of new blood the best suggestion that came to hand was that the county councils should elect members; and whether these should be from the peers or not, and if so, whether the county council peers

should be selected from the left-over peers, that is, those not elected by the lords themselves, was not made clear, and the suggestion generally seems lacking somewhat in brilliancy.

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Lord Morley's criticism was mainly of a destructive character, at which he is, of course, an adept. He had no difficulty in showing the weaknesses, speaking logically, of the reforms or modifications suggested. Lord Morley chose purposely to ignore the historic atmosphere and the traditional prestige attaching to the Upper House, quantities that cannot be weighed or measured, but counting for much in the English constitution as a whole. The value placed by the people at large on such points must be the final indication of the character of the reforms. Lord Morley humorously betrayed a Cabinet secret of the post with reference to this same question of the reform of the Lords, the Cabinet being, moreover, that over which Lord Rosebery himself presided for a year or two in 1894-5. On that occasion, as now, the Commons were at variance with the Lords, and were themselves divided by a narrow majority, the Irish members then, as now, holding the balance of power. The Cabinet entrusted to a committee of its members the matter of devising a scheme for reforming the Lords' chamber, but the committee, as Lord Morley remarked, amid loud laughter all around him, was able to do nothing because it was not able to decide the vital question whether it was desirable to make the House weaker or stronger. Shortly afterwards the general elections of 1895 took place, and all such matters were put outside the realm of practical politics until 1909 or 1910. Had the Unionists been able themselves during those long years of power to modify the Lords system, the present rupture might have been averted, but the South African war spoiled constructive statesmanship

during the first term of office, and the tariff reform issue split their ranks during the second term, and so the question was handed on.

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The subject is not one indeed where reputations for statesmanship are to be formed. Lord Morley himself, in his work on Cromwell, touched on this point in some lucid sentences, of which he reminded the House during the debate. "There is no branch of political industry," he said, in his biography of the Protector, "that men approach with hearts so light and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy, as the concoction of a Second Chamber. Cromwell and his Parliament set foot on this *Pons Asinorum* of democracy without a suspicion of its dangers. To call out of empty space an artificial house without the hold upon men's minds of history and ancient association, without defined powers, without marked distinction of persons or interests, and then try to make it the effective screen against an elected House, to whose assent it owed its own being, was not to promote union but directly to promote division and to intensify it. Cromwell never thought out the scheme. Like smaller reformers since, Cromwell had never decided, to begin with, whether to make his lords strong or weak; strong enough to curb the Commons, yet weak enough for the Commons to curb them." The difficulties of the existing situation could hardly be put more effectively, and as Lord Morley added, "The riddle which perplexed Cromwell is still unanswered." Lord Morley could not avoid the closing word of banter. "I do not think my noble friend's contribution will be an effective answer to it," and, for himself, he made no attempt to solve the riddle, keeping his counsels doubtless for the Cabinet Council.

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Colonel Roosevelt began his Central African travels a year ago by enter-

ing the Dark Continent, as it was called but lately, at Mombassa, where he was the guest of a British governor, was dined at a British club and left town on a British railway, and he has lately emerged at Khartoum, where he was again the guest of British Authority, and where his most interesting function was the visit paid to the college founded by Lord Kitchener for the education of the youth of the ancient Soudan, the terse appeal for which, sounded while the dead of Omdurman were yet unburied, was one of the dramatic episodes of history twelve years ago. The college, however, like the universities of India, has become already a centre of nationalist sentiment, based on agitation against British rule, or, in the case of Egypt and the Soudan, to be quite accurate, against British occupation.

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Young Egypt, fired by the example of Young Turkey, seeks a constitution modelled on the British basis, so it is proclaimed, and hence a host of paradoxes. The constitution which is to give law and order is sought through the avenues of anarchy, disorder and murder. The power that bars the way to Young Egypt's ambition is the very power whose example has given a common ideal to Egypt and Turkey. Young Turkey, which achieved its constitution by the aid of British diplomacy, advises Young Egypt that the latter has nothing to complain of and should rather rejoice at being under British protection, than agitate against it. Add to all this that it is not yet a decade and a half since Britain rescued Egypt from the bondage of centuries and gave her people a sense of unity and nationality. It is truly a maze of inconsistencies, from which no amount of theorising will provide a safe and comfortable exit.

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It was with something of these matters in mind, no doubt, that Colonel Roosevelt spoke, when he addressed a

gathering at a Khartoum club-house composed of native Soudanese and Egyptian officers. The club-house, like the college, had become a centre of nationalist influence, and Colonel Roosevelt, willing doubtless to say a good word for the Government of which he had been and was the guest and which he recognised as the greatest agent of civilisation in Africa, seized the opportunity to condemn the mingling of soldiers and politics. "The soldier who mixes in politics," he said, "becomes a bad politician and a poor soldier," and more to the same effect, before proceeding to enlarge on the marvellous changes and development that had taken place since Britain had assumed charge of the administration twelve years earlier

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The recent assassination of the Egyptian Premier by a fellow-native gave special point to the remarks of the ex-president and must have made them doubly acceptable to England, where it is remembered that the assassin, Ibrahim Wardany, acted as secretary of the recent Young Egypt Congress at Geneva, a gathering which was attended by and received some additional importance, in the eyes of its members at least, from the presence thereof of four members of the British Parliament, namely, Messrs. Keir-Hardie and Barnes, leading members of the Socialist wing of the Labour party, and Messrs. Hazleton and Kettle, delegates from the Irish Nationalists. The British members were among the warmest and doubtless most sincere advocates of the cause of Egyptian nationality, and nothing probably was further from their thoughts than that the first step in the achievement of this object should be the assassination of the greatest Egyptian then living. The tendency of the Oriental races to view obliquely the morality and civilisation of the West, and to distort and pervert its wisest and best institutions should be an evidence to the thoughtful of the unwisdom of insisting on

fitting western modes to subjects so ill-prepared to receive them or use them.

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We hear Germany held up so frequently as a model to follow — and the advice, curiously, comes often from those who advocate most warmly the ways of peace and theorise on the abolition of war, that it comes as a surprise to many to learn that Prussia, the great dominant State of Germany, is a century at least behind Britain, and far in the rear of most Continental States, in her methods of representation. The voters are arranged according to their tax-paying capacity, that is to say, "speaking roughly," as *The Spectator* puts it, "three voters of the first or richest class have the same voting-power as twelve voters of the third class." So it is that seven Socialists represent a fifth of the total number of votes cast and over one hundred and fifty Conservative members of the Diet polled less than a seventh part of the total number. Moreover, the representation is based on a distribution of a generation ago, and takes no account of the ten millions of people who have been added to the urban populations during that time and have rendered obsolete the calculations of the period. In addition, there is no secret ballot. It is no wonder that all Prussia is excited and in a ferment of riot because the new franchise bill introduced by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg does not pretend to remedy any of these glaring grievances. Not for fifty years, it is authoritatively stated, has agitation been so intense or the proletariat so moved to violence and to defiance of all authority. The crisis in Britain at the present time is far more momentous, no doubt, in its issues, but the troops have not yet been called upon to fire upon the citizen, nor even to preserve order. It is possible that the pressure of domestic troubles may yet force Germany to abandon militarism, unless,

indeed, it should soon precipitate her into a conflict for which she is unready, for the first time in her modern history.

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The precise position of Germany with respect to naval combat was recently discussed in some detail by Colonel Gaedke, a noted naval critic, in an article in *The Berliner Tageblatt*, who endorses the claim that by 1911 Germany will have the second fleet in the world, having then passed the United States. The whole programme is supposed to be based on the Navy Act of 1900, but Colonel Gaedke points out that whereas that Act provided for but thirty-eight battleships, Germany is creating a fleet of fifty-eight battleships, "the twenty large cruisers being equivalent in size and strength to first-class battleships." Colonel Gaedke also asserts that the German armaments policy has apparently abandoned the principle that the prestige of the Fatherland depends on the army, and maintains that the expansion of her naval armaments is gradually outstripping the requirements for the defences of the trade and coasts of the Empire.

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Putting the matter financially, Germany has spent on new ships alone during the last twelve years \$316,000,000, and between now and 1914 will, according to present arrangements, spend a further sum of \$287,500,000. How long will Germany stand the prodigious strain, added to the cost of its huge standing army? The Socialists in the Reichstag, like their political brethren in the British Parliament, oppose the heavy naval expenditures, and one of the leaders of the party, Herr Sidekun, declared the other day that "English anxiety, though it might be exaggerated, was perfectly genuine," also that "the English point of view was quite intelligible." In the meantime, in Britain, too, the proposed expenditure

for the coming year by the Government fresh from the people and strongly disposed to a peace policy, is larger than ever before in peace times, totalling the prodigious figure of \$200,000,000. France is not actually in the great competition, and is asserted to be more pacific in tendency than for forty years past, yet she, too, is laying down during the next three years six new battleships at a cost of \$13,500,000 each.

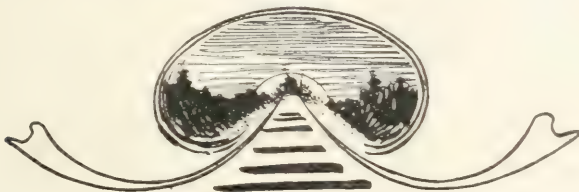
✱

In the universal outcry against the rise in prices and the demand for the cause, altogether too little account is taken of the vast increase in recent years in expenditure of this nature, as well as of the actual outlay on three wars, all falling within the period of inflated prices, namely, the Spanish-American, the South African, and the Russo-Japanese. The actual material destruction and waste during these three wars was almost incalculable, and during the same time the destruction of values has continued on a tremendous scale by the ever-increasing growth of unproductive outlay. Doctor E. J. Dillon, one of the keenest of modern observers, who gives some thought in the current issue of *The Contemporary Review* to this aspect of the great problem of the day, concludes that "in the problem raised by these factitious obstacles to national well-being lurks the germs of a social revolution. Democratic or fair-trade budgets," he goes on, "may retard its advent for a while, but even they bring no definitive solution. The key-word to a settlement of the difficulties and to a harmonising of the contradictions which the present ordering of politics

and economics in Europe involves, is a radical change which may ultimately turn the social pyramid upside down. And at present the instinctive but vague tendency of the masses in many parts of the Continent appears to be set in that direction."

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The pressure by taxation is not, of course, so keen on this continent as in Europe, but the destruction of values on a vast scale exerts a world-wide influence in these days of delicately interwoven commercial relations and rapid interchange even, in some cases, of huge populations, and in the United States, at any rate, the absence of high taxation in a direct form is more than made up for by the excessive tariff and by the extravagance of living generally, so that the possibilities of a social upheaval within its bounds are perhaps not less serious than in Europe. The almost universal demand for a tariff reduction, the "no-meat" crusade, the growing clamour against corporations, the continuous cry for increased wages, the frequent strikes and perhaps, most of all, the possibility of so long-continued a scene of violence and tragedy in the streets of a great city as that just closing in Philadelphia, are all indications of a vast social problem. Whether the problem is to go under in a cataclysm of violence and anarchy, or to assume less threatening and terrible aspects—as it is seriously encountered, is a question which the next decade probably must determine, and turns on the wisdom, patience and steadiness which the statesmen of the various lands bring to bear on the subject





At Five O'clock

NANCY'S RIVER-BELLS

On the bridge o' Sundays,
 Pretty as a flower,
 Nancy waits till church-bells
 Chime at morning hour;
 Hark'ning how the river
 Cools the sultry day:
 Little streams a-dimpling clear, over
 Dartmoor way!

'Minds her of the Psalm-tune
 When she hears its laughter:
 "Singers go before," it tells,
 "Minstrels follow after;
 In the midst the damsels
 With the cymbals play;"
 Little streams a-dancing fast, over
 Dartmoor way.

Seems to bubble louder
 When the bells begin
 Ringing over Church-lane
 Calling Nancy in;
 Moorland water sprinkled
 Her on christ'ning-day:
 Silver founts amid the ferns, over
 Dartmoor way.

On the bridge o' Sundays,
 Pretty as a flower,
 Nancy hears the church-bells
 Chime from yonder tower:
 Hark! from mossy belfry,
 Tor and boulder gray,
 River-bells are clashing too — over
 Dartmoor way!

—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

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WHAT a pleasant break in the monotony of daily toil and endeavour is made by Halley's comet! Just

as we have become thoroughly weary of the North Pole and the evasions of Doctor Cook and the narratives of Commander Peary, there comes a new sensation which gives us a genuine astronomic thrill. If that brilliant French scientist, M. Camille Flammarion, is telling the truth, Halley's comet is a highly exciting heavenly body with poisonous possibilities in its tail. Cyanogen gas, about which we all have only the cloudiest ideas, is said to permeate the long fiery tail of this disturbing apparition, and, if this old earth should come near enough to the comet to get a thorough dose of this fatal gas, the planet will be destroyed altogether and we shall disappear with unparalleled celerity.

After all, it is not a disturbing prospect. The comet mode of exit from this troubled scene has the virtue of swiftness, and there is a universality about some of the dire forebodings which is, to say the least of it, comforting. To know that our neighbours are included in a possible disaster is a mitigation to the surmise of catastrophe. If we are all to be whisked away together, the anticipation becomes invested with a companionable thrill which is the reverse of distressing. By the eighteenth of May all our troubles may be over, our

worries smoothed out nicely and our destinies arranged. It all depends on how long we are obliged to spend in contact with the tail of that wayward comet.

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WHAT is the matter with the stage of To-day? Nearly every other "performance" seems to turn upon domestic infelicity, with a plentiful besprinkling of tiresome Affinities. If there is one being more dreary and utterly commonplace than another it is the stage Affinity. He or She always utters the same threadbare and nonsensical platitudes about the fetters of Conventionality and the starving soul which longs to be understood. Alas for the good old days of "The Private Secretary" and "The Elder Miss Blossom," to say nothing of the charming simplicity of "The Professor's Love Story!" Can we not have a few clean comedies by way of relief from the loathsome Eternal Triangle? The problem play, as it is absurdly called, is sheer boredom to anyone with a sense of humour or a grain of common-sense. The affair always ends in drivel and doldrums and you wish you had stayed home and read Chesterton or James Douglas instead. Then these horrid problem plays are so mawkishly hypocritical. They refuse absolutely to call things by their proper names and would positively shudder at My Lord Hamlet when he informs his mother of just the kind of crime she has committed. A little honesty of the Shakespearian or Doctor Samuel Johnson order would be positively refreshing.

The modern critic is also beginning to weary of the unvarying unsavouriness of the Affinity drama. One of the noble army of dramatic critics has remarked in an article on "Plays and Players," concerning the travesty of marriage usually presented:

"To listen to these playwrights, marriage is no longer a thing of bliss; if you are going to get married you

can just figure on having your soul pulled up by the roots, strung across a dishpan and twanged at by the ghoulish claws of disaster. . . Stay a bachelor; or a bachelor maid. Then Pinero cannot get you, the Frenchmen cannot get you. Eugene Walter and the Tenderloin School cannot get you. Or, better yet, don't go to the theatre, and don't buy a book."

The chief grievance against these plays is that they are so remote from most of us. This soulful spinster who rolls her sentimental eyes on the husband of Another, this gloomy young man who regards with loving gaze the hysterical wife of his best friend are not among our associates, and are fortunately as abnormal as they are unwise. Most of us belong neither to the slums nor the smart set and are acquainted with hundreds of happy homes, into which the Affinity never pokes her nose. Why can't we have dramas of everyday life like the delightful "Little Gray Lady"?

Of course, there is the would-be artist, the creature who talks "temperament" in season and out of season, who is always ready to inform you that the sordidness and dishonour are "life," that there is no romance in pure love and loyal friendship. Such a one descants upon the philistinism of the happy home and utters dark sneers against the simple people who go to church and endeavour to keep the Ten Commandments. It may be blind optimism to believe that it is more easy and more "natural" to follow good than evil, but humanity is much better and happier than the modern playwright would have us believe. Let us be of good cheer! Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is more than a matinee hero, has come to us in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and one would walk many a weary mile just to hear that golden voice again.

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THE subject of spiritualism, as it is commonly interpreted, has an

unfailing attraction for the multitude. Women, it is said, are more frequently the victims of the mercenary medium than are the members of the less credulous sex. I must admit that the "spirits" will have no dealings with me and that their aloofness is no cause for regret. It is hardly to be believed that those who hold their dead in tender reverence will pay fifty cents to a *poseur*, in order to hold fancied communion with those who have passed beyond the gateless barrier. To those who have realised that death does not mean separation, that those who have left us are "just away," there is something revolting in the cheap claims of the ordinary medium. Not in mysterious rappings and alleged trance-revelations do our friends come back from the shadow-land. Yet the confiding customer continues to patronise the seance and the clairvoyant's stuffy parlour, in the fond hope of finding out something about the other world or the future. The medium who associates money with the seance is almost certain to be a fraud. Those who believe in the things which are unseen and eternal are not in the habit of bartering their creed or their knowledge. They remember the Scriptural injunction as regards casting pearls before swine.

While there is nothing more offensive to those of sensibility than the tawdry exploiting of the occult, after the fashion of Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, there is nothing more helpful to distressed or bereaved humanity than the voice which speaks with assurance of faith in immortality. Of such is the book which Algernon Blackwood has given us—"The Education of Uncle Paul." This volume will in all probability be "caviare to the general," for it contains no marvellous heroine, with a "poppa" of multi-millionaire fortune, no up-to-date American hero with firm jaw and keen eyes. But to those who care for the volume which reveals suffering, struggle and conquest, this chronicle of a man's fight towards the sunlit

ways of belief and communion with the best will be treasure-trove indeed.

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IT is amusing to the one who merely looks on, to see how many of the misunderstandings between man and woman arise from the masculine incapacity to appreciate woman's fondness for small attentions. "I should not mind if my husband beat me," said a lively matron, "if he would only remember to send me violets on my birthday." Most women can understand the sentiment which inspired such a remark. The men, good honest souls, are often bewildered at the popularity which some arrant cad enjoys among women — just as women are at a loss to account for the masculine attention bestowed upon a girl whom her own sex knows as a "selfish little cat." Yet if the qualities of the feminine hero were analysed, it would be found that he never forgets the small courtesies and graceful observances which appeal to the womanly fancy. Woman's life has belonged to the sequestered ways, where every little flower along the path has meant more than a trifle.

"Why can't a wife take love for granted?" grumbles the sensible citizen, who regards his punctual attention to such details as gas and life assurance as convincing proof of devotion. That is one matter which few of the Daughters of Eve have sufficient philosophy to take for granted. They require to be informed with more or less frequency that they are beloved and incomparable. However, even if man is somewhat stupid about remembering violets for the birthday and if woman is a trifle unreasonable about her expectations of chivalry in small matters, the pessimist's song is true:

"Nought in the world but common-sense
Will e'er overcome these woes."

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THERE has arisen during the last decade a movement for special

"days" which lends interest and variety to life. Empire Day, under the fostering care of the Earl of Meath, has become quite an institution, with its wreaths of marguerites to make the festivity. Another and more significant observance has recently been made the fashion and will probably remain such, as it makes a wider appeal than patriotic pride. The second Sunday in May has been chosen as Mother's Day and, for that occasion, all over the continent, the old home and its associations are brought back to memory and are given first place in the services of the day. The Decoration Day observed by our United States neighbours has doubtless influenced the whole continent in adopting especial flowers as emblems of honour. For Mother's Day a white flower, preferably the carnation, has been chosen, and it will probably be worn profusely on the second Sunday in May.

A Canadian church held an Old Folks' Sunday last May, when venerable members of the congregation, who had not been out to church for months or years, were taken in carriages to the old, familiar scene. A retired pastor, who had lived among them since early manhood and who was over eighty years of age, preached the sermon to his lifelong friends, and a dear old lady of seventy-five sang the offertory solo in a quavery voice. The congregation had not enjoyed a service for years as they enjoyed that Old Folks' Day and they are going to repeat the "special Sunday" this year. Mother's Day ought to appeal to Canadian homes and churches, for there is no country in the world where the homes are more blessed with freedom and sunshine than our own Dominion.

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IT must be somewhat trying to be Governor-General of Canada, although, of course, it means "a nice, clean, easy job," in comparison with

the vice-royalty of India. The latter position, in accordance with a certain Anglo-Indian's views, is "smoking in a powder magazine." The Governor-General of this favoured land, on the contrary, may drive about Ottawa or go snow-shoeing, without the slightest fear of the festive bomb or the furtive dirk. We are not a picturesque people, but we take our royal representatives soberly and decorously, making no attempt to hurry them off this planet.

Yet the Governor-General has his trials. Even his mildest utterances on the subject of government or politics are in serious danger of misconstruction. We are so "plagued with politics" in this land of many legislatures, that the comparative freedom of a British speaker is almost unknown. Therefore, every once in a while, our worthy Governor-General finds himself sadly misunderstood by the youthful reporters who are sure that he is saying something about Ottawa, when he is really thinking of Westminster.

Earl Grey has done many kindly acts during his Canadian ministration, but none will be remembered more pleasantly than the founding of the musical and dramatic trophy competitions. There have been several of these events, in Ottawa, Montreal, and this year in Toronto. The stimulus given to local musical and dramatic ambition is of the most gratifying order. It is a great pity that the amateur dramatic associations, which used to flourish in the towns and cities of Ontario have languished. In the West, it is said, such clubs or societies meet with far more enthusiastic support than in the older parts of Canada. It is to be hoped that His Excellency's generous interest in such organisations will have the effect of inducing Thespians in various Canadian towns to revive the old-time clubs and give us "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, of the United States, is as sure of a large patronage for his novels as Mr. Winston Churchill, of Great Britain, is of a crowded hall when he delivers an address. The former's latest novel, "A Modern Chronicle," is a distinct departure from his earlier works of fiction. It will, no doubt, prove a sensational success in the United States, since it is a prolonged study of a feminine creature with that mysterious possession, a temperament. The present feverish interest in the vagaries of the temperamental woman, whether she become divorcee, prima donna or Suffragette, will contribute to the popularity of "A Modern Chronicle."

The heroine is fairly accounted for, during the first chapter, when we are informed that her father, *Randolph Leffingwell*, was a man of many graces who filled the post of United States consul at Nice, and departed this life when his only daughter was eighteen months old. His wife, who died with him, possessed "beauty and dash and a knowledge of how to seat a table." The small inheritor of these talents and virtues is sent home to be brought up in Saint Louis by *Uncle Tom Leffingwell*, who is as honest and good a creature as ever paid a fascinating brother's debts. *Aunt Mary*, also, is a model of all domestic qualities, and it looks as if the lonely orphan has a fair chance

of becoming a careful housewife and an estimable person.

However, we must not forget that *Honora* has "temperament," with which endowment various complications are sure to result. Consequently, when she is taken to New York by rich relatives, we are sure that *Honora* is entering upon a stormy career. She becomes the wife of a positively boresome young stock broker, *Howard Spence*, who would never in the wide world have attracted such a girl. This is the only serious blunder made by the author, however. Then ensues a life, which has been described *ad nauseam* in the modern novel, from "The House of Mirth" downward. The social circle in which *Honora* moves is utterly without either grace or wit. Bridge and strong drink and gowns galore are the aim of their existence, without any of the airy sprightliness which Anthony Hope, for instance, would infuse into the scene.

When a woman has temperament and an uninteresting husband, an unkind fate is almost certain to send a masterful Affinity across her path. He arrives in the Viking person of *Mr. Hugh Chiltern*, who has a past which is mentioned with a cough, and a personality which is all-conquering. Broken hearts of all sorts and sizes strew his progress through life, and *Honora* bestows her affections and temperament upon him, fleeing to a



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHOSE NEW NOVEL "A MODERN CHRONICLE,"
IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

Western State until she obtains the necessary divorce from the bovine stock-broker. However, all is not happiness with the Viking gentleman, who really has the temper of a fiend, and no manners worth mentioning. He tortures the fair *Honora* for several months, but is finally removed from the scene by a fiery horse which throws him violently down a steep place. *Honora* goes away to Paris—for seclusion, if you please—and her ex-husband also dies, after achieving an unenviable reputa-

tion as a grafter. Then comes upon the scene, the true and noble hero, who has been waiting all these years. *Peter Erwin* is a meek and unobtrusive gentleman, of legal talent and an infinite patience, who has been sure that *Honora* will emerge in triumph from a tumult of temperament. He renews his offer of affection and devotion and on page 524 we leave *Honora* on the verge of her third matrimonial venture.

The story is well told, if somewhat flamboyant in spots. It presents a

type truthfully and with sympathy. If it reminds one occasionally of "The House of Mirth," "Together," and "Unleavened Bread," that is because the neurotic woman is an exploitation of our times. The book touches once more on a subject near to Mr. Churchill's heart — civic righteousness. It is not so fine a literary achievement as "Coniston" or "Mr. Crewe's Career," but, in distinction of style, is far above two-thirds of the best-selling novels. As for the "lesson" of the book, should any reader be old-fashioned enough to inquire, there is no especial purpose served by the narration of *Honora's* adventures, save to impress upon the plastic mind that a lady of temperament is likely to accumulate several husbands and much trouble. From "The Celebrity" to "A Modern Chronicle" is a far cry, and some of us may be so lost to the importance of the Eternal Feminine as to prefer the inimitable comedy of the first to the common-place melodrama of the latest Churchill novel. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

MR. LAWRENCE J. BURPEE'S volume entitled "A Little Book of Canadian Essays" is highly commendable in as much as it serves to introduce a number of writers whose lives and work are too often overlooked, and although the essays are not, and are not intended to be, exhaustive, they give some acquaintance with the subjects dealt with. The first deals with the life and work of Isabella Valancy Crawford, and in order the following Canadian authors are considered: Charles Heavysege, Archibald Lampman, George Thomas Lanigan, Catharine Parr Traill, John Hunter-Duvar and George Frederick Cameron. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

IT IS not often that we find a Canadian writer and a Canadian artist collaborating in an important under-

taking for a publishing firm such as Harper and Brothers. "Going Down from Jerusalem" is the title of a volume of travel sketches, the result of such a collaboration on the part of Norman Duncan and Lawren Harris. Mr. Duncan is well known as the author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," "The Cruise of the Shining Light," etc., and Mr. Harris is a young Toronto artist of whom not very much had hitherto been heard. Mr. Duncan appears to have caught the glamour of the East, and he certainly has with his pen drawn a most convincing and colourful picture, while Mr. Harris' drawings are decidedly attractive and in some instances particularly good. Both the text and the drawings appeared first in *Harper's Magazine*. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Cloth, \$1.50 net).

*

PUBLIC spirit of the first order has been shown by Simcoe County Council in bringing about the publication of "A History of Simcoe County," by A. F. Hunter. Undertakings of this kind are usually left until the pioneers or the ones who have first-hand knowledge have passed away. An example in this instance has therefore been set, and it would be a great advantage to future students of history if more counties, particularly those that have an important history, would follow it. Simcoe County has an unusually interesting history, and Mr. Hunter has brought together a great amount of valuable information. In engaging in this work, the author found that in order to procure a record of the most important part of the history of the county he had to go back to the days preceding the printing press in the county, a work that necessitated a large amount of interviewing amongst the pioneers and early settlers of the county. But the result is that we find a most comprehensive history, one whose author's chief purpose seems to have been to place in consecutive

and permanent form facts that otherwise might soon have become dissipated and perhaps unavailable. Volume I. deals with the history proper of the county, while Volume II. provides a chapter on each township, with a list of the earliest settlers, as well as of the pioneers and settlers prior to 1837. (Barrie: The Simcoe County Council. Cloth, two volumes, \$2).

*

THE latest volume in "The Highways and Byways" series is "Highways and Byways in Middlesex," by Walter Jerrold, with about 150 reproductions of drawings by Hugh Thomson. This makes a charming contribution to the series. Many persons might think that Middlesex, because it is in part the location of the great capital of London, would become commonplace in its urbanity, but Mr. Jerrold quite dispels that impression. On the other hand, many quaint, picturesque and even curious spots are revealed, and the author has woven around them a fine offering in descriptive writing. The addition of the Thomson illustrations would, in the estimation of many readers, at once raise the volume above the ordinary. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.75).

*

MARSHALL SAUNDERS, of Halifax, author of "Rose á Charlotte," has written another novel "Tilda Jane's Orphans." The latter story is not very pretentious, but it has a wholesome flavour, and it makes a first-rate book for young persons. It tells in a pleasing manner about the everyday life of simple folk, and in 'Tilda Jane presents a juvenile character of more than ordinary interest. 'Tilda Jane is an orphan herself, but the household that adopted her discovers that she is worthy of a family place, and in time another orphan is adopted to take the place that she had filled and to allow her to come into even closer

relationship with the family. She adopts also a dog and a mare named Milkweed, both of which have their part to play in the walk and conversation of the household. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Toronto: William Briggs).

*

NOTES

—William Briggs announces "The Second Chance," a new story by Mrs. McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

—A collected edition is soon to appear of the poems of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who is an occasional contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*.

—*The Studio* for March is full of interest, notwithstanding the fact that painting as such takes for the time-being a minor place. The first article deals, of course, with a painter and his work — Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., by A. Lys Baldry. A number of excellent reproductions accompany the article, with the frontispiece and two or three other pages in colours. There is an article also on contemporary Japanese painting, which really comes under the head of decoration; a good concluding account of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery; an article on Swedish etchers; another on old aquatints, and "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture," with an abundance of unusually interesting "Studio-Talk" and illustrations. (London: The Studio Publishing Company).

—A notable contribution to Canadian as well as American local history is promised in the forthcoming publication of "The History of King's County, Nova Scotia. Heart of the Acadian Land," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, D.C.L., a Canadian who has distinguished himself in New England as a clergyman, an author and an historian. The volume will give a sketch of the Acadian expulsion and a history of the New England planters who came to take land hitherto occupied by the French.



HIGH TENSION

"My husband was a very high-strung person."

"Yes. I've heard he was hanged on Pike's Peak."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*

SO CARELESS

Child — "Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side!"

Mamma (to nurse)—"Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.



AN APPETISER

TRAVELLER—"But, waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three."

WAITER—"I know, sah, but I thought possibly one might fail."—*Punch*

AN INDUCEMENT

Lady—"I want to put in this advertisement for a cook. It will go in three lines, won't it?"

Clerk (after counting) — "No, madam. We'll have to charge you for four lines; but you can put in four more words if you wish."

Lady (suddenly inspired) — "Say 'Policeman stationed opposite corner!' "—*Answers*.

*

A CALAMITY

'Arry—"Wot's yer 'urry, Bill?"

Bill—"I've got to go to work."

'Arry—"Work? Why, wot's the matter with the missis? Ain't she well?"—*Illustrated Bits*.

*

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

The budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr Lloyd-George, a particularly good one concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who* listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."—*M.A.P.*

A MUCH-MARRIED LADY

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."—*Puck*.

*

DIFFICULT SITUATION

About a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me."—*Judge*.

*

THIS YEAR

The Dominie — "What kind of Christmas do you expect to have this year?"

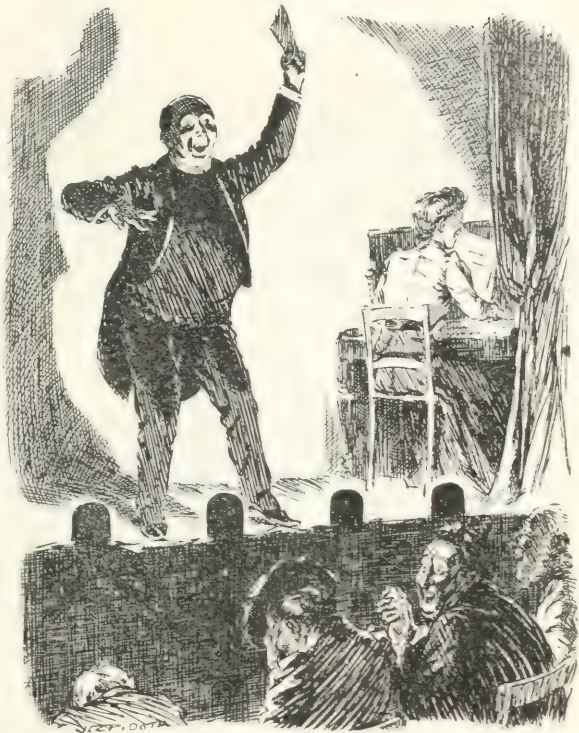
Little Society Boy—"That depends on whether the judge gives me into the custody of mamma or papa."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

HANDY THINGS TO HAVE

"Hard-workin' wife you've got, Bill."

"Yes, I wish I'd a couple more like her."—*Sydney Bulletin*.



MRS. JONES (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song)—"Deary me! I'm sure 'e's a wonderful man for a parson. Nobuddy couldn't call 'im tight-laced!"

—*Punch*

DID HE GET IT?

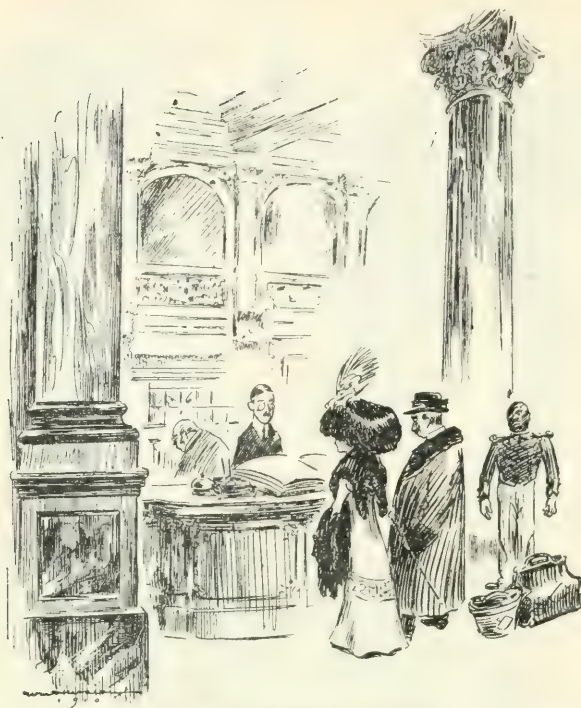
"Now, Mr. Janus, I don't see how with your salary you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars," remarked a merchant severely to one of his clerks.

"You're right, sir," responded Janus. "I can't; I ought to have a bigger salary!"—*Judy*.

*

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

"John!" she exclaimed, jabbing her elbow into his ribs at 2:17 a.m., "did you lock the kitchen door?" And John, who is inner guard, and was just then dreaming over last evening's lodge-meeting, sprang up in bed, made the proper sign, and responded, "Worthy Ruler, our portals are guarded." Oh, he hit the title right, even if he was asleep.—*United Presbyterian*.



AT THE COBALT-BLUSTORIA

CLERK—A room and bath with a small parlour will be one thousand dollars per week, in advance.

"How much without the parlour?"

"Seven hundred."

"How much without the room?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, I guess we'll take the bath."

WARY

Thompson—"Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?"

Jones (hesitatingly)—"What size man?"—*Jewish Ledger*.

✱

MORE SERIOUS

He—"We'd have won the football game if our captain hadn't lost his head."

She—"Mercy! Was it so bad as that? I heard it was only an ear."—*Boston Transcript*.

✱

THE FREE AND THE BRAVE

"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

"He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers, sadly.—*Tit-Bits*.

TIME AND IMMORTALITY

Joaquin Miller was once overtaken by a countryman who gave him a long ride. Tired, at length, of conversation, the poet took a novel from his pocket.

"What are you reading?" said the countryman.

"A novel of Bret Harte's," said Mr. Miller.

"Well, now, I don't see how an immortal being wants to be wasting his time with such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said the poet, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Of course, you are."

"If that is the case," responded Miller, "I don't see why I need be so very economical of my time."

—*Christian Register*.

✱

COMFORT

Excited Individual—"See here Mr. Bangs, you're a scoundrel of the first water. When I bought that horse I supposed I

—*Life*

was getting a good, sound animal, but he's spavined and blind, and got the staggers. Now, I want to know what you're going to do about it?"

Bangs—"Something ought to be done, that's a fact."

Excited Individual—"Well, I should say there ought."

"Bangs—"Well, I'll give you the name of a good veterinary surgeon; it's a shame to allow the horse to suffer in that way."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

✱

HER SUCCESS

Louisiana Cole (writing home)—"Mammy sure'll be pleased! She done said when I came No'th: 'Yo'll nebber git no place in New Yawk, chile'—an' here I'se done had six places de fust month!"—*Puck*.



IN THE HIGHLANDS

Painting by J. A. Fraser, in the Canadian National Gallery

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"PHARAOH'S BED," PHIÆ

THE BEAUTIES OF THE NILE

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

EVERYBODY knows that the Nile is interesting. Its tawny flood has poured through the affairs of men longer than that of any other river in the world, unless it be the Euphrates; but by the banks of the Euphrates time has flowed, too, in tempestuous fashion and all but obliterated the monuments of the past. There they dig in low mounds for defaced tablets and broken pottery; but the waters of the Nile reflect lofty colonnades that still front the sun and mighty

pyramids and pylons that rise like mountains from the plain.

But does everybody know that the Nile valley is a gallery of wonderfully beautiful pictures? I, at all events, had not realised it until its delicately-tinted panorama began to unfold. Of course, tourists had told me that it was "lovely." But then tourists are very free with their adjectives. They seem to lay in a stock with their kodak films and their steamer rugs. And they distribute them at times

without too nice a regard for fitness. It seems but the other day that an American girl assured us with earnest emphasis that the fairy palace of the Alhambra was "just too cunning."

Then that most misleading process, reason, seemed to indicate that the Nile would not be beautiful. Do we

like. That is its great recommendation. That is the point upon which its advance agents insist. But the sleepy Nile is venerable, historic and prehistoric, a river flowing out of the dawn of time; and surely irresponsible tourists have merely attached to it the tag "lovely" in their usual loose.



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN, WITH EARTHEN WATER-JAR

not know it as a sluggish river flowing through a belt of flat ribbon country which it fertilises by overflowing annually? And is not this ribbon of flat fertility bounded on both sides by desolate deserts? How can such a river be beautiful? The Rhine with its castled hills is "lovely," if you

generous, even superlative fashion.

You have this feeling at any rate till you get on the Nile; but, before the gong goes for dinner on that first night, you know better. It was almost ludicrous, as our little river boat steamed up toward the bridge that crosses the river at the head of the



WATER-CARRIERS OF THE NILE

island of Roda, to see every man and woman of us take one long, gasping look at the perfect picture presented by the palms, the gliding feluccas with their lateen sails, the arrow-

straight women filing up the banks with graceful water jars on their heads; and then with one accord dive into our cabins for our cameras. This was a chance not to be lost. But as



THE WHITE TEMPLE OF QUEEN HATSHEPSOWET
BEHIND THE HILL OF ROCK LIES THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

the placid days passed, we had myriads of such chances; and it finally took something startling to tempt us into risking a film.

Still, to the amateur photographer the Nile banks are an unceasing temptation. One could almost fancy that Eastman had invented them. We never tired of watching the lines of swinging camels marching in single file against the horizon, eager groups of natives at the landing-places, men filling goat skins with Nile water, women coming down from the mud villages with their water jars and washing their faces, feet and ankles before they waded out into the current to fill them. Then we took an interest in *shadufs*. The *shaduf* is a bucket of skin hung on the end of a well-sweep which a native fills in the river and then swings up and empties into an irrigating ditch. Sometimes it takes three of them to lift the water

up the bank, one above the other.

Most of us missed one photograph early in the voyage which we would have dearly loved, and that was of a man being put ashore at a place where we could not get near enough to the bank to run out a gang-plank. First, he took off his shoes—he had no stockings—and flung them out on the bank. Then a boatman plunged boldly over-board into the water, which engulfed him to the waist. Next the passenger got astride the boatman's neck and was carried to the bank, whither another boatman bore his bundles. Here he gathered them all together, picked up his shoes and prepared to walk overland some two or three miles to the town for which he was "booked." The commoner way, however, where there was no barge moored to serve as a wharf, was to run the nose of the boat straight into the mud of the bank,



A NILE VILLAGE. SHOWING UPPER STORIES FOR PIGEONS

let the vessel swing round a bit and then push out a plank from the boat to the shore. Two boatmen then dropped into the water and held a long pole alongside this plank which was to serve as a handrail for nervous passengers, especially women. There were never any mis-steps, and the boatmen calmly dried their clothes on the front deck as we steamed on.

But this is getting away from the message of this writing, which is to tell you that on your Nile trip you will think far more of the beauty of the valley than of the hoary monuments it contains. The largest contributors to that beauty are undoubtedly the bare hills that come shouldering down to the banks, now on this side and now on that, and amaze one that there should be so much majesty of scenery in a desert river valley. Whatever the geologists may tell us, there surely was never anything half so old in the world as

these hills look. They are so visibly worn and scarred by the storms of time. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a spear of green, relieves their absolute nakedness. They are too aged for such frivolities of youth. Growth, the rejuvenation of the seed-time, have nothing to do with these dead and mummified remains of an older world. They seem to say to you in a voice that the passing centuries have wearied: "You think the pyramids are old, and you do not know the date of the sphinx; but they are all toys of yesterday when compared with us."

The years have not only scarred—they have worn them into a thousand marvellous shapes. The ceaseless play of the wind, edged as it always is with a chisel of drifting sand, has wrought like a sculptor on their hoary headlands. All, of course, has been done on a gigantic scale. Yonder rises the tower of a Norman castle, and beyond appears the fretted facade



FISHING WITH NETS AND RAISING WATER WITH THE SHADUF

of a cathedral. A larger sphinx than that of Gizeh bulks against the sky, while natural pyramids are the commonest of illusions. As for the scars cut in the rounded surfaces, they—as nowhere else—are “beauty marks.” They stand out clear and uncompromising, there being nothing but the golden sand to mask an erosion—none of that swift charity of foliage which moister climes offer. And every depression, every wound and swelling, has its effect upon the ever-shifting colouring.

The colouring — there I have said it. That is the secret of the beauty of these hills. Not being a landscape painter—nor even a lady—I cannot tell you what the colouring is; but I can tell you that it is never twice the same. It varies with the distance, the angle, the light, and possibly the material in the surfaces. Commonly it is too warm for a gray, too misty for a brown, too indistinct for a red; and yet frequently it has something of all three. The covering sand which at times pours down from the deserts

over these barrier ranges like a Niagara, is pure gold under the direct rays of the sun—such a vivid, rich, yellow gold as you will hardly imagine. When distance lends its enchantment, a mistiness comes in the yellow and the rivers of sand are ribbons of torn cloud trailing about the bolder peaks. But distance brings, too, a desert change to the hills themselves which become unsubstantial and vision-like as they lie floating on the horizon. Then—especially under the afternoon sun—they are quite the loveliest things your dreams have ever revealed to you. No painter that I know of has seen such hills save the great Turner; and his sun-washed cloudlands become realities in the valley of the Nile.

Of course, it is all in the light. That French school of art which insists that there is nothing to paint but light, must have learned its creed in Egypt. Tumbled piles of bare rock and drifted sand may be much the same in all countries; but the air and light of this “gift of the desert”

glorifies them, gilds them, sows them with colour, turns them into things of the rarest beauty. A lesson in the effect of light was taught me one day at Assouan when we were ploughing our way up a sandy road to see the ruins of an old Coptic convent. I happened to look down at my boots after they had slipped about in the sand for a while, and they were a distinct blue. I wondered why yellow sand had made my boots blue, and then I noticed that the sand itself was full of blue particles. Here then was the blue sand which had stained my boots a decided but misty blue, and I thought how odd I should look on the streets of Assouan in blue boots. But when I got back, they were not blue; they were simply dusty. The blue tinge had been a trick of the light. After this experience, I hope that I shall be becomingly modest in the presence of the freakiest colourings of the impressionist painters.

Talking of pictures, there was a man on our boat who had brought with him the best thing in the camera line which one could imagine for the scenes that are to be picked up here. It was a cinematograph machine. When we were coming into a wharf where the bank was swarming with native life, he would get his machine in position and be prepared to take a "moving picture" of all that went on. The gesticulations of the vendors of shawls, beads and scarabs — "good — ver' good — how much you give?" — the calmer attitudes of the men and girls who brought sugar-cane down to sell to the native passengers, the rushing about of the boatmen carrying on and off freight, the swift descent of the native policeman upon the mischievous boys who had clambered onto the barge with an eye to *bakshish*, and all the other lively scenes of the landing-place. One day, however, he got his prize series, and I fear that some good English folk will get the lock-law next winter when he comes to

exhibit the "moving pictures" in his drawing-room at home. It was the arrival at the boat-side of our little company of tourists who had just been off on donkeys to see the rock tombs at Beni-hassan. If there is anything funnier in this world than we were when we had got into our pith helmets, with a yard of fluttering cloth behind to keep off the sun and a yard of veiling in front to keep off the flies, and then attempted to sit on the aft deck of a jiggling donkey while a barefooted imp ran behind and twisted his tail to make him go, I would like to see it. Some of us tried to carry sun umbrellas to add to the grotesqueness of the spectacle, and all of us rode with the easy grace which would be expected of bigoted pedestrians who had never met a donkey in real life before. The section of English society which the cinematograph man favours, is certainly in for a treat.

No camera will ever do justice to Nile scenery, however, until colour photography has become certain and capable of delicate shades. The beauty of most of the "bits" of *genre* depends upon the colouring. For instance, the women who come out on the roofs of the village houses to gaze at the passing boat make splashes of colour against the dull mud background of their homes—yellow, red, blue, with golden anklets flashing above their naked feet. Then the spare brown athletes labouring at the *shadufs*—you cannot imagine them unless you see the rich bronze of their skins shining in the sun and revealing the play of the muscles beneath. They are as lithe as panthers, as swift in their swoop down to plunge their buckets in the river as the thrust of a piston, often as perfect in form as statues in a museum. The girls and boys are commonly clad in one garment only, a flowing robe that hangs free from the shoulder; and when the wind blows it against their figures, they, too, become living statues of whatever colour the purchaser of the robe himself fancied.

The villages are picturesque variations from the sand banks and waving wheat fields which usually line the river. They are commonly clusters of mud houses piled together in haphazard fashion in the midst of a grove of palms. Of the grace of the palm I need say nothing. With its erect trunk and its crown of pendent fronds, flung into the air like an arboreal firework, it is as pleasing to northern eyes, accustomed to bushier and more compact trees, as the swing of a camel caravan or the solemn dignity of a crane knee deep in the Nile. Frequently the tops of the houses have a sort of castellated appearance from the spacious pigeon-lofts which are built there to accommodate these birds that go so well in a pie. But, after all, it is the villagers who give life to the picture. They appear at most unexpected places— young girls on the roofs with kohl blackened eyes, carrying nearly naked babies astride on their shoulders; women marching out of the street ends erect as caryatides under their water jars; turbaned men standing in dignified groups in front of a sun-flooded wall.

It is easy to believe the common legend that they think tourists mad. Here are we spending our good money to see empty ruins and even wasting photographic films upon themselves. Some of them are willing to humour us in this folly by repeating the patter they have learned: "Temple Ram'ses — good—ver' good—old—ver' old—fine—ver' fine;" but they are not deceived themselves. They are moved by the spirit of the donkey boys, who will tell you—"good donkey — good donkey-boy — donkey name, 'Telephone-Telegraph' — my name, Hassan," because they think you will be tickled by such names and laugh in *bakshish*. Mad millionaires we all are; and merchants come on board at the way stations to tempt us with wonderful shawls of gold and silver, and strings of more or less precious stones, and scarabs made—they say

—in New Jersey, and "finkuses" (sphinxes) of clay. Then the ladies find that there are "beauties" of the Nile that can be handled and priced and carried off home.

Another beauty of the Nile which some of our photographers tried to carry home, was the sunsets. But at best they must have missed the marvellous colouring; and a Nile sunset without the colouring would be like the daylight fireworks they sometimes essay to amuse the children. There are not even clouds to help out a photograph. The sun sinks into a sea of gold in a cloudless sky; and for a time the best of the sunset is to be seen in the east where bands of delicate hue blend into each other across the wide heavens. Then the tints slowly fade into velvet dark picked out by stars; and you turn to the west again and find it a glory of soft shadings glimmering over the desert—that mystic land of the dead where Osiris reigns.

If you are lucky as we were, these living lights—they are almost like our own aurora—do not fade out utterly until you are conscious that they are being replaced by the cold, dead light of the moon. Our trip up the river was during the week of the full moon, and the evenings when we sat on deck and watched the brilliant moonlight of Egypt work its witchery with this thoroughly foreign and strange Nile scenery will, I think, never be forgotten by any of the little company. We were not the only Canadians in the party; and if what I have written is read by the others—Major C. M. and Mrs. Nellis of Saint Johns, Quebec—I think they will bear me out. It is hard to tell which was the more lovely—the palms about the villages with the moon sailing behind their slim columns and drooping foliage "capitals," or the terraced and bastioned hills with every crevice in high relief under the only light which discriminates, covering the ugly and calling out the beautiful. Upon all lay the misty cloak of unreality—the

river boats with silver sails, the receding hills crowned with the dazzling white domes of Mohammedan tombs, the low villages asleep under their sentinel palms.

I have accomplished something of an achievement. I have written what you will think a wearisome lot about the voyage up the Nile, and I have not mentioned—save for quoting a donkey-boy—Rameses nor raved about the temples nor dwelt among the tombs. But I think that a sketch of the beauties of the Nile would be marred by an evident avoidance of such things if I did not speak at least of that little kiosk on Philæ, popularly known as Pharoah's Bed, through which the waters of the Nile now flow; and the impressive majesty of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Both take their places with the beauties rather than with the interests of the Nile Valley. The kiosk of Philæ is unimportant from the standpoint of the Egyptologist; but, half submerged by the river as it is now, it is one of the loveliest sights which can greet the eye of the traveller anywhere.

Then the ride into the Valley of Death, where the old Pharaohs were buried, is an experience for which I

cannot find a parallel. Majestic—desolate—deathlike—winding in behind the barren barrier of the naked hills which shut it off from the fertile valley of the Nile, this desert ravine is an ideal place for the last sleep. No life could ever come there to disturb those who dwelt with Osiris—not even the shadow of a bird high in the blue, for nothing lies this way that could tempt its search. As a matter of fact, only two forms of life have come—the grave-robber and the tourist; and what Pharaoh can be powerful enough to guard against these twain? And of the two, is not the latter the most to be feared? Against the grave-robbers, the faithful priests were able to make some provision by hiding away the bodies of their kings in a secret shaft at Deir el-Bachri; but the tourists were not to be denied. They visit the tombs in clamorous companies, mispronouncing the names of the absent dead and misunderstanding the paintings on the walls; and they may even idle through the corridors of the splendid museum at Cairo and feast their curious eyes upon the very features of the great Rameses and the Seti for whom the finest tomb in the valley was made.



THE CANADIAN AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS

A COMPARISON

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL,

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IT has happened that I have within the last few years had occasion to attend meetings of bar associations in the United States, and to visit State and Federal courts. Nothing else upon these occasions has so attracted my attention and excited my wonder as the relative amount of discussion of constitutional questions. I do not think I exaggerate when I estimate the time occupied in such discussions at more than one-fourth of the whole. In Canada, on the contrary, perhaps not one per cent. of the time of such bodies is thus taken up.

This is an exceedingly curious or, rather, interesting, point of difference between two peoples largely of the same language, same origin, similar institutions and customs, and actuated by the same motives and aspirations. And it may not be entirely without advantage briefly to consider this difference.

It all rests on the fundamental fact that Canada has in substance the same constitution as the United Empire. The British North America Act of 1867 begins with the preamble "Whereas the Provinces of Canada. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have expressed their desire to be federally united into one Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a con-

stitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom." This desire was granted.

Now the United Kingdom has in reality no constitution at all in the sense in which the word is used in the United States.

In Britain this or that is said to be "constitutional" or "unconstitutional" as it is conceived to conform or not to conform to the general principles, more or less vague, upon which it is thought the Empire is governed. What these principles are is often a matter of opinion. They are changing from generation to generation and have nowhere an authoritative presentation.

In the United States the fathers of the Union collected what they believed to be the true principles upon which government should be carried. Most of these they got from the Mother Country. These principles were reduced to writing, and so became fixed. No better illustration can be found of the truth of the saying "The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life" than the course since that time of the Constitutions of the two nations. In the old land the Constitution is changing from time to time to meet the advance of the people and change of views. In the United States everything is referred

to the letter of the written document framed a century and more ago. The United Kingdom has the most profound confidence in the people; the United States the most profound suspicion. In the former the people must have their way; in the latter they can have their way only so far as they are allowed by the terms of a document framed by the hand of a dead and gone generation. The nation which is called feudal and aristocratic is wholly free to do as the people say; that which is called democratic is hemmed in on every hand by barriers as of iron: and these not of their own making. The President of the United States has even now practically all the powers of the British King of the time of George III., while the power of the King has been continually changing and diminishing. And so in our government—as I have already said—we have, speaking generally, the same Constitution as the Mother Country.

There is, of course, the division of the objects of legislation between Dominion and Province, but given that the object of legislation is within any class of subjects assigned to Dominion or Province (as the case may be) there is no question of the extent of the power of parliament or legislature respectively.

Now this, it seems to me, is the cardinal difference between the two countries. In the United States, Congress may legislate upon a subject admittedly within its jurisdiction, but if the legislation clash in any way with the provisions of the Constitution, it is void. And not only if it be contrary to an express provision of the Constitution, but also if it be opposed to what the courts may have read into the Constitution.

By Section 10, Article 1, of the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that "No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts." [There is nothing, I may say in passing, to prevent the United States in Congress passing such laws.]

The most extraordinary consequences have followed from this provision. For example, in 1769 the King, George III., granted to the trustees of Dartmouth College in New Hampshire a charter of incorporation as a private charitable institution. After the Revolution—in 1816—the legislature of the State of New Hampshire passed an Act taking away from the trustees the government of this college and vesting it in the executive of the State—in other words, changing the college from a private to a State institution. The Act, while continuing the trustees as a corporation as Trustee of Dartmouth University, purported to form a new body called a Board of Overseers, of whom the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, were ex-officio members, and to this Board of Overseers was given the power of confirming or vetoing the acts of the trustees relating to the appointment and removal of president, professors and permanent officers, the determination of their salaries, the establishment of professorships, and the erection of new buildings. The Legislature, later on in the same year, passed another act, making it an offence for any one to act as president, professor, etc., except in conformity with the Act just named. One Woodward had been secretary-treasurer of the corporation before the passing of the Acts, but he apparently took sides with the Legislature because he was removed by the Trustees of Dartmouth College before the last Act, and he was re-appointed by the trustees of Dartmouth University organised under the new Acts. The old board brought an action against him for taking possession of the books of their records.

It will be seen that the simple question was: Had a new corporation of trustees of Dartmouth University been legally created? And that depended upon whe-

ther the Acts of the Legislature were valid. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire decided that the Legislature had not exceeded its authority, and so dismissed the action. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The case for the old board was argued by the celebrated Daniel Webster, and the Supreme Court decided that the charter was a contract. The Chief Justice, the well-known John Marshall, says: "It can require no argument to prove that the circumstances of this case constitute a contract." Then the court proceeded to hold that this charter was a contract of the kind protected by the Constitution, and that the Legislature had no right to change it in any way.

In Canada the Legislature, without any hesitation, entirely changed the constitution of King's College, the predecessor of the University of Toronto; and no one imagined that the legislation was vulnerable in any point.

If to-morrow the Legislature should decide to change the status of Queen's University, there can be no doubt that it has the power to do so. If even the change were to bring about a relation of that University to the Methodist Church identical with that it now bears to the Presbyterian Church, the validity of the legislation would not be questionable.

So in England, the position of the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been seriously modified by Parliament; and no one in or out of Parliament questions the power of Parliament to make even more radical changes.

Again, if any enterprise receive a charter, that charter can be either in the old land or in Canada modified or abrogated at the will of the law-making body and without the consent of the corporation or any one else. In the United States, if any State should grant any exclusive privilege, this grant is looked upon as a con-

tract and cannot be recalled. For example, if a State were to grant to a named individual or corporation the sole right for a fixed term to establish a slaughter house in a certain city, (and it has been held that a legislature may validly give such a right) the monopoly would be irremediable and the people helpless. With us, the law-making body can take what it can validly give.

If a State make an arrangement with any person or corporation that it will not tax property or rights or franchises, or will tax at only a fixed rate agreed upon, this, too, if for consideration, is a contract; and the Legislature cannot take up its lost sovereignty and exercise the power of taxation at will. Our Legislature cannot contract itself out of any of its powers given by the British North America Act. No act of the Legislature is so binding that it cannot be repealed by the Legislature or its successor.

In the case of a contract made by a State, some at least of the States manage to get out of any difficulty. For example, when I was in Missouri last fall at a meeting of the Bar Association of that State, I heard a long discussion as to whether the State had broken its contract with a firm of publishers in another State. I confess it seemed to me that the State had been in the wrong; and I asked why the matter was not tried in the courts. To my astonishment, I was told that the State, being sovereign, could not be sued: that as there was no such proceeding as exists in all British countries for testing the meaning of a contract with the Government, the publishers had to go without redress.

A writer in *The American Law Review* quotes me as saying: "Of the matters of difference between your country and mine, the third is a matter which I can't quite get through my mind so as to reconcile it with my sense of justice. I heard yesterday, and I understand it is the law, that no man

has a right of action against the Sovereign State. In my country, in our jurisprudence, if a person conceives himself to be wronged by the Sovereign, all he has to do is state his facts by way of petition to the attorney-general, and with the leave of the attorney-general the matter is brought into court and threshed out the same as an ordinary civil action. No court can compel the Sovereign to do what it does not want to do. The jurisdiction of the court over the Sovereign is only advisory. It says what is just and right and proper; but the theory of our law is, and I suppose it should be the theory of all law, that the Sovereign body does not intend to do wrong, and, if it has unintentionally done wrong, then, being informed of its wrong by properly constituted authority, that Sovereign body will right the wrong. In our jurisprudence we say the King does not intend to do wrong. His subjects, or mere denizens, might have a contract with His Majesty in Canada. He wouldn't intend to do any wrong. He might believe, his advisers might believe, the contract meant one thing; you might say, 'No, I intended it to mean another, let the court determine what that actually means,' and His Majesty, truly advised, says, "if I am wrong, of course I will do you justice."

A provision in the same part of the Constitution is that no person is to be deprived of property without due process of law. No matter in what devious ways a person may have become possessed of property, and no matter to what amount, he cannot be deprived of any part of it without due process of law; and a law cannot be framed up to meet the case because *ex post facto* legislation is forbidden. For example, if a railway company has issued its bonds bearing a high rate of interest, legislation cannot give to the company the power to replace these with debentures at a lower rate against the will of a *bona fide* holder. The Parliament of the Dominion did

pass such legislation, and no one in Canada dreamt of questioning its validity; but the courts of the United States, apparently looking upon legislatures with us as of the same powers as their own, held that this statute was void.

In a very well known case in Ontario it was contended that a company had acquired vested rights to a certain valuable mine, which was afterwards declared by the Legislature to belong to another company. The courts in Ontario without any dissent or difference of opinion (and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have approved) considered that even if the first-named company owned the disputed property, the Legislature had the power to take it away.

So the right to bring an action at law is a right which cannot be taken away from anyone in the United States. Congress tried by statute in 1863 to make any order of the President during the rebellion a valid defence in all courts against any action for arrest or imprisonment, etc., made under such order. But the courts promptly held that Congress had no power to deprive citizens of redress in the courts for illegal arrests and imprisonments.

In Canada we have had statutes of indemnity, *e. g.*, in 1838. After the Rebellion an Act was passed (1 Vic., c. 12) which recited that before and during the "insurrection" it became necessary for justices of the peace, officers of the militia and others in authority in the Province, and also for loyal subjects, to apprehend persons charged or suspected of joining in the insurrection. The Act then provided that all proceedings brought for such acts should be void and the persons who had committed them indemnified. All such proceedings were to be stayed, and if the plaintiffs went on they should be liable for double costs. No one had the slightest idea that this Act was not perfectly valid. So in Ireland a similar Act was passed after the Rebellion of 1798:

and also in Cape Colony in 1836, 1847 and 1853; in Ceylon in 1848; in Saint Vincent in 1862, and in New Zealand in 1865 and 1867. In Jamaica, after the troubles of 1865, the Legislature passed an Act of indemnity which had the effect of preventing the prosecution of actions against Governor Eyre.

In Ontario we have had a recent instance of the exercise of such a power by the Legislature. In the Hydro-Electric matters, the Legislature has said actions are not to be taken or, if taken, are not to be proceeded with. The courts so far have upheld the power so exercised.

A law of New York State authorised anyone to take an animal trespassing on his lands and have it sold by a justice of the peace, who would first retain his own fees, then pay the person trespassed upon for the keep of the animal and hand the remainder to the owner of the animal if he should claim it within one year. This was held to be unconstitutional. Our pound-keepers are exercising this power of sale every day under the provisions of a chapter in our Revised Statutes.

By the Constitution of the United States and the several States, the term of office of President and Governor is fixed. Short of impeachment, there is no way of getting rid of a Chief Executive no matter how much he may run adverse to the desires and opinions of the people. The term of representatives and Senators is fixed and no power exists to shorten this a day. In our system, in practice a new election can be called at any time that it is thought advisable by a ministry which can command a majority in the Parliament and often by one that cannot—a parliament may extend its own life indefinitely.

The Prime Minister of Canada, who (and not the Governor-General) corresponds in Canada with the President in the United States, cannot remain in power a day without the support of the majority of the people's repre-

sentatives. Compare with his position that of President Johnson, who held his position for years while bitterly distrusted and disliked by a majority of the citizens of the United States.

It seems to me that the cardinal difference between Canada and the country to the south is well illustrated by the process of legislation. In the United States the executive officers do not sit in Congress—they are not responsible for the legislation at all. President Taft made his campaign largely upon a promise that the tariff should be revised. He could not introduce a bill himself. That must be done by a member of Congress. No direct responsibility rested upon the President for the bill introduced. All he could do was to intimate openly or secretly to congressmen what his views and wishes were, and to use the influence given him by his power of appointing to offices in the service of the country, if he considered such a use of this influence proper. He could not in person in the House or Senate defend any provision or assail any amendment proposed. And the President has or has not "made good" according as to how far he has been able by the exercise of influence or argument or persuasion in having his promises implemented. But nobody holds him responsible for the tariff. It is not "Taft's Bill," but it is the "Payne-Aldrich Bill," like the former Dingley Bill," "Wilson Bill," and "McKinley Bill." And whether he has pleased his party or the nation, he sits until the end of his term: and he would have done so had his party been defeated in Congress and Senate and utterly routed before the electorate. No responsible officer is responsible for the legislation.

Now, in Canada, if an election is fought on any issue the required legislation is introduced by a responsible ministry. If they can command a majority of the people's representatives, it in practice passes into law after having been scrutinised by the Senate. If

the responsible ministry cannot command a majority of the House, a new prime minister is sent for and a new ministry formed, and these take the responsibility for legislation. If the people do not like it, the members soon find that out; and there is or need be no delay in public opinion making itself felt. No prime minister has any fixed term of office: and he cannot sit serene in the consciousness that he cannot be removed.

A word or two as to the position of the courts. I think the people of the United States were the first to put themselves absolutely under their courts. It is for the courts to declare the meaning of the Constitution, to determine the constitutionality or otherwise of an enactment. The legislatures cannot set aside a construction of the law already determined by the courts, nor compel the courts to adopt in future a particular construction of a statute allowed to remain in force; nor can the legislatures, for example, compel the courts to grant a new trial or extend time for appealing to a party who had allowed the time prescribed by the general law to expire.

With us, the legislatures are supreme in all such matters. The courts are not instituted by any constitution; they were all instituted by the legislatures, all their powers came from the legislatures, and the same hand which gave can take away. As was said in one case, "If the legislature has in fact said that the true boundary between two adjoining lots is to be determined by three farmers or by a land surveyor, it is my duty loyally to obey the order of the Legislature and stay my hand; the Legislature has the legal power—and that is all I may concern myself about—to say that His Majesty's Court shall not determine the property rights of His Majesty's subjects in respect of the extent of their land."

It will at once be observed that this is closely allied to the principle we have already been examining as to

the sacredness of private rights; but it goes much further. The substance is that the dead and gone generation is in the United States saying to the present and living, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—a prohibition to which I do believe no British people would submit.

In this, as in everything else in our Constitution, the people are the ultimate court of appeal, and they hold the ministry of the day responsible for all the acts of parliament or legislature. So in the exercise of the powers of legislation which I have referred to, if parliament or legislature should take away a charter once granted, the people might disapprove and punish the responsible ministry by refusing them a majority. If the people thought that the courts should not be closed to litigants, they could say so. And generally all the acts of the legislating bodies come or should come for judgment from time to time by the citizens of Canada, and it is for them to say what is to be allowed and what forbidden.

In the other country, it is not the people who can allow or disallow. The people are not trusted. They cannot say to a monopolist: "You shall not retain your ill-gotten wealth." They cannot say to one who is litigating simply to embarrass the construction or operation of a great public work: "You shall not litigate."

All this power possessed by Canadian legislating bodies is old—there is nothing new about it. It is possessed by our kinsmen across the sea, by our kinsmen in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and elsewhere; and thus far, at least, there seems to be no symptom of any move to limit or change it.

Parliament and the Legislative Assembly could not themselves validly restrict their power—if any self-denying ordinance should be passed to-day it might be rescinded and repealed tomorrow by the same body which enacted it, or next year or next century by a successor. The only way

in which these powers can be validly limited is by an Act of the Imperial Legislature; and that I cannot think will ever be applied for or passed *in invitum*.

It is sometimes said by those who should know better that there was no intention to give such great powers to the Provinces or Dominion, and that the British North America Act in that regard was passed, as it were, in inadvertence. Nothing can be further from the truth. Elsewhere I have said, and I repeat:

"It is sometimes said that the British Parliament could not in passing the British North America Act have intended to confer on a local legislature such unlimited powers. The best way of determining what a parliament intends is to find out the meaning of what it says. The meaning of the language is perfectly plain and does not admit of question. Those who assert that the British North America Act does not express the real meaning and intent of parliament, it seems to me, forget that practically all the power Ontario has, she has had from the time of the Act of 1791, 31 Geo. III., ch. 31. It was not just the other day that our Province 'came of age'—she is over 100 years old. All the powers we have been considering were undoubtedly hers since 1791. And I much mistake the temper of my countrymen if they in 1867 would have been or would now be content to accept any legislation which would cut down in any wise their power of governing themselves. All these powers are possessed in fact by our kinsmen across the seas, and for myself I can see no reason why our rights in Ontario in local matters should be any less than the rights of those in the British Isles, why Britons on this side of the Atlantic should any less govern themselves than those on the other.

"Nor were those who drew up the British North America Act ignorant men. The colonial statesmen were men of great ability, who knew what

they wanted, and knew how to put in plain language what they did want. They had the assistance of the ablest lawyers in England; they were experienced legislators themselves; and it is idle to speak of the result of their labours as being other than what was intended."

I have not said anything about the power to amend the Constitution in the United States. Such a power does exist, but it is so slow and the machinery so cumbrous that it might for all practical purposes be non-existent. We in Canada can change our Constitution in an hour if both Houses of Parliament or the legislative body are willing. A majority of both houses can force a change within, at the most, a few months. No change can in the United States be made immediately if every man in the country from President down should desire it—and no really contested change can be effected in as many years as we require months. Take, for example, the constitutional amendment proposed a short time ago by President Taft, giving the United States the power to impose an income tax. The proposition is dragging its slow length along, and it almost seems as though the objection of one man, Governor Hughes, was effective to prevent its adoption. "The Government" cannot force it through, and it must take its course, involving, perhaps, years.

I suppose that it is not to be expected of me, a Canadian and a British Judge, that I should be able to form a wholly unbiased opinion as to the relative value of the two Constitutions, but, for what it is worth, I may be permitted to say that with such study as I have been able to give to the subject, and such intellect as I am blessed with, I am wholly sure that ours offers the best hope for the future, for the advantage of the commonalty, both in wealth and in intelligence, and for the realisation of the prophetic anothegm, "All men are born free and equal."

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

A COMPARISON

BY L. E. HORNING,

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT VICTORIA COLLEGE

UP to a few years ago England was considered by all nations as the undisputed mistress of the seas and the financial centre of the world. It is still, as in Napoleon's day, a "nation of shopkeepers," far in advance of other continental people in the development of the constitutional political rights of its citizens generally; a nation *slow*, dogged and determined in character, of a very practical, common-sense turn of mind, disinclined to take up with new ideas, served in its world-wide Empire by a well-trained body of diplomats second to none in the world, diplomats actuated by the highest ideals, characterised by honest dealing and by devotion to England's cause. And all this we believe to be as true to-day as it has been in the past, of the King upon his throne as well as of the humblest *Tommy* in the ranks.

Everyone of us who knows English history has full right to be proud of the Empire to which we belong and to exult in the pride with which we salute our Union Jack. But, while this is our rightful boast, it is also our bounden duty to open our eyes and to keep them "front." Time moves on, and in its march men and things grow old, so that what is good to-day may and probably will not suit to-morrow. Great movements and great epochs are succeeded by times of lassitude and quiet, in which

we settle down to a daily round of unprogressive life. In some matters England is far in advance, but in others, especially in educational matters, she has lagged most lamentably. The moss-grown and venerable Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have had a glorious past, but they have gradually been left far in the rear in many departments. Because of their unwillingness to adapt themselves to the needs and to the development of the present, the merchants and mechanics of Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, London, and Wales, not to mention other cities, have been forced to establish new schools and new colleges where the students may keep pace with world-development and be trained to meet the citizens of other nations on an equal footing. Educationally, England is still in the rear, although lately she has been making great strides towards a better state of affairs.

The "tight little island" has always stood more or less apart from the other European nations in her development, and not even her colonies have always shared in her plans, her ambitions, her ideals. To-day that is all changed, and who can say what the twentieth century has in store for us of British connection. Much as many of us deplored the South African war from the standpoint of justice

and square-dealing, it has brought about a new condition of affairs within our Empire. As Kipling says to the Colonials in "The Parting of the Columns":

"But 'twasn't merely this an' that
(which all the world may know),
'Twas how you talked an' looked at
things which made us like you so,
All independent, queer and odd, but most
amazin' new,
My word! You shook us up to rights.
Good-bye, good luck to you."

* * *

"We'll never read the papers now without
inquirin' first
For word from all those friendly dorps
where you was born and nursed."

* * *

"Good-bye, you bloomin' atlases! You've
taught us something new;
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-
bye—good luck to you!"

Or, as one of our own students very cleverly put it, "From now on and henceforth it is not John Bull alone, but John Bull and Sons, unlimited, that faces the world, of friends—and foes."

Across the North Sea we see a sister nation who has within a generation come into her own. One thousand years ago the sandy plains of Brandenburg did not seem a probable nursery for future greatness, but little by little there grew up in and around that small barren district, a duchy, whose throne, in 1415, was given to the Hohenzollerns. And what fires these people have passed through in the refining process! Backward and forward over those plains have surged the hostile armies of Europe, Slav and Teuton in the earlier centuries, Catholic and Protestant in the Thirty Years' War, French and Austrian and Prussian in the eighteenth century, and French and Russian and German in the great Napoleonic struggles. These all brought death and destruction in their train as they thundered over the land. But the Brandenburgers and Prussians, prince and people, became inured to hardship, accustomed to frugality, resourceful and patient, un-

til as a result of all that long training and of 1864, 1866 and of 1870-71, the great Franco-Prussian war, a new Empire and a mighty world-power suddenly deployed before Europe's astonished gaze. Small wonder that, after 500 years, the twentieth in succession, Emperor William II., should frequently refer with a very pardonable, even if sometimes somewhat injudicious pride, to "my Brandenburgers" and their glorious deeds. Few reigning houses, if any, in Europe have such an honourable history behind them. Naturally the politicians of other lands have continued to be disturbed, for these Germans are ready and equal to defending what they have won. Fear has also fallen upon many that they will want still more. The German has every right to be proud of *his* history and *his* success, so long worked for and so creditably used when attained. In spite of the fact that the German army is the best fighting machine in the world, there has been no war in forty years. This is a very important point and not to be lost sight of when considering the present situation. As Doctor Holland Rose rightly says, "If Kaiser Wilhelm had always aimed at our destruction, why did he not seize the opportunity accorded by the early disasters of the Boer war?" England was then isolated—now it is Germany.

The army is an absolute necessity to Germany. She has no natural boundaries, as has England, which take the place of men—Russia on the east and France on the west are watchful and armed and agreed for defence and offence. She would be foolish to sleep on her laurels. But, of course, there is no hiding the fact that such a standing army of non-producers is a terrible drain on the financial resources of the country. There is, without doubt, a great menace in the presence of such a large body of men, whose trade it is to think out means to destroy their fellows and to scheme for national aggrandisement. Probably the thought

of this menace got on the nerves of some neurotic English politician with the result that that absurd story of the toast to "The Day" took form in his disordered imagination.

But far greater in peace than in war have been the conquests of Germany. As a result of the war of 1870-71, there was poured into the lap of Germany riches unheard of before. Immediately there began, first of all, an era of speculation, but after that a period of solid development, slow at first, but from 1880 increasingly rapid, which has had one tremendous result, that of removing Germany from the ranks of the agricultural nations and of placing her in the list of the industrial States. Some sixty per cent. of her population now depend upon industries for their livelihood. Naturally enough, Germany produces more than her own 60,000,000 of people require, and she is forced to seek other markets. She came upon the scene only to find the best parts of the earth already in the hands of the English. Therefore, not having colonies of her own, she must seek foreign markets. And that she has done with such success, sending out her scientifically produced wares in her own ships, and splendid ships they are, into every part of the world, that "Made in Germany" has rightly become a "brand," a trade-mark to imitate. And all this would have been impossible but for the encouragement given to scientific progress in all departments of study, whether technical or industrial, medical or theological, and but for the honour and deference paid, willingly and ungrudgingly, to the investigator in every walk of life. Education, free, full, encouraged and honoured, is at the foundation of all this wonderful development of modern Germany. This it is which makes her twenty-two universities, her numerous technical institutes, her trade schools, all her higher institutions the Mecca of all inquiring minds whose look is forward rather than backward, whose eyes are "front."

Now all this trouble between England and Germany has its origin in "commercial rivalry," at which no one can wonder. The slow unimaginative Englishman found suddenly at his elbow everywhere an hitherto unknown scientifically trained competitor, underselling and out-generalizing him. Pained surprise gave place to vexation, naturally increased because his old-fashioned methods were handicapping him, and further increased by the self-confidence of the youthful rival. Of course, there is friction, and friction gives rise to *Dreadnoughts*, and *Dreadnoughts* give rise to a Canadian navy, and a Canadian navy gives rise to warships on the Great Lakes, and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad absurdum* and *ad nauseam*.

But what it is important to note is that education is the foundation of Germany's commercial greatness, therefore the base of all the trouble between these two great and kindred nations is *education*, the *superior scientific training* which the German possesses. You remember that a few years ago Lord Rosebery discovered this fact, when one of the earliest "German scares" found believers in English homes. And in 1907 Mr. Balfour, addressing a great convention of educationists in London, dwelt upon this same truth. So fruitful has this idea become that now English technical schools are helping to regain lost ground for the English artisan and "made in England" has become a slogan which has caused a great revival of English trade. All signs point to a new epoch in English industrial development.

And why all this pother about the German navy? Has not the German as much right to build *Dreadnoughts* as has the Englishman? Both are doing it with the one purpose in view, viz., protection to commerce. Both have great interests at stake; both are adding to the present danger by their methods of providing this protection. It stands to reason that when two

lustly opponents stand over against each other, both armed *cap-à-pie*, there is very grave danger that some comparatively irresponsible person may drop a spark into some tinder, and then the "fun" will begin.

Now, it is very probable that some of those reading this article believe that this will take place, that it is unavoidable, that it must come, and that the sooner it is over the better. I beg to differ and for reasons, for good reasons, I beg to differ.

Look to the East! Over the hills has broken the rosy morn of the twentieth century. And what can we see? Plenty of men who, looking backward, talk of war and bloodshed and hate between nation and nation. But there are other signs. First of all look at the almost miraculous development of the means of bringing the nations of the earth together. England's little railroad between Stockton and Darlington, ten miles, opened in 1825, only a life-time ago, had given place in 1905 to over 560,000 miles upon the earth, representing an expenditure of English and German and French and American and of world capital surpassing our imagination to conceive. And so with shipping. Six steamboats in 1820, in 1900 a total of 12,289, and England building more in 1909 than all the rest of the world put together. In 1819 the first steamboat took twenty-six days to cross the ocean, now we have just enough time to settle accounts with Neptune and we are across. Next our postal arrangements. In 1837, a year that many Canadians remember, the first idea of a common postage for all letters in England, in 1874, the postal union, imagined and worked out by a German. The first telegraph between Baltimore and Washington in 1844, and now the whole earth covered by a network of wires and wireless telegraphy, the newest development. The world is verily "no bigger than a kraal." These are some of the bonds which are exerting an ever-increasing

force upon the nations of the earth, bringing them into close touch and making them profoundly interested in each other's welfare.

Then consider carefully the mighty revolution wrought in industrial life by the introduction of machines. In 1840 a cotton weaver could prepare in a whole year, working thirteen to fourteen hours a day, some 9,500 yards of standard sheeting. In 1886 in one day of ten hours he produced 3,000 yards. With the increase of products is combined an increase of use and a lowering of prices. Furthermore, the raw material comes from various fields the world over and represents the employment of world capital on a large scale. Anything that affects the cotton trade of England, affects the consumers of cotton the world over. Just as we are now having a very striking example of the far-reaching influence of tariff questions, so the questions of trade and commerce generally are more than national, they are worldwide in importance, far transcending in magnitude, for the great mass of the people, such questions as *Dreadnoughts* and torpedo-destroyers

This unthinkable quantity of capital, daily increasing by huge figures, which is invested in trade and commerce, in railways and shipping and telegraphs, is not confined to the English alone, but the German is also becoming very largely interested. Now, does it not really stand to reason that the man or the statesman who loses sight of all these tremendous world-interests and can see nothing but *Dreadnoughts* and bayonets must be suffering from an optical illusion and be sadly in need of a new pair of glasses? To wantonly set to work to destroy his opponent's credit by a world war, such as that between England and Germany would largely be, in the vain imagining that his own would not also be as utterly destroyed, such an outrage passes comprehension. Surely there are enough keen business and financial

men in England and in Germany who will speak out so clearly and convincingly, in case of necessity, that the "fire-eaters" must listen. Indeed, at the celebration of the Emperor's birthday in London, Count Metternich did speak out, and his words are weighty, sensible and statesmanlike.

But there is still a second great hope. These wonderful means of intercourse between nation and nation, between hemisphere and hemisphere, to which the airship will soon be added, these all are bringing together the best spirits of the nations, the men of knowledge, and out of the interchange of ideas and out of the inspiration of progressive thought can come nothing but the highest common good. It is not so very long ago when few Canadians went abroad to finish their education. To-day they all look forward to a trip abroad "to top off." A few years ago the modern languages were not mentioned in the curricula of a great many universities, our own Toronto being a pioneer in this respect. To-day it is being generally recognised that the literatures of sturdy England and clever France and progressive Germany with their 1,000 to 1,500 years of development, are just as worthy of study as the literatures of Greece and Rome, with their meteor-like appearance, that they have just as much of the culture element, if that is rightly understood, and provide in their history and grammar a mental discipline no less effective than that of these dead tongues. And to-day the wide-awake German is insisting on his engineers and his students making a "student-trip" not only to England and France, these have been in vogue for a number of years, but even to America, as may be seen from the last number of the *Hochschulschriften*. You may be sure that those who come will not pass by Canada. Here is where the Englishman has once more been wofully behind. He could not, or, at any rate, did not, learn German; he did learn French.

It is necessary to emphasise the fact, and to so emphasise it, that we in Canada shall take note and *wake up*, viz.: that no man can be up-to-date to-day in any line of work whatever, he will not be acquainted with the latest advance of any science, unless he knows German, reads German and visits Germany. The student of the historical grammar of the English language cannot depend upon English alone; he must go to Germany, buy German books, follow German thinkers, and collectors and investigators. Germany can give us valuable hints as to the equalisation of taxation, on government ownership, on "state socialism," as one writer puts it, and on a great many other subjects. German scientific thought is a mighty factor in the world and all true Canadians and loyal Englishmen should be glad to pay the lawful tribute of gratitude. All German trained students, at home and abroad, are opposed to such insanity as a war between the two great kindred nations.

But there is still a larger, stronger hope, a faith in the common people. Look where one will, one sees a "yeasting" that gives token of great changes to come, changes for the better. In America, in England, in France, in Austria, in Russia, in Turkey, in Persia, in India, in Japan, in China, the world over there are popular movements, big with possibilities. Germany is no exception. Her common people are alive, struggling to gain political rights, growing to great influence in social and religious movements, all of which find reflection in her literature. The Junker party may oppose this development, the Chancellor may refuse political rights, but encouraged by popular successes in other countries, the battle will be continued until the victory is assured. The last general election resulted somewhat disastrously for the party of the people, although they polled by far the largest number of votes. Iniquitous franchise measures will not always rob them of

their rights and then we shall see, as in Austria, this party holding the balance of power. The names usually applied to it are unsatisfactory: Socialism, Radicalism, Democracy, none suit. It is really an industrial evolution, in which the principles of equality and brotherhood are making a mighty appeal to all hearts.

There is, of course, the possible danger, that the ruling classes may seek to unite the people at home by making war against a common foe and in this way avoid the loss of cherished and traditional privileges, which, however, will have to be surrendered in the course of natural development. This has been done and might be done again. But yet there is hope. The working classes are not isolated as they once were. The English workman is profoundly interested in the German labourer, the reverse is just as true, and both are deeply interested in America. The labouring classes are nearer to the realisation of

the "Parliament of man" than the higher classes. It might be quite possible for them to adopt the suggestion of Maurice Hewlett and proclaim a general strike on the day of a declaration of war. An international strike would very effectively put a stop to hostilities.

The Brotherhood of Man, a premature war-cry in the eighteenth century, is now much nearer realisation. The uplift is coming from below and will probably be more lasting. We see it in the Federation of Labour, in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, in the world-wide temperance wave, in the congresses of peace and in the 223 existing organisations for the development of international life and friendship, forty-three of which have their chief business offices in Germany, only twelve in England.

Therefore, let us be of good cheer. There is a silver lining to this dark cloud. Above all, let us despise the words and works of Blatchford *et al.*

PRAYER OF A MODERN

BY H. W. JAKEWAY

O LORD OF STRENGTH, I do not ask for power
 To beat down others in the market place.
 I pray for poise that I may hour by hour
 Meet well my duty with a cheerful face.

O Lord of Grace, let not my aim be rest,
 With life so short for what I have to do.
 But grant me restfulness—thus to invest
 With joy my hours of ease and labour too.

O Lord of Light, whatever I may learn
 Of what men in their little knowledge teach,
 Or wheresoever my poor mind may turn,
 Keep reverence in my heart, I do beseech.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT KINGSTON

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

MORE than two centuries has passed since Count Frontenac established a fort on the ground that is now the site at Kingston of the Royal Military College. The valiant French governor could scarcely have foreseen the great change that would gradually be wrought in the development of the village of Cataraqui, as the place was called at that time by the Indians, into the picturesque city of Kingston, with so important a military attachment. In accordance with the privileges of occupation and subjection, the name was changed to Fort Frontenac, and to the gallant French adventurer Chevalier de la Salle was given the place of first in command. At that time the fort's strategical importance was much greater than it is to-day, but it is still admirably located and naturally disposed for the garrisoning of troops and for the varied requirements of a military college. In the early days Fort Frontenac was for long a bulwark of the French occupation, and even after the British conquest it re-

mained a stronghold and garrison for British troops. So that there is in the site of the Royal Military College some historical association of a martial character.

One might well ask, How did it come about that a school for training in the arts of war should be established during times of peace in a country that is preëminent in its practice of the arts of peace? To answer that question one must go back over a space of thirty-five years to a time when, although the Dominion was on terms of amity with the whole world, there was nevertheless, or had been, cause for apprehension. The uprising in the Northwest had subsided for the present at least, but there were still fresh memories of the Fenian Raids, and, besides that, a great many of the Imperial troops had been withdrawn from the country. The Dominion Government of which the late Honourable Alexander Mackenzie was Prime Minister thought therefore that the time was opportune for the establishment of a



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN,
MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE FOR CANADA

military college, so that the local forces could be supplied with officers whose training had been received at home. A commissioner in the person of Colonel Fletcher, of the Grenadier Guards, who at the time was military secretary to the Governor-General, was sent to West Point Military Academy of the United States to ob-

serve the methods used there and to gather his conclusions into the form of a report. The government thereupon consulted with the Secretary of State for the Colonies (the Earl of Carnarvon) and the Governor-General of Canada (the Earl of Dufferin), with the result that the recommendations of Colonel Fletcher were adopt-

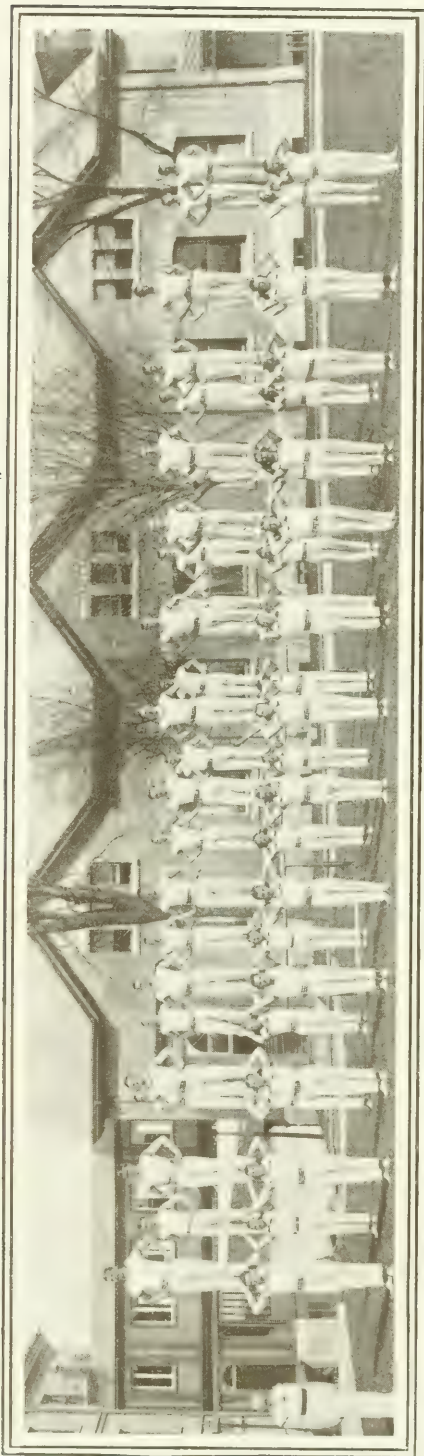


LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. V. CROWE,
COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

and plans laid out for the establishment of a college on a basis similar to the one at West Point. There is this point of difference, however, that, while at West Point the cadets have no fees to pay, the Government discharging all expenses, the Government does not pay any fees, apart from which, however, the

Government appropriates a considerable sum of money for the general maintenance of the college.

An important feature of the curriculum of the Royal Military College is the provisions made for compulsory study and practical training in civil pursuits as well as military science. Civil engineering, surveying and phy-



GYMNASIUM SQUAD. THE LIVING WALL



CADETS IN REVIEW ORDER



WINTER ORDER



CAVALRY ORDER



SUMMER ORDER



WALKING OUT ORDER



THE GYMNASIUM

Science have a well-defined place in the courses of study. These studies are quite naturally necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession, and they are required of officers in command and on staff appointments. These courses provide for a thorough grounding in the first principles of these sciences, and it is a well-known fact that at any of the universities students who have taken the course at the Royal Military College, and who do not wish to pursue a military career, are better equipped for the further studies of a purely civil profession than if they had received their preliminary training in the usual way. The practical side of things at the Military College is of first importance to the student, for there he engages in actual bridge-building, trench-making, dredging, and the like under the direct supervision of capable masters.

The youth who wishes to be a candidate for entrance to the Royal Military College must be of age more than sixteen and less than twenty, and he must pass a rigid examination both as to mental and physical qualifications and adaptability. Having passed the examination and been enrolled as a student, he at once comes under the King's orders and regulations respecting the army, the Army Act, the Militia Act of the Dominion, and all other rules and regulations to which His Majesty's troops are subject. Of course, this does not mean that he becomes a military machine, but it is intended to give him the proper military spirit and appreciation. He has duties to perform as well as courses of study to pursue. It is his duty to conform to all these according to the requirements of his superiors, or, in other words, according to the regulations of the college.



THE MESS ROOM AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

He must respect the institution and his fellows therein, and bear himself so that it and they will have good reason to respect him. Good conduct is demanded of him whether in class or on leave, and in no instance must he bear himself in any way that would not be regarded as becoming a gentleman cadet.

The first word in the motto of the College, the motto which was framed by the first Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. Hewett, is "Truth," and that is one of the first virtues that is impressed upon a student. He is expected to be truthful in all things. The next word in the motto is "Duty," a word that is often misconstrued and misapplied. In this respect it is used in its fullest and best significance. It is intended to eliminate selfishness, and indeed all consideration of self, when the question of what is required of him confronts the cadet, and that, of course,

is of the first importance in military training. The last word of the motto is "Valour." No better word could have been chosen, particularly in view of the records and conduct of soldiers who have gone forth from this college and gloriously fought and died for their country and Empire.

Besides the purely military branches of the course, which include equestrianism, as well as the usual drills with arms, accoutrements and quick-firing guns, there is also a series of strictly enforced practices that have a most important bearing on a cadet. He must rise, for instance, on the stroke of the gong and present himself in strict military order for the morning plunge. On a cold, gray morning when this performance is carried on out of doors from the spring-board on the wharf, it oftentimes demands even more nerve than the average youth, if left to himself, could muster. There are then other regula-



BRIDGE-BUILDING AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

tions as to toilet and the like which must be carried out with intelligence and punctuality, and for those who are indisposed there is a hospital drill, in which they are marched in line for examination by the physician in charge. For those who are unable to be about there is an isolation hospital. Throughout the day the various classes and drills are carried on with military precision.

The physical and moral aspect of the training at this college are of supreme importance. It would be a strange thing indeed if a young man could go through this course and not gain in strength of physique and robustness of constitution. At the college the habits are regular, and everything is done with a view of promoting health and strength. These blessings and good morals go hand in hand. Temperance in all things is demanded, and cadets are not permitted to enter bar-rooms or to bring intoxicating liquor on to the college premises. Healthful recreations are provided, such as gymnasium exercises, basket-ball, squash-racquet and

field and aquatic sports. Bed-time for the juniors comes at ten-thirty, and for the seniors at eleven. There are half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, on which days cadets may visit friends in the city or otherwise dispose themselves as they wish, in keeping with the requirements. But they must report at the college again by a stated hour the same evening.

Unlike most institutions of the kind, the Royal Military College is by no means purely military, and a young man might, with excellent discretion, be sent there even if neither he nor his parents had any intention of his pursuing a military career. Indeed, very many who pass through the college engage in civil pursuits with, in the opinion of many persons, a much better equipment for the battle of life than if they had received their training and education in some other manner. While the rules and regulations of the college are rigid, and much is expected of the cadet in exactitude and good behaviour, the college life is by no means dull and uninteresting. Here, for instance, is an extract from

a written account of his college days by one of the graduates of this college :

"How cold even a summer morning can be over on Point Frederick only those of us can know who used to parade regularly at 6.30 a.m., to be taught swimming by an instructor. But how we enjoyed a plunge off the same bathing wharf after a hot game of foot-ball or cricket! What an enjoyable hour we spent on winter evenings in the gymnasium, learning fencing, boxing, single-stick, and gymnastics, under probably the best instructor in Canada. The hard fought foot-ball and cricket matches we played and the merry dinners in the mess-room in the evening! We shall always remember some of those dinners. The splendid ice-boating and skating in the winter, the sailing and rowing in the summer. The glorious summer days we spent surveying, geologising or sketching. The Negro minstrels and athletic tournaments, the annual ball, by which we acknowledged the hospitality and kindness of our many friends in Kingston. The rifle and artillery matches, the riding lessons, the glee club in the winter and the songs on summer evenings out in the boats, or on the benches in front of the old Barracks, are for most of us, the pleasantest memory of four very happy years."

The college grounds are large and well laid out on a spit of land between two inlets from the Saint Lawrence. They command a view of Old Fort Henry on one hand and of the city of Kingston on another hand. The main education block is on the north side. It contains the class-rooms, staff offices, the library and reading-room and a large mess-room. Hard by is the new hospital, and directly opposite is the old gymnasium, which is now used as a drill-shed for quick-firing guns. The dormitory is on the east side, close to the water, and is usually occupied by more than one hundred cadets. The structure is familiarly known as the "Old Stone Frigate." In the basement of this building there is a well-equipped work-shop where the cadets receive a good course in manual training. The gymnasium stands quite close to the dormitory, and is a well-equipped modern building. Besides these buildings, there are on the college grounds

boat-houses, an electric power-house, modelling and pontoon sheds, quarters for some of the military officers, and cottages for the servants. The college is also equipped with a quarter-mile running track and a rifle-range and butts for distances up to six hundred yards.

The first Commandant was Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. Hewett, R.E., afterwards Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. His term of service extended from September, 1875, to May, 1886. The first class of recruits reported at the college on June, 1876, the class now called the "Old Eighteen."

The present Commandant is Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. V. Crowe, R.R., who came to the college from the command of the 28th Brigade, R.F.A. He has had a wide military experience, and is regarded as a most excellent officer for this very important duty. He was private secretary to the Governor of the Punjab from 1892 to 1897, and D.A.Q.M.G. of the Intelligence Department of the War Office from 1899 to 1902, and Chief Instructor in Military Topography and Military History and Tactics at the R.M.A., Woolwich, from 1904 to 1908.

The functions and equipment of the Royal Military College have been gradually and systematically extended and improved under the administration of the present Minister of Militia and Defence, Sir Frederick Borden. Lieutenant-Colonel Crowe is the first Commandant of the college who has been a general staff officer of the Imperial regular army with previous instructional experience, and the intention is to include in the staff of instructors at the college specially selected officers from the educational branch of the Imperial general staff. The college should, under the practice of that policy, raise the standard of proficiency among the officers of the Dominion forces, and make the institution itself the centre of the military genius of Canada.

PRINCE ALBERT TO LIVERPOOL BY WATER

BY LEN G. SHAW

FROM Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to Liverpool by water may seem like a far cry. In reality, it is well within the range of possibilities, with the probability becoming stronger each year, of cargoes of grain and flour from the great Northwest that is fast becoming the bread-basket of the world being laid down at European ports in the same bottoms in which they made the greater portion of, if not all, the journey nearly half-way around the globe.

Every time mention is made of a canal from the Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River, giving a direct route from the upper Great Lakes to Montreal and tidewater, American vessel owners along the inland seas are seized with paroxysms of mirth.

They will tell you, with an impressive sweep of the hand, as though their answer settled the question for all time, that such an undertaking is impracticable. Pressed further, they take refuge behind the threadbare argument that the expense would be too great, that Canada could not stand such a burden.

This, too, in the face of the fact that a land whose entire population is less than that of New York State has already spent more than \$90,000,000 for similar purposes; that Canadian enterprise made the Welland Canal possible, overcoming nature's seemingly insurmountable barrier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario; that Canadian engineering skill and Can-

adian money are responsible for the Saint Lawrence Canals, than which, for their size, there are none better; that Canadian push built the locks at the Canadian "Soo," giving the Canadian Northwest an outlet by water around the falls in Saint Mary's River independent of the United States

Careful surveys by government engineers have shown that a twenty-one foot channel from Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River, and down that stream to Montreal and tidewater, would cost approximately \$105,000,000, or something like \$15,000,000 more than the Dominion already has invested in like enterprises.

Such a course would accommodate the largest vessels on the Great Lakes, for the modern 600-foot grain and ore carriers are unable to load to a great depth, owing to obstacles in the lower Detroit River. Furthermore, it would eliminate one of the chief stumbling blocks to development of Canadian lake commerce in keeping with the constantly increasing demands upon it.

At present lake vessels drawing over fourteen feet of water are unable to go east of Buffalo, owing to the limited size of the Welland Canal locks. With the Georgian Bay route in operation, it would not only be possible for lake vessels of maximum draft to reach Montreal, but ocean steamers, few of which equal in size those on the lakes, instead of ending their run



Map of Suggested Watercourse from Prince Albert to Montreal. Black Line Shows Present Great Lakes Route from Montreal to Port Arthur. Dotted Lines show Saving in Distance Between the Two Ports via Georgian Bay and thence on to the Canadian Northwest.

at the Canadian metropolis, could proceed up the Ottawa River, through Georgian Bay to Sault Sainte Marie, across Lake Superior, and take on a cargo of grain at Fort William or Port Arthur, where great elevators hold millions of bushels of wheat, oats, corn and rye from the broad fields of the Canadian Northwest. This would obviate the necessity of transferring cargoes from one steamer to another, as is now the case, at Montreal, and materially assist in reducing the carrying charges.

One of the chief considerations prompting an undertaking of this nature would be the saving of time effected. The distance from Fort William to Montreal by the Georgian Bay route would be about four hundred miles shorter than the present course through Lakes Huron, Erie, Ontario and the Saint Lawrence River. This would ordinarily mean a saving of about forty hours, but the delays encountered in the Welland and Saint Lawrence Canals add at least another twenty-four hours. In the Welland Canal alone, in a distance of twenty-seven miles, there are twenty-five locks. In the Saint Lawrence Canals there are half as many more, between which it is impossible to proceed at full speed. Allowing for delays through locking on the Georgian Bay route, there would be a lessening of running time between the two ports of approximately sixty hours. Where navigation is possible not more than seven months in the year, and where each hour counts for so much, the benefits from such a saving are apparent.

Of even greater consequence than the shortening of running time would be the saving in the matter of carrying charges. Transportation on the lakes is from one-fifteenth to one-fourth of the prevailing railroad rates. It costs only two cents a bushel to ship grain from Duluth to Buffalo by boat. Eighty cents a ton is an average rate for ore between the same ports. This is approximately one-

seventh the cost of railroad transportation. Conditions as regards moving Canadian crops are the same. Even the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose main line runs almost direct from Montreal to Port Arthur and Fort William, finds it profitable to maintain a large fleet of freight steamers between these Lake Superior ports and Owen Sound, on Georgian Bay, where grain from the Northwest is transferred to elevators, loaded in cars, and sent on eastward by rail.

The reason for this discrepancy in rates is apparent at a glance. One of the modern leviathans that ply the Great Lakes can run up to an elevator, drop a chute into each of its many hatches, and in a few hours take on the equivalent of 300 or 400 carloads of wheat, or five train loads, cast off the lines and steam away to unload hundreds of miles distant. There is no delay, no shunting of cars, no terminals, no costly rolling stock, no tracks to maintain, no stations along the way that may or may not be a source of revenue, no watered stock on which dividends must be paid. When cargoes are plentiful the boats run; when business falls off they are tied up to the dock, the crews discharged, and expenses practically cease.

There is business in plenty during the months when navigation is possible. Eighty per cent. of all the water tonnage of North America is carried on the Great Lakes. The freight handled on the inland seas during 1908 was seven times as great as passed through the Suez Canal in the same period. Some 1,200 vessels, of which not less than 160 are Canadian, are engaged in transporting the products of the Northwest's fertile fields, its mines and its factories to market, and taking coal and manufactured articles back to that country, in 1907 carrying approximately 100,000,000 tons of freight, valued in round numbers at \$900,000,000. Made into a single train, this would require 2,500,000 freight cars each

having a capacity of forty tons, the string being sufficient to stretch from New York to San Francisco and back three times.

Last year something like 80,000,000 bushels of grain were sent out by boat from Port Arthur and Fort William, the two great Canadian lake ports. At least 90,000,000 bushels of wheat, 60,000,000 bushels of other grain, and 7,500,000 barrels of flour passed through the canals at Sault Sainte Marie, their value running into hundreds of millions of dollars. A large proportion of this came from the Canadian Northwest, which is one of the world's greatest producers of breadstuffs, and was destined for points east of Buffalo and Toronto. Practically all of this tonnage between Canadian ports would have found it advantageous to use the Ottawa River cutoff, had such a course been available.

So much for the Georgian Bay route, whose trade is already established and anxiously awaiting a short cut to tide-water.

No less alluring is the prospect farther west, where the demands for greater transportation facilities are urgent. In spite of the prodigious efforts put forth, and the remarkable results achieved, railroad building in Central Canada, as what was once termed the northwest is now known, has not been able to keep pace with a country that is developing faster than any other section of the continent.

Figures often prove tiresome, but not when they have to do with a live subject like the Canadian Northwest, where kaleidoscopic changes are the order of the day. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the three great Provinces holding the attention of the world. Manitoba has 30,000,000 acres of arable land, only one-sixth of which is under cultivation at the present time. The greater part of the 159,038,720 acres in Saskatchewan can be utilised in the several branches of mixed farming, two-

thirds of the Province being located in the great wheat growing belt. Alberta has an area of 161,920,000 square acres, being twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and much larger than either Germany or France. Its fertile lands, with the cities that would follow colonisation, could accommodate 50,000,000 people, although its entire population is less than 200,000.

In 1901 Manitoba had a population of 255,221. In 1906 this had increased to 365,000. Even more astonishing is the growth of the other two Provinces. Alberta in 1901 had 72,841 inhabitants, and five years later the number had grown to 185,000. Saskatchewan did even better, jumping from 91,460 to 257,000 in five years. In seven years Winnipeg tripled its population, being now a metropolitan city of 120,000. Calgary and Edmonton scarcely more than figured on the map up to a decade ago, but they now have a population well in excess of 12,000 each, and there are a score of other thriving cities that have sprung up in recent years, while villages dot what only a short time ago was open prairie.

Some idea, even though slight, of what is being done in an agricultural way in this marvellous district can be gained from statements regarding production of the three leading cereals during the same period.

In 1901 Saskatchewan had a wheat acreage of 469,953, with a yield of 11,956,069 bushels. In oats the acreage was 123,251, and the yield 5,517,866. Barley had an acreage of 11,267, with a yield of 354,703 bushels. In 1907 the wheat acreage had increased to 1,847,708, with a yield of 27,691,601 bushels, the average yield this year being low because of unfavourable weather. The oat average was 772,770, with a yield of 23,324,903 bushels. Barley had an acreage of 60,261, with a yield in excess of 1,500,000 bushels.

Alberta's wheat acreage in 1901 was 34,890, with a yield of 857,714

bushels. In 1907 it was 261,025 acres, the yield being 5,640,290 bushels. Oats acreage had increased from 104,533 to 354,344, and the yield from 4,253,284 bushels to 13,192,150. Barley acreage grew from 13,483 to 76,433, and the yield from 442,381 bushels to 2,201,179.

In Manitoba the increase was less noticeable, inasmuch as this province was well settled when Saskatchewan and Alberta began to attract attention, but the development was of a gratifying nature.

Manufacturing in the Canadian Northwest is also beginning to command attention, the three Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan having in 1905 nearly six hundred establishments employing 14,000 persons, whose output was valued at more than \$35,000,000.

West of Lake Superior there are in excess of 1,200 elevators and warehouses with a total capacity of 55,000,000 bushels of grain, representing an investment of \$70,000,000. The largest elevator in the world is at Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, with a capacity of more than 6,500,000 bushels, in addition to which there are several others at this point and at Fort William, a few miles distant.

It is this country, still in its infancy, that is demanding additional means of communication with the outside world and strengthening the position of those who argue for an all-water course from Prince Albert, or even farther west, to Montreal and thence down the Saint Lawrence and across the Atlantic to European ports.

Impracticable? Visionary? Not in the least. The Saskatchewan River is at present navigable for a distance of 1,000 miles, and is used extensively. Lake Winnipeg, with an area as great as Lake Erie, is now being connected by locks at Grand Rapids with the Saskatchewan River, furnishing direct communication by water with the world's greatest grain fields extending to the foot of the Rockies.

Locks at Saint Andrew's, in the Red River, will give Winnipeg access by boat to the lake bearing its name. The Winnipeg River, 250 miles long, is navigable for all save a short portage at Fort Francis' Falls, and for one or two other points. Lake of the Woods, another link in this inland waterway, is seventy miles long and sixty wide. Its principal feeder is Rainy River, ninety miles long, and draining Rainy Lake, of itself forty miles in length. Taking in the intervening lakes, only a few miles of canal need to be built in order to bring down to Lake Superior the grain from a district that, already famous, is still in the making.

There is practically no limit to the possibilities of this country. In 1907 nearly 300,000 persons entered Canada, of whom about 60,000 came from the United States. Last year 57,124 more migrated from this side of the border. Even with such hosts entering the land of promise — and fulfilment — it will be years before half the available land is occupied. And with every additional acre that is cultivated the demands for additional transportation to the markets of the world become more urgent. The virgin soil is bringing forth golden harvests that will help to feed the world, and in return the settlers are purchasing machinery and supplies in ever increasing quantities.

Winnipeg is the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts in the world, and, next to Montreal, possibly the greatest commercial city in the Dominion. For 1,000 miles to the west there stretch fertile prairies with well cultivated farms and heavily stocked ranches. To the northwest conditions are the same, with future prospects even more promising.

The railroads are doing all in their power to keep up with the march of progress, but there are limitations, however great their willingness. Already the cry for help is being heard in high places. The Georgian Bay project, taking in the French River,

Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River, and shortening the distance between Port Arthur and Montreal some four hundred miles, is more than a possibility, sentiment in official quarters being strong in favour of the undertaking. And by virtue of the same demands that have rendered this route imperative, the day will come, and not far distant, when the question of connecting the Saskatchewan River and intervening bodies of water with Lake Superior, as outlined, will come in for careful attention in official quarters.

The country that has already spent \$90,000,000 for similar purposes will find a way to put through these pro-

jects, that relief may be granted the fastest growing section of the world, and it is not unlikely that future generations, if not the present, may witness the unique spectacle of vessels from European ports tying up to the docks and elevators at Winnipeg, or cruising for hundreds of miles through fertile fields up the Saskatchewan for cargoes of grain, picking their course along a two-thousand mile waterway extending half-way across our Dominion, down the Saint Lawrence and out on the Atlantic.

It is an alluring prospect, and one that Canadian pluck and Canadian enterprise place well within the range of possibilities.

IN LILAC-TIME

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE blossom leaves are falling. Snowy white
 They lie upon the greening grass, and hopes
 Come with the sunbeams down the hilly slopes
 This golden morn, young, fair and beauty-bright.

You came to me in lilac-time, when light
 Winds blew a scented, living breath. The air
 Caught the swift message of my heart's pure prayer,
 When first I saw you standing in my sight.

Oh! I was gladder than the sparrows gray
 That sing of joy in dim old country lanes;
 A wand'rer I, when twilight slowly wanes,
 Your eyes were stars that promised perfect day!

Spring-flowers lifted faces to rejoice
 And see you pass, my Lady, angel-wise;
 Even the birds whispered their shy replies
 To the sweet music in your mellow voice.

The House of Life, lonely before you came,
 Now glows with gifts of love's own rich delight—
 And, oh, the peace that comes in day or night
 Whene'er I breathe, Belovèd, your dear name!

TITLES

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

TO abolish hereditary titles would destroy much that is picturesque in Britain. Yet that a few people should come into the world endowed with an unearned advantage puts an unfair handicap upon the majority. It may be argued indeed, that a first-born son has done no more to deserve the estate than to deserve the title of his ancestors. But, unless the estate is entailed, the succession to it depends on the will of the last owner, and it is growing fashionable with legislatures to cut large slices from large inheritances. But a British title can neither be curtailed nor alienated, and can only be taken away by attainder or an Act of Parliament. It also carries social prestige with all who are and some who are not tuft-hunters. Though not transferrable, it has a marketable value, for a share of it can generally buy a share of a large fortune. And herein lies one of women's grievances, for, while titled husbands invest their wives with titles, titled wives do not so invest their husbands. There is therefore little inducement for a rich man to buy a wife for her title and become an eclipsed appendage to her, to be henceforth announced as "Mr. and Lady Adeline Blank."

For non-hereditary titles there is much to be said. They are cheap rewards of merit and incentives to achievement, while they do not reward numerous generations of children for the virtues or complacencies of their ancestors. The ribbon of an order of merit costs less than a pension and would be as much appreciat-

ed by many public benefactors. It has been cynically suggested by Labouchere and others that both hereditary and life titles should not be granted exclusively for merit or by favour, but should also be sold for cash at prices varying from, say, \$1,000 for a knighthood to \$1,000,000 for a dukedom. An ample revenue, it is claimed, would thus accrue to the State from socially ambitious parvenus. It certainly looks like sound political economy to tax the vanities as well as the luxuries of the people, and perhaps in some future budget an ascending yearly tax may be imposed upon inherited titles, small and great, unless their owners should prefer to drop them. It would be an effective way of overcoming future obstruction by the House of Lords, after it has surrendered the right of vetoing financial bills, to threaten a prohibitive tax upon titles!

Titles can be conferred only by the Sovereign; "the King is the fount of honour." But the nominations are almost invariably made by the Ministry, and colonial knights and baronets are usually appointed on the recommendation of colonial governments. By this system of selection, too blindly adhered to, too many titles have been granted for services to some party or to some cabinet minister, and too few for non-political merit. In this Dominion several titles have been conferred upon men whose services to their country have been infinitesimal and whose services to the Empire have been *nil*. On the other hand, Joseph Howe, who achieved so much

for his Province and who did more than any other Canadian to foster imperial patriotism, was never offered even a knighthood. Sir Hugh Graham is perhaps the only Canadian who has been knighted for his imperial deserts.

That Canadians, like Englishmen, "dearly love a lord," would appear from the proneness of reporters to style judges "their lordships" when recording their acts or movements out of court. A judge is a "lord" only on the bench; off it, he is simply "Judge" or "Mr. Justice," though, of course, when addressed in writing, he is entitled to the prefix, "Honourable." This prefix, by the way, is still, courteously but without warrant, given to the members of the Legislative Councils of Nova Scotia and Quebec appointed since Confederation.

Talking of undeserved titles, a caustic epigram upon the possessor of one is given in that charming book, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall." Albert Grant, the notorious promoter, had obtained the title of baron from Victor Emanuel for some benefaction to an Italian institution. It was this Baron Grant who built the huge mansion named Kensington House, famous for never having been occupied and only once used (for a great bachelors' ball). His adroitly purchased title evoked this epigram:

"A King can titles give,
But honour can't;
A title without honour
Is a Baron Grant."

I have not seen these lines quoted during the late campaign against the Lords, nor the alleged derivation of "baron" from *baro*, which in classical Latin meant a dolt or blockhead, though in later Latin it came to mean a man.

To some minds temporal titles for church dignitaries, such as "Your Grace" or "Your Lordship," seem out of place, and such forms of address as "Your Reverence" or "Your Holiness" seem to accord better with the unworldliness of Christianity. For

centuries the Pope humbly styled himself, "*servus servorum Dei*"—the servant of the servants of God. In apostolic times there were no "excellencies," "eminences" or "graces" in the upper ranks of the Christian ministry, and bishops were not "lords spiritual" and did not sit in a House of Peers or live in "palaces." In the United States they do not accost a bishop as "My Lord," but simply as "Bishop," and deans and archdeacons are or were almost unknown. Thirty or forty years ago a trunk labelled "The Dean of Halifax" miscarried, the title being mistaken for the name of a ship, for which a vain search was made among the wharves of New York. The prefixes "Very Reverend" and "Venerable" belonging to these minor dignitaries are very commonly replaced by a simple "Reverend" both in the States and here, sometimes from ignorance but sometimes from a reluctance to recognise a graduated hierarchy.

English bishops occasionally puzzle the uninitiated by signing the names of their sees in abbreviated Latin, as "Sarum" for Salisbury, "Ebor" for York, etc. The signature of the bishops of London has varied between "Londin" and "London." The following story was told me as true, and, if it be a fiction, it is an ingenious one. When Strathfieldsaye was presented to the Duke of Wellington, a fine avenue of beeches on the demesne was christened "the Waterloo Beeches." The famous botanist, J. C. Loudon, one day wrote to the duke for permission to see his Waterloo "beeches." But the duke mistook the word for "breeches," the more naturally because people often asked to see his Waterloo uniform. And he also took the signature to be "J. C. London," the then bishop (Blomfield, I think) having the same initials as the botanist. So next day the prelate was startled by a letter in form and substance like the following:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wel

lington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London and begs to inform him that he is welcome to inspect his 'Waterloo breeches' at any time that may suit His Lordship's convenience."

The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles adopts the enigmatical signature of "A. & I." Some time ago a certain benevolent and wealthy lady received an appeal signed "Kenneth A. & I." and was much bewildered thereby. It looked royal, reminding her of "Edward R.I.," but it was a long time since a Kenneth had reigned in Scotland. Finally she directed her reply to "Kenneth A. & I., Esq." Another person, being in doubt how to address a "rural dean," addressed him as "Very Reverend and Rural Sir."

While one has to use titles, it is as well to use them conventionally and not to call Lord Tom Jones "Lord Jones," as if he owned a peerage instead of a courtesy title, and not to call a duke "Grace," as a wild Westerner called a former Duke of Newcastle whose acquaintance he made in his hotel and whom he admitted to be a "white man." Nor should one use the prefix "Honourable" in speaking of ladies or gentlemen entitled to it, like the billiard marker in a certain Canadian club. An English "Honourable" whose name began with an "H" (let us suppose it to be Hawkins) was playing "following" pool in the club, and unfortunately the Cockney marker had discovered that the guest was entitled to the afore-said prefix. Believing in rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, the marker thought he should assign the balls to the players with the correct handles to their names—"Captain Smith," "Doctor Jones," "Mr. Brown," "the Honourable 'Awkins!" And to the amusement and dismay of the members he kept to this style all the evening.

The following tale is more ancient and perhaps less authentic. A London hostess was receiving her guests and a new footman was announcing

them. He had apparently studied the "Modes of Addressing Titled People" in some Peerage, for he announced some noble guests as "The Most Honourable the Marquis of Blank," "The Right Honourable Viscount Jones and the Honourable Miss Jones," and so forth. His horrified mistress took the earliest opportunity to call him aside and explain that he must not use such words as "Right Honourable" or "Honourable," and that he should have announced the last arrivals as plain "Lord Jones" and simple "Miss Jones." The next arrivals happened to be Lady Smith and her daughters. These he announced as "Plain Lady Smith and the simple Misses Smith!" Tableau!

Some months ago a certain baronet wrote a silly remonstrance to a tenant who had innocently addressed him as "Dear Sir." He informed the offender that "Sir Baronet" was the style of address to which he was entitled. The baronet's letter got into the English papers, and since then his life cannot have been happy, unless his self-importance renders him impervious to ridicule. This incident reminded me at the time of another which happened in my boyhood. It was the rule at our school to accost a master as "Sir." This a new and rather stupid pupil neglected to do on one occasion.

"Say 'Sir,' sir," said the pedagogue, unconscious of ambiguity.

"Sir, sir," said the boy, innocently.

"Say 'Sir,' sir!" loudly and angrily ordered the master.

"Sir, sir," repeated the frightened lad, echoing the master's tone.

With a supreme effort to contain himself and to explain his meaning the master compressed his lips and enunciated clearly, with a long pause between the words:

"Say 'Sir,'—sir."

The bewildered lad faithfully reproduced the long pause.

"Sir.—sir," he faltered.

Then a general roar of laughter cleared the situation.

THE EMANCIPATION OF DOROTHEA

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

"I'M glad you've got back," sighed Eugene, as they went up the street together. "Perhaps you can do something. It's all that bally suffrage business, you know."

And as it appeared that the other did not know, but wanted to know, he continued: "They are holding sessions, a whole gang of them. I wish you could see them (wagging his head mournfully) and hear them!"

"But what have they to do with—our regatta?"

"Everything, my dear fellow, indirectly everything."

"You don't mean—?"

Eugene nodded.

"Yes. They've roped her in. She's crammed with their jargon. It's almost as bad as the time she got it into her head that she could write stories. A precious time I had curing her of that little illusion! And sometimes I think she's not cured yet." He sighed. "Sisters are a fearful responsibility. It weighs on me."

Merritt forced a smile.

"Yes, you look as if it did. A truly pathetic object, you are. But she can be a Suffragette—if it amuses her—and still be in the regatta, I suppose? The two things are surely not incompatible."

"Go and see her," urged Eugene. "You can't grasp the true inwardness of it till you see her." He bestowed a pitying glance upon his friend. "No more moonlight paddles for you, you poor Merritt! You are a man. You

are an enemy. But for you down-trodden woman would long since have wrested the ballot——"

"Oh, come now. Quit your fooling. Seriously——"

"Oh, this is serious. Nothing mere man ever did was half so serious, you can bank on that." Suddenly he affected a high, thin falsetto. "Man," he shrilled, "Man! the cause of all our woe! Man, *man*, I say——" He broke off, laughing, as with a muttered damn Merritt wrenched his shoulder free and strode fiercely away.

In the natural course of things it was not long before Merritt had an opportunity of judging for himself how matters stood. Dorothea was "at the Grove," he had been informed, when he called, but later on in the afternoon as he was leaving the bowling green he saw her returning, and crossed over. Her looks had been in no wise affected, and as he came up he told himself that you really had to take what Eugene said with the proverbial seasoning.

"I hadn't heard that you had returned," she said with her pretty smile, as they shook hands. "But then I am at home so little now. Have you been back long?"

"Long enough to hear strange things about you," Merritt answered, as he turned to walk with her.

Dorothea raised her eyebrows ever so slightly.

"Strange, do you call them?"

"Strange as connected with you,"

he explained. "There never was a girl less like the woman's rights type."

"No? And what do you consider the 'woman's rights type,' as you call it, please?"

"Why—" Merritt studied the delicate profile beside him for a brief moment, then basely refused to be drawn into a possible altercation. "But what does it matter? I've got my canoe out again, Dora, and if I call round about eight or thereabouts—"

"But it does matter. No; don't interrupt. That is just the way with you men. You make invidious insinuations, and then try to gloss it over, and think we haven't intellect enough to perceive what—what dupes you are making of us." Then, seeing the surprise he could not keep altogether out of his face, "I didn't mean to go into that now, though. You mean well enough, but—"

"But I don't understand."

She made a slight gesture with her hands and hurried on.

"The time will surely come," she said, and Merritt had a feeling that she was quoting, "the time will surely come when we will look back upon the arguments against granting the franchise to women with as much incredulity as that with which we now regard those against their education."

"Um. Well, well. Perhaps. Whose arguing, anyhow? I am sure I am not. I am asking you to come out canoeing with me. That's all. Will you come?"

"I am afraid not." His face fell. "Don't you see?" she urged, "it's the only way."

"What is?"

Dorothea drew a long breath.

"I suppose we might as well have it out now if I am to have any peace."

This did not sound promising, and Merritt, who had sisters of his own and was not lacking in acumen where girls were concerned, hastily interposed that there was no need of hav-

ing "it," whatever she might mean by that, out now or any time. If she didn't care to go canoeing that night why then neither did he, and that was the end of it.

"Oh, but it's not to-night only. It's every night, and all the time—I wish you would come to our meeting this evening and perhaps you would see."

He went. And before the session closed he thought he saw.

He had arrived a little late, and slipped into a back seat as someone was speaking. If he had come, perhaps unconsciously, to pick flaws and ridicule, there was that about the way the meeting was conducted, which, if it failed to convince, at least won the respect of the listener. The speakers were ladies. He recognised that at once, and it a little surprised him. Also, their logic was not faulty, and that, too, was a surprise. Of course, the conclusions at which they arrived were impracticable—ludicrously so. But there was something touching, almost sublime, about the abandon with which they threw themselves into the hopeless cause. And they did not appear to consider it so hopeless, either. As witness the little lady on the platform. Her hair was white, her voice bespoke culture, while a certain tenseness about her attitude conveyed the impression that the publicity she seemed to court cost her more than she would have been willing to pay for a less worthy cause.

"For years," she was saying when Merritt entered, "the women of England have been trying in earnest, dignified, academic ways—by writing for the press, holding public meetings, making speeches, passing resolutions, petitioning Parliament—to have the franchise extended to them. But not once in all this more than half a century they have been petitioning the Legislature to be allowed to carry their case before the only tribunal which has power to decide it—the voters of the state or province, as the case may be—have their prayers been granted them. Always have

they been regarded—when they won any notice at all, or were not boycotted—as an occasion for ‘a riot of parliamentary humour.’ At last they realised that ‘a governing class will not relinquish its control till forced to do so.’ Then came the ‘revolt of the sex,’ and as the result the enfranchisement of the Englishwoman is very near at hand. But before the day is ours it may be necessary to form ourselves into a solid phalanx, and, in the words of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, say to the men, ‘Until you give us the ballot we will not marry you; we will not work in your places of business; we will have nothing to do with you, socially, industrially, anyway.’ Until we have said that we have yet to prove that we have the courage of our convictions.”

“Well, what did you think of it? Didn’t she carry you away?”

“Who? Which one? Where to?”

Merritt had waited for Dorothea outside the auditorium, and now they were upon their way home.

“I saw what you meant, of course,” he went on, presently, as seriously as even Dorothea could wish. “And really, Dora, I—I am a little more than unprepared how to meet it.”

“Why try?” murmured Dorothea, turning away her head. “What’s the use? We’d never get on now. I’d want to talk about the latest hunger strike, and of our progress in Australia and Colorado, when, as like as not, you’d want to be talking about—”

“You. I admit it. Still, I would be willing to temporise. I would rather quarrel outright with you than agree upon every point with any other girl I know.”

“I hate that sort of talk!” burst out Dorothea, almost angrily. “What do I matter? What do *you* matter? I am sick of us, and our puny little sham doings—sick of them, do you understand? There are great things, wonderful things, necessary things every day, every hour crying out to us to be done. And we are so ready to do them. We would be oh! so

thankful to do them. But we are told that it is not meet that we should compete with masculine superiority, that our place is at home in that state of life to which it has pleased men to raise us. We are humoured and played with, and if we behave ourselves prettily are treated very indulgently. What more can we possibly desire? And why do we do anything so unladylike as question man’s right to refuse us the power to redress the wrongs that we see about us? When I think of everything,” said Dorothea, the pretty colour coming and going in her cheeks, “it makes me fairly—boil!”

They walked on in silence for some time. Then, “But why don’t you say something?” she asked, a little sharply.

“Because I haven’t anything to say, I suppose.”

“Now that’s nonsense. There are always two sides. In this case *you* are the other side.”

“Well, this side has not the slightest desire to enter the controversial lists.”

“You know you’d be worsted. You’re afraid to.”

“Dreadfully afraid!” Merritt laughed lightly. “I am horribly afraid of offending you, you know?”

“That’s just it. You won’t come out in the open and fight, or let us fight. You keep us down.”

“Isn’t it, rather, that we won’t let you *get* down?”

“We don’t care about being ‘superior’ any more,” she told him in quite the platform manner, “we want our rights.”

“Your rights!” repeated Merritt, and a something crept into his voice that Dorothea had never heard there before. “It’s all very fine, this everlasting, high-falutin’ talk about rights, rights, rights! Well, suppose we give you these ‘rights,’ suppose we treat you as equals. Where will your privileges be? I think you’d have it brought home to you and pretty straight, too, that your privi-

leges far outweigh your rights. Rights—bah!”

“Oh, I know you believe the old, exploded superstition that we should be kept on pedestals, worshipped or neglected as suits your whim, in either case powerless to get down and help ourselves.”

“I believe you should be kept from contaminating yourselves with—well, the sort of thing we men have to knock up against.”

“We’d do away with it.”

“The dickens you would!”

“That’s no argument.”

“Good Lord, Dorothea, if I didn’t know you would get mad in two minutes, I’d like to tell you a thing or two. It’s bad enough, goodness knows, all this hysteria, but when a girl like you catches it, it—it jars excessively.”

It was going to jar some people infinitely more, Dorothea asserted, when universal suffrage purified the ballot, and raised the standard required of candidates for public office. Also it was a truism that the strength of any cause could be best estimated by the bitterness of its opponents.

This time Merritt was too annoyed to see anything humorous in the exploitation of Dorothea’s adopted views.

“Talk that way if you must,” he said, “extol your Lucy Stones and your Susan B. Anthonys, and your bodies politic; rail against current abuses, and retrograde movements, and the raucous croaking of a ravening majority; make Canada the storm-centre or maelstrom England already is; but for heaven’s sake don’t spoil yourself, utterly, in the process. That’s all I ask. And don’t for one little half minute deceive yourself in thinking that you will really like it, if you do get in.”

“‘If’? Of course, we’re going to get in.”

“If you smash enough windows, and pelt enough cabinet ministers, and make yourselves ridiculous enough, generally?” Merritt laughed a little

scornfully. “Oh, Dorothea! For one who was so fine—!”

“So blinded, you mean.”

Dorothea was cut by his tone, she was tired and very near to tears. She hated ranting as ill-bred and felt that she had been guilty of it, worst of all she had secret misgivings that Merritt was in the right. But she was too proud to say so, and would have died rather than lower her colours just then.

“You are exactly as bad as all the rest,” she told him heatedly. “You make great pretences of trying to please us, you surfeit us with a thousand flattering nothings, and won’t give us justice—won’t give us the one thing we want, and want so badly. You are supercilious, overbearing, tyrannical. You—”

She broke off, aware that they had reached her gate and that Merritt was saying good-night.

“The cause is to be congratulated upon its convert,” he said, and his manner of saying it suddenly made Dorothea feel very far off and a little lonely and sore. “I am sorry—but all that’s past and over, now,” he caught himself up. “Again good-night—and my good wishes, if you care for them.”

He lifted his cap and smiled politely, as he might have to a stranger, as he turned on his heel. But once, turning the corner, he looked back and shook his head. “For my gold is turned to silver, and my silver’s turned to brass.”

He walked on through the night.

*

During the days that followed, arrangements for the regatta went on apace. A city girl from one of the hotels had been only too charmed to step into the vacancy made by Dorothea’s desertion. The latter, on her way to séances, often met her and Merritt in white outing costumes going to or returning from the lake. And as Merritt stood aside for her to pass he would generally inquire, “And how

goes the Conference to-day?" and she would reply as impersonally, "Very well, thank you," and hurry on, biting her lip and trying to persuade herself that her one interest in life was the emancipation of her sex. She treated the girls who came to labour with her heresies to such learned, not to say fierce, diatribes that they retreated in dismay, opining that they had thought Dora "had more sense."

One stifling hot night, two or three days before the eventful one set for the regatta, Merritt Stevens chanced to hear someone at the club-house say that a gang of gypsies, not bearing the best reputation in the world, were camping in the woods beyond the Conference Grove. He thought nothing of it at the time, but as he was going back to his hotel, close on eleven o'clock, he suddenly recollected that when Eugene did not go after his sister she usually came home on the track, which ran near the gypsy encampment. Now Eugene, he knew, had been off all day in his car. Unless he picked Dorothea up on his way home. Despite the heat he turned cold, as he thought of things that might happen. The Conference must already have been closed some time, but Dorothea might have stopped on to talk. Anyhow, he'd make a try for it.

The intense dead heat of the day seemed likely at any moment to give place to a terrific thunder storm. Even as he struck out on the track the leaves began to twist and turn restlessly. Heat lightning revealed objects near at hand one moment, only to plunge them into deeper gloom the next. At first Merritt walked swiftly, looking neither to right nor left. But as he neared the curve where the woods on either side crouched close to the track, and no sound but the plaint of the leaves reached him, he decided that Eugene must have got his sister, or she had gone home the other way. He slowed down, and even fumbled in

his pocket for a cigar, before turning back. It was just then that he heard a sort of scuffle in the dark beyond the curve—a girl's voice speaking in evident anger, a cry of utter terror. He gave an answering cry, dashed round the corner, pitched into and flung a bulky, squat figure rolling off into the ditch, and drew Dorothea to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded breathlessly. "No? Then come along, and we'll get out of this."

He felt the arm he drew through his own trembling, and he thought she was crying.

"Sure you're not hurt?" he reiterated anxiously. "You needn't be afraid he'll follow—he's much too drunk. But we're in for a big storm if we don't do the hurrying act. You couldn't run, I suppose?"

She could, and did. But the big, intermittent drops, which had begun to fall about them, were quickly succeeded by the muttering menace of thunder, and the storm was upon them.

"Here! You'll be drenched through. There's a sort of shed about here, if I haven't lost my bearings in this infernal dark. Yes, here it is. We'll wait till the storm is over. It can't last more than twenty minutes at this rate—half an hour at most. Do you mind very much? Really it is the only thing to do."

He drew her under shelter, and as they brushed against a buggy stored there suggested that he help her into it. It would be more comfortable than standing for so long.

"Comfortable!" said Dorothea, finding her voice at last. "I don't care if I am uncomfortable—or wet—or—or anything. I am so ashamed—so ashamed!"

"You ashamed! Why? I am not feeling especially proud of my chivalrous sex, if you like. We're a pretty sorry lot, we men. I don't know that I wonder much at you Suffragettes. Oh, yes, I am ashamed, all right! But you—"

"Merritt, how did you come to come?"

Merritt shifted from one foot to the other.

"Why, I don't know," he stammered, "just happened along, I suppose."

"Just happened along! You came to see that I got home all right. After all those horrid things I said, you came! And where would I be now if you hadn't 'happened along'? We can talk, and hold meetings, and theorise, but when the big, unforeseen, elemental things turn up, where would any of us be, if you didn't 'just happen along'?"

"Oh, I suppose we are a useful enough article of furniture," laughed Merritt, "but for the matter of that why so are you, mighty useful—and a few other things beside. I've put in the very dickens of a fortnight since you gave me up!"

Oh, Merritt! Have you really? So have I. I know, theoretically, that women should have their 'rights,' and all the rest of it. I can see the reason, and the justice and the inevitableness of it just as they do, but—"

"That's just it. It's all one big 'but.' You can't down it at one fell swoop. It's got to come gradually, if at all. I say, Dora, are you particularly anxious to go into all that again?"

When Eugene came scrunching up the track some fifteen or twenty minutes later, with a raincoat and two umbrellas, his sister's voice hailed him from the shed.

"Oh, you're roosting in there, are you? I was bound for the Grove with your duds. Mere man comes in rather handy upon occasions, I notice. What are you in, anyhow? A buggy? Hello! You here, too, Stevens? That's what you might call a coincidence, isn't it?"

"It's a happening," replied Merritt, composedly, for Dorothea had requested that her adventure remain untold, because Eugene would make such a fuss—and she had had her

lesson. "And it is also a happiness," he pursued. "We're engaged. Dorothea and I are engaged. How long have we been engaged, Dora—five minutes?"

Dora appeared to meditate.

"About four and a half minutes, perhaps. I don't know. Ages, any way."

"H'm!" commented Eugene.

"Aren't you going to congratulate us?"

"I was just thinking. How'll you manage about this woman's rights business? She'll be scooting off to her precious meetings every other half-hour. I know her tricks and her manners."

"I guess all the meetings I will have any time for now will be with Merritt," laughed Dora. "He says I am fearfully out of practice, and must practice lots, if we win that regatta."

"That is all very nice, and meek, and laudable," observed her brother, pessimistically, as he helped her on with her coat, "but it doesn't chime in very well with the talk you have been doling out to me lately. You are the most dangerous kind of Suffragette, you are. We can afford to snap our fingers at the strident, militant type, but you make us think that we are running the whole show, and I'm blamed if all the while you are not running us."

Dora laughed merrily at this picture of her artful sex.

"The idea! What nonsense! As if we were clever enough! No, no. Even a Suffragette would not attempt that."

"Because she couldn't," muttered Eugene. "A Suffragette," he announced epigrammatically, "is any woman, with advanced ideas, who cannot manage some man."

Having delivered himself of this Parthian shot, he slanted his umbrella to the drizzle which had succeeded the deluge, and started for home, the others following in his wake at their leisure



SAINT JAMES' PALACE

VICTORIA'S ENGLISH PALACES

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

A BRIEF sketch of the royal palaces of England, limited even to those of which some portions still exist, would quite over-run the space allotted to a magazine article. The grim old Tower, "London's last-
ing shame," was in early times fortress and palace too. The noble halls of Winchester and Westminster, which have echoed alike to the carousals of courtiers and the solemn deliberations of parliaments, are remains of palaces now destroyed. Greenwich Hospital, long a refuge for disabled seamen, was begun by Charles II. as a royal residence on the site of an earlier palace, which was the birthplace of several of the autocratic Tudors. Still another palace is represented by the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, which witnessed beneath its windows the tragic close of the career of Charles I. The Hall was a late addition to the Palace of Whitehall, which as York Place had belonged to Wolsey. Appropriated by Henry VIII., it became after the

Restoration the scene of dissolute revels, and at last, a few years after the death of the Merry Monarch, it went up in smoke and flame.

Hampton Court Palace, the largest of the English royal palaces, containing about a thousand rooms, four-fifths of which are now occupied by persons of good family and small means, was another of Wolsey's princely dwelling-places. Its magnificence so moved his royal master to envy, that the Cardinal judged it prudent to present it to him, and the king added to it the magnificent Great Hall, decorating it with the set of wonderful tapestries, which quaintly set forth the story of Abraham, and which have hung there ever since. The state rooms contain other interesting tapestries and a notable collection of pictures, including the famous "Windsor Beauties" by Lely and "Hampton Court Beauties" by Kneller, both of which series of portraits are rather monotonous in treatment.



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN, AND WHERE SHE SPENT
MANY OF HER CHILDHOOD DAYS

Volumes have been written on Hampton Court, but we must not linger over its curiosities and old stories, for not one of our kings has made it his home for a hundred and fifty years, and it has no special connection with Victoria either as child or woman. Exclusive of Balmoral Castle (her well-beloved retreat in the Scottish Highlands) the four palaces specially associated with her name are Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne House, two of them situated in London and all four in the south of England.

Kensington Palace, where Victoria was born, lies on the west side of Kensington Gardens, that green paradise of many little Londoners, alike daintily clad children attended by spruce nursemaids and little grimy-faced babies, whose guardian slaves are small sisters, not many years older nor many pounds heavier than the infants themselves.

This solid old red-brick mansion was originally a private house, but

was bought by William III. for a royal residence. Many of its windows look out upon the green gardens, with the Round Pond in the foreground, but the most picturesque portion of the palace is the Clock Courtyard at the back. It is a paved quadrangle, surrounded by low buildings veiled with creepers, and entered by an archway, under a little tower surmounted by a cupola.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyle and Princess Henry of Battenberg have apartments in the palace, and one of the rooms not shown to the public is that in which Queen Victoria was born; another is that to which she descended in her night-robes to receive the news of her accession; but, if these may not be seen, visitors have been permitted, since 1899, to wander at will through the rooms where the little Princess Victoria studied and played. Despite the large many-paned windows, the old house, in its dismantled condition at least, looks rather dull and dreary. Some of the walls are dark with old-



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA FREQUENTLY RECEIVED IN STATE.
AND WHERE KING EDWARD VII. DIED

fashioned, heavily gilt paper; others, more beautiful but scarcely lighter, are panelled from floor to ceiling with oak. Among the rooms so decorated is Queen Anne's small private dining-room, the scene, it is said, of the historic quarrel with the termagant Duchess of Marlborough. As for the nursery and the bed-room where Victoria slept in her girlhood, they are small and unpretentious to the point of shabbiness.

The Princess was baptised in the palace in a curious room known as the Cupola, or Cube-room. It was used for balls and concerts and is elaborately decorated with pilasters, canopied statuettes, columned doorways, and a lofty domed ceiling, adorned at the centre with an enormous star of the Order of the Garter.

Though there were then several lives between his infant daughter and the throne, the Duke of Kent, anticipating that she would be queen, desired to give her that name of good omen in English ears, Elizabeth, but in honour of her two godfathers, the Czar and the Prince Regent, he con-

sented to call her Alexandrina Georgiana. She escaped but narrowly this ugly combination of names. At the last moment, the Prince Regent decided that it was a slight to himself to give his name second place and refused to let the baby bear it at all. Her father hastily substituted the mother's name, and so Victoria has come to stand to Britons for even greater things than does Elizabeth.

The wrangle over the child's christening was typical of the unhappy relations of those who were her natural protectors, but her mother, early widowed, anxiously guarded the little one from every danger she could imagine or foresee. There was no weak spoiling of the royal baby, and, while much was demanded of the princess, even in her childish days, she was long kept in ignorance of the high destiny awaiting her. Perhaps her preceptors may have been a little severe, for in after years Victoria looked back to her childhood as dull and sad.

In her old bedroom are two or three glass cases, containing a few of the



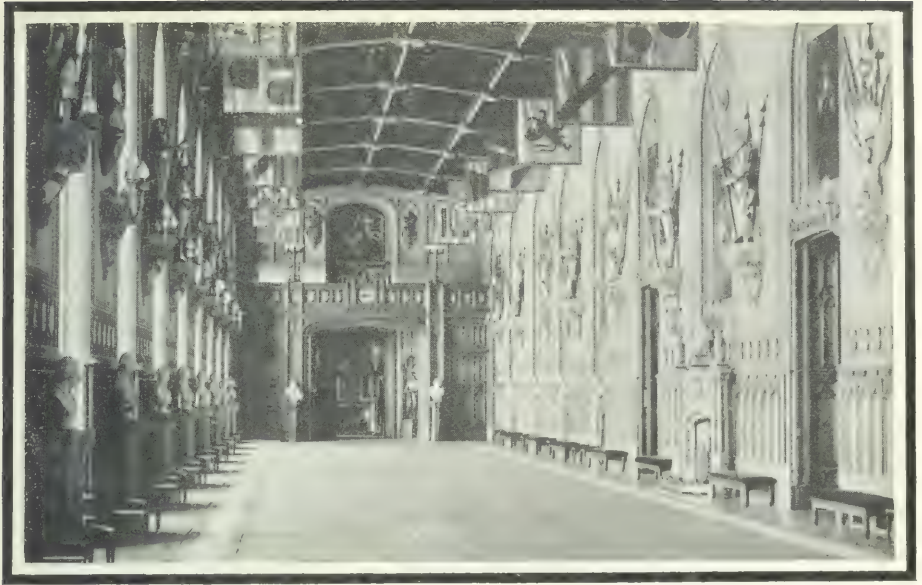
WINDSOR CASTLE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA SPENT HER HONEYMOON

toys with which the princess played before she was so early required to put away childish things. Among these is a doll's teapot of silver, with its little owner's monogram, surmounted by a crown, but few of the toys are either costly or elaborate. The doll's house, for instance, is a very simple box-like affair, in which most of the architectural details are left to the imagination. It has indeed a double row of windows in front, apparently modelled after the ugly pattern prevalent in the palace itself, but it contains only two rooms, a parlour and a most interesting kitchen, furnished one cannot help fancying with an eye to the useful lessons that might be drawn from it. Rich in necessities for cleanly and comfortable housekeeping, it contains rows of pewter plates, dust-pan, coal-box, knife-box and warming-pan, all in miniature, though some articles are a little out of scale. Amongst the other play-things are conspicuous a doll's bonnet, a loom, a tent, a bazaar, a hairy white horse bestridden by a headless warrior and a wooden state

coach painted yellow with a crown upon the door-panel.

These things might perhaps have been displayed more appropriately in the nursery, where, by the way, the Princess of Wales was born, but the cases in that room contain articles of dress worn by Victoria in her youth. There are several gowns simple and old-fashioned in style and material, and the white "coal-scuttle" bonnet, adorned with flowers and draped with a veil of lace as she wore it on her wedding-day. Another case contains a daring feminine adaptation of a colonel's uniform made for a grand review, and yet another displays the long robes of crimson satin in which the youthful Queen was attired for her coronation.

There is at Kensington another memento of that imposing ceremonial, in the shape of a gilded chair, cushioned with ruby velvet, which was used by Victoria during part of the long service, but from these relics of gorgeous state functions we turn again with intenser interest to the well-worn play-things, the books given or received as



SAINT GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE

presents, which seem to tell us something of the real character of the great Queen. Among these early gifts is an account-book bestowed upon her by her mother on her eighth birthday, when she was promoted to the dignity of an allowance. The amount, by the way, was seven pounds a month, and the neat first entry, recording a sovereign given in charity, suggests careful training in habits of exactitude and thought for others.

A few weeks before her accession, the attainment of the legal majority of the princess was celebrated with high festivities in the dull old palace, and then the scene changed to the more brilliant setting of Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

Buckingham Palace was bought by George III., when his family became too large for the neighbouring royal residence of St. James', but to this day the English court still takes its title from the older palace, which throughout the reign of Victoria was often the scene of grand receptions. This palace, by the way, was built by Henry VIII. on the site of Saint

James' Hospital for Lepers, and he turned the surrounding marsh into a deer-park. Charles II. made a garden of it, but the beautiful sheet of water, where so many kinds of wild-fowl find a home, was an improvement added by George IV.

This king also remodelled Buckingham Palace, but it was little used till his niece ascended the throne. During her reign a new wing and a magnificent ball-room were added to the palace, which now forms a great quadrangle. Its east front, facing Saint James' Park, is 360 feet in length. As the King's home, the palace is never open to sightseers. None but his guests and servants are permitted to enter; and the rare treasures of picture and sculpture galleries, the glories of the grand marble staircase, and of the Throne Room with its decorations of crimson and gold and its marble frieze, representing the Wars of the Roses, all these are to be seen only by the privileged few. In the earlier days of Victoria's reign, however, so careless a watch was kept at the various entrances

that, on one occasion, a boy walked into the palace and was discovered at one o'clock in the morning hiding under a sofa in the room next to that where the Queen was sleeping.

The palace was not only ill-guarded but the royal household was ill-managed, owing largely to a system of divided authority, which left two-thirds of the army of servants practically without a master. They came and went at their own sweet will, and, as Mrs. Fawcett puts it in her life of "Victoria," "if the dormitories where the footmen slept, ten or twelve in a room, were turned into scenes of riot and drunkenness, no one could help it." Nor was it only in this respect that the lack of an efficient head was felt. Waste and extravagance were rampant, and, despite the vast expenditure, the palace was not even a comfortable place to live in. It was neither well lighted nor well heated; nor is this surprising, when the Lord Chamberlain "cleaned the inside of the windows and the Woods and Forests the outside;" when the Lord Steward found the fuel and the Lord Chamberlain lighted the fire; when the latter provided the lamps, and the former trimmed and lighted them.

In the matter of repairs it was just as bad. Five officials, we are told, had to sign or countersign a requisition before money was forthcoming for the mending of a lock or the renewal of a pane of glass. No wonder that after some years' experience of such conditions, when the purchase of the Osborne estate had been concluded, the Queen should write to her uncle Leopold, who was always interested in her affairs small and great: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plague of one's life."

As time went on, the management of the royal household was reformed, and the saving thus effected may be guessed at from the fact that, in 1842, no less than 113,000 people dined at

Windsor Castle, to say nothing of the other palaces.

In spite of all drawbacks, Queen Victoria must have had many happy associations with Buckingham Palace. When she first went thither from quiet Kensington, she seems to have enjoyed her new splendours and her popularity like the girl she was. From Buckingham Palace, on her coronation day, on her days of Jubilee, she passed through cheering throngs to bow in the grand old Abbey before the King of Kings. In Buckingham Palace her marriage feast was spread, and there were born most of her nine children.

The Queen spent her brief honeymoon at Windsor Castle, setting out as the sun was sinking on the short February day of the wedding and arriving after dark to find Eton College and the historic old town of Windsor brilliantly illuminated. She and her young husband had one day of enjoyment alone together before they were joined by several of their wedding guests.

Of all the English palaces, Windsor is in many respects the most fascinating. Still one of the chief residences of our monarch, its history (which is almost that of England itself) stretches back through eight centuries to the days of Norman William. Every gray old tower and gorgeous state chamber has its story or memento of the days of old. From Windsor went the tyrant John to sign the Great Charter on the low green islet of Runnymede in the Thames below. At Windsor, the royal captives John of France and James of Scotland were held in durance. In the ancient Curfew Tower, so tradition has it, grim King Hal met Herne, the grisly Demon Hunter of the Park. Dashing Prince Rupert was once Governor of the Castle, as, in recent years, was the Prince Consort; and Cromwell stabled his horses in the Chapel of Saint George.

The Castle, which consists of the Upper and Lower Wards, divided by



DEER IN WINDSOR PARK

the Round Tower, is nearly a mile in circumference. It stands on a hill, looking down on its own well-wooded parks, on the quaint little town nestling almost under its shadow, on the curving river, and on leagues of fair and fertile country vividly green in the foreground, misty blue where it meets the sky.

From far and near the Round Tower, with its flag ever flying—the royal standard when the King is in residence, the national banner at other times—is the most characteristic feature of the bold irregular outline of the Castle. This great keep was built by Edward III. for his new order of Knights of the Garter, and within he placed a vast circular table so that his knights, like those of King Arthur, might sit at their feasts in brotherly equality.

In the Upper Ward, on the east side of the great quadrangle, are the King's private apartments, looking out on the gorgeous flower beds and white statuary of the Italian garden, and on the north side are the State Apartments, used till comparatively

recent times as the royal residence and now occupied by foreign sovereigns, when paying state visits to England. These rooms have been redecorated during the present reign. They are furnished richly, and are adorned with a great collection of pictures by Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt and other famous artists. They contain also numerous curiosities, including arms and armour which have belonged to various notable persons, a wooden cradle in which Henry V. is said to have been rocked, a wonderful golden tiger's head and jewelled peacock of Indian workmanship, and a silver gilt throne glistening with cut crystals, which once belonged to the King of Kandy. Perhaps the most interesting room shown is Saint George's Hall, built by Edward III. as a banqueting hall for the Knights of the Garter. Its ceiling is emblazoned with shields of arms of the past and present members of the Order; banners bearing many a strange device hang from the roof, and flags and trophies adorn the walls. It is still used for state banquets, when the



OSBORNE HOUSE, VICTORIA'S LAST HOME

covers are laid on one long table running from end to end of the hall.

The Lower Ward of the Castle is not less interesting than the Upper. It contains the houses of the Military Knights of Windsor, the Horseshoe Cloisters, consisting of a sharply curved line of brick and timbered buildings, the quaint Dean's Cloisters, from which the Hundred Steps lead into the town, and the Chapel of Saint George, with its beautiful fan-vaulted roof, its carved stalls and its knightly banners. This chapel is the third or fourth that has stood upon the site. Several of England's kings slumber beneath its pavement, and near the west end is a marvellous cenotaph in memory of the Princess Charlotte. The draperies, wrought out in marble, are all but transparent, and one could almost fancy that the mourners are breathing beneath their veils. In this chapel Edward VII. was baptised and here he was married to the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea."

Behind is a small building begun by Henry VII., but restored and lavishly decorated by Queen Victoria, in hon-

our of her husband, who died at Windsor in December, 1861. Enamel-work, mosaics, stained glass and sculptured marble, all have been pressed into the service of setting forth the virtues and graces of Albert the Good, though his last resting-place is not the altar-tomb in this Memorial Chapel, but the royal mausoleum at Frogmore in the Home Park of the Castle.

Windsor Great Park is of vast extent. The Long Walk, leading from the Castle gates to Snow Hill, crowned by an equestrian statue of George III., is a fine drive of nearly three miles, between a double avenue of elms. They are noble trees, but in one respect resemble the stiff trees in an old-fashioned box of toys, for the deer, which roam freely about the park, have cropped away their lower branches with the precision of machinery. Several miles from the Castle is Virginia Water, said to be the largest artificial lake in England, and upon it rides a small frigate, used by the King when he visited America, and now popularly supposed to be a kind of gigantic toy used

at play by his grandson Prince Eddy.

In early days Victoria was a fearless horsewoman, and was often to be seen riding or driving with her ladies and a child or two, along the roads down which the King now flashes in his motor-car. It is the only car, by the way, allowed within the Park, and the consequent immunity from the modern terror of the road increases with nervous people the popularity of its lovely drives.

Osborne House, the Queen's last home, lacks alike the picturesque magnificence and the historic interest of Windsor, but it has nevertheless a charm of its own. It is situated on the top of a breezy hill in the lovely Isle of Wight. Its spacious grounds run down to the beach, and it was the Queen's chosen home, not her official residence. The estate was bought with her own money, and the house and gardens were planned by herself and Prince Albert. She left it to her son, but immediately after his coronation, King Edward announced that he would give up Osborne House and grounds to be kept as a memorial of Queen Victoria.

Her private rooms are closed and remain as they were in her lifetime, but the State Apartments are open to the public, and the remainder of the house is used as a convalescent home for officers of the army and navy. Within the grounds are one or two houses reserved for the use of members of the royal family, and a number of bungalows, recently erected, where begins the training of the future officers of the Royal Navy.

The State Apartments at Osborne are not imposing, with the exception of the Durbar Room. This was built comparatively recently for large receptions. It was designed by a Hindoo architect, and is lavishly decorated in Oriental fashion, with teak-wood and delicate mouldings of whitest plaster on walls and ceiling. There is a gallery at one end of the room and above the chimney-piece is

a snowy peacock with wide and outspread tail. Jubilee caskets and rich Indian furniture are here displayed, but from the point of view of Osborne as Victoria's home perhaps the most interesting works of art are the numerous representations of the royal family. As humbler people like to have frequent photographs of their children, the Queen-Empress seems to have thought that the likenesses of her boys and girls could not be taken too often in enduring marble.

In the dining-room the dead body of the Queen lay in state before her last royal progress through her capital to rest beside her husband at Frogmore. Above, with blinds always down, is the room where she died.

But Osborne, with its wide lawns, its wealth of flowers, its crisp sea-air, speaks rather of life than death; and as one passes along the ways often trodden by the feet of the Queen and those she loved best one turns back with pleasure to the thought of her happy, simple life. She was a lover of fresh air, and there is a great tree on the lawn beneath which she used often to breakfast or dictate her letters. Half a mile away, nearer the sea, is the Swiss Cottage, in which the boys had their forge and carpenter's bench, and the girls a kitchen, where they learned to make cakes and pickles.

As soon as Osborne House was built, the Queen was eager to take possession of it, and the royal party moved in almost before the smell of paint had departed. As the Queen passed in, a Scottish maid of honour threw an old shoe after her for luck, and there was great merriment at the "house-warming" dinner. Then in soberer mood Prince Albert quoted some lines of a German hymn, written by Luther and beginning:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure."

It was all very simple and cheerful, and was quite in harmony with the vein of kindly sentiment that showed itself so often in Victoria the woman.

A GARDEN OF OLD DELIGHTS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHAT wonder that wise old Eden story placed the beginning of life in a garden? A garden fitly belongs to the youth of the world and the youth of the race, for it never grows old. The years, which steal so much from everything else, bring added loveliness and sweetness to it, enriching it with memories beautiful and tender, but never blighting its immortal freshness. It is foolishness to speak as we do of "old" gardens: gardens are perennially young, the haunt of flowers and children. And Grandmother's garden was always full of both.

Some of her many grandchildren always came to the old homestead for their summer holidays. One summer there were a half-dozen there as guests; and, counting the other ten who lived near her and spent more time at grandmother's than at their own homes, we were the merriest little crew in the world. The garden was our favourite haunt, and we passed most of our waking moments there. It was to us an enchanted pleasure-ground, and there is nothing in all our store of remembrance so sweet and witching as our recollections of it. Places visited in later years have grown dim and indistinct, but every nook and corner of grandmother's garden is as vivid in memory as on the day I saw it last. That was many years ago; but I could go straight with shut eyes at this very moment to the bed beside the snow-ball tree where the first violets grew.

The door of the big living-room opened directly into the garden. You

went down four wide shallow steps, formed of natural slabs of red sandstone which great-grandfather had brought up from the shore. The lower one was quite sunk into the earth, and mint grew thickly about its edges. Often crushed by so many little feet, it gave out its essence freely and the spicy odour always hung around that door like an invisible benediction.

The garden was long and narrow and sloped slightly to the west. On two sides it was surrounded by a high stone wall; at least, we thought it high; but I have a mature suspicion that I might not think so now. Things have such an unwholesome habit of dwindling as we grow older; but then we could barely see over it by standing on tiptoe, and we had to climb to its top by the little ladder fastened against the western end if we wanted to get a good view of the wide, sloping green fields beyond, and the sea calling so softly on its silvery, glistening sand shore.

The third side was shut in by the house itself, a long, quaint, white-washed building, lavishly festooned with Virginia creeper and climbing roses. Something about the five square windows in the second storey gave it an appearance of winking at us in a friendly fashion through its vines; at least, so the story-girl said; and, indeed, we could always see it for ourselves after she had once pointed it out to us.

At one corner of the house a little gate opened into the kitchen garden, where the vegetables grew: but we

never felt much interest in that—perhaps because grandmother's old servant Jean looked upon it as her special domain and discouraged intruders.

"Get awa' wi' ye into the floor garden—that's the proper place for bairns," she would say, with an instinctive perception of the fitness of things.

The fourth side was rimmed in by a grove of fir trees, a dim, cool place where the winds were fond of purring, and where there was always a resinous, woody odour. On the farther side of the firs was a thick plantation of slender silver birches and whispering poplars; and just beyond it what we called the "wild garden"—a sunny triangle shut in by the meadow fences and as full of wild flowers as it could hold: blue and white violets, dandelions, Junebells, wild-roses, daisies, buttercups, asters, and goldenrod, all lavish in their season.

The garden was intersected by right-angled paths, bordered by the big white clam-shells which were always found in abundance by the bay, and laid with gravel from the shore—coloured pebbles and little white shells well ground into the soil. In the beds between the paths and around the wall grew all the flowers in the world, or so, at least, we used to think. The same things were always found in the same place; we always looked for the clove pinks, sown in grandmother's bridal days, behind the big waxberry bush, and the shadowy corner behind the sumacs was always sweet in spring with white narcissus.

There were many roses, of course, roses that grew without any trouble and flung a year's hoarded sweetness into luxuriant bloom every summer. One never heard of mildew or slugs or aphids there, and nothing was ever done to the rose-bushes beyond a bit of occasional pruning. There was a row of big double pink ones at one side of the front door, and the red and white ones grew in the middle

plot. There was one yellow rose-tree to the left of the steps; but the ones we loved best were the dear little "Scotch roses"—oh, how fragrant and dainty and thorny were those wee semi-double roses with their waxen outer petals and the faint shell-pink of their hearts! Jean had brought the rose-bush with her all the way from an old Scottish garden when she was a "slip of a lassie," so that in our eyes there was a touch of romance about them that the other roses lacked.

Grandmother's bed of lavender and caraway and sweet clover was very dear to her heart. The caraway and sweet clover had a tendency to spread wildly, and it was one of our duties to keep them in proper bounds, rooting up every stray bit that straggled from the allotted space. We picked and dried the lavender for grandmother's linen closet; and she made us delicious caraway cookies such as I have never eaten anywhere else. I am afraid such cookies are not made nowadays.

All the beds were edged with ribbon grass. The big red peonies grew along the edge of the fir grove, splendid against its darkness, and the hollyhocks stood up in stiff ranks by the kitchen garden gate. The bed next to them was a sight to see when the yellow daffodils and tulips came out. There was a clump of tiger-lilies before the door and a row of madonnalilies farther down. One big pine tree grew in the garden, and underneath it was a stone bench, made, like the steps, of flat shore stones worn smooth by the long polish of wind and wave. Just behind this bench grew pale, sweet flowers which had no name that we could ever find out. Nobody seemed to know anything about them. They had been there when grandfather's father bought the place. I have never seen them elsewhere or found them described in any catalogue. We called them the White Ladies—the Story Girl gave them the name. She said they looked like the

souls of good women. They were very ærial and wonderfully dainty, with a strange, haunting perfume that was only to be detected at a little distance and vanished if you bent over them. They faded whenever they were plucked, and although strangers, greatly admiring them, often carried away roots and seeds they could never be coaxed to grow elsewhere.

There was one very old-fashioned bed full of bleeding hearts, Sweet William, bride's bouquet, butter-and-eggs, Adam-and-Eve, columbines, pink and white daisies, and Bouncing Bets. We liked this bed best, because we might always pluck the flowers in it whenever we pleased. For the others, we had to ask permission, which, however, was seldom refused.

Poppies were the only things in the garden with a license to ramble. They sprang up everywhere; but the bed of them was in the northwest corner, and there they shook out their fringed silken skirts against a low coppice of young firs. Asparagus, permitted because of the feathery grace of its later development, grew behind the well-house, near the lilies-of-the-valley; the middle path was spanned at regular intervals by three arches, and these were garlanded with honeysuckle.

The well-house was a quaint, lichened old structure built over the well at the bottom of the garden. Four posts supported an odd peaked little roof like the roof of a Chinese pagoda, and it was almost covered with vines that hung from it in long swinging festoons nearly to the ground. The well was very deep and dark, and the water, drawn up by a windlass and chain in a mossy old bucket shaped like a little barrel and bound with icy hoops, was icy cold. As far down as we could see, the walls of the well were grown over with the most beautiful ferns.

The garden was full of birds; some of them we regarded as old friends, for they nested in the same place

every year and never seemed afraid of us. A pair of bluebirds had an odd liking for a nook in the stonework of the well; two yellowhammers had preëmpted an old hollow poplar in the south-western corner. Wild canaries set up housekeeping in the big lilac bush before the parlour windows. One exciting summer a pair of hummingbirds built a nest in the central honeysuckle arch. A wild August gale and rainstorm tore it from its frail hold and dashed it to the ground, where we found it the next morning. We girls cried over it; and then we cast lots to decide who should have the wonderful thing, fashioned of down and lichen, and no bigger than a walnut. The hummingbirds never came back, though we looked wistfully for them every summer. Robins were numerous, especially in early spring, great, sleek, saucy fellows, strutting along the paths. In the summer evenings after sunset they would whistle among the firs, making sweet, half melancholy music.

A garden with so many years behind it would naturally have some legends of its own. There was one fascinating story about "the poet who was kissed." One long-ago day, so long ago that grandfather was only a little boy, a young man had come into this garden—one whose name had already begun to bud out with the garland of fame that later encrowned it. He went into the garden to write a poem, and fell asleep with his head pillowed on the old stone bench. Into the garden came great-aunt Alice, who was nobody's aunt then, but a laughing-eyed girl of eighteen, red of lip and dark of hair, wilful and sweet, and a wee bit daring. She had been away and had just come home, and she knew nothing at all of her brother's famous guest; but in the garden, fast asleep under the pine tree, with his curly head on the hard stones and his half-finished poem beside him was the handsomest youth she had ever seen.

Mischievous Alice took him for an unexpected cousin from Scotland, and, bending over until her long dark curls swept his shoulder, she dropped a kiss, light and dainty as a falling rose-petal, on his sunburned cheek. Then he opened his big blue eyes and looked into Alice's blushing face — blushing hotly, for she realised all at once that this could not be the Scotch cousin. She knew, for she had been told, that he had eyes as velvet brown as her own. Fair Alice sprang to her feet and fled through the garden in dire confusion—a confusion which was not mended any when she found out who the sleeping prince really was. But it all ended happily, as one would expect, in wedding-bells for Alice and her poet.

The story which had the greatest fascination for us was that of "The Lost Diamond." Soon after grandfather and grandmother were married a certain great lady had come to visit them, a lady on whose white, high-bred hand sparkled a diamond ring. She had gone to walk in the garden; the diamond was in the ring when she went down the sandstone steps, for grandmother noted its sparkle as the great lady lifted her silken gown; but when she came in again the setting was empty and the diamond gone. Nor was it ever found, then or afterwards, search as they might. And never was anything better searched for. This story had a perennial charm for us children; we always had a secret hope that we might find the stone, and it made our labours seem light indeed. Nobody objected to pulling up weeds when every pull stood the chance of being rewarded by the starry glitter of the lost gem.

And then our garden had its ghost. We children were not supposed to know anything about this—grandmother thought it would frighten us and had forbidden any allusion to it in our presence. Her precaution was useless, for we knew all about it—the Story Girl had told us. How the

Story Girl knew it I cannot say; but the legend did not frighten us at all. Instead, we were intensely interested and very proud of it. Not every garden had a ghost. So it seemed to confer a certain distinction on ours. We never saw our ghost, but that was not for lack of looking for it.

The legend, as related to us one misty twilight by the Story Girl, and told in whispers with furtive glances backward that rendered it very impressive—oh, she knew how to tell a story, that Girl—was as follows:

Long ago, even before grandfather was born, an orphaned cousin of his lived with his parents. Her name was Edith and she was small and sweet and wistful eyed, with very long sleek brown curls and a tiny birthmark like a pink butterfly right on one oval cheek. She had a lover, the young son of a neighbour, and one day he had told her shyly that he was coming on the morrow to ask her a very important question and he wanted to find her in the garden when he came. Edith promised to meet him at the old stone bench; and on the morrow she dressed herself in her pale blue muslin and sleeked her curls and waited smiling at the trysting spot. To her there came a heedless cousin bursting out boyishly that her lover had been killed that morning by the accidental discharge of his gun. Edith was never quite herself after that; and she was never contented unless she was dressed in her blue gown and sitting on the old bench waiting for him—because he would be sure to come sometime, she said. She grew paler every day, but the little pink butterfly grew redder until it looked like a stain of blood against the whiteness of her face. When the winter came she died, but the next summer it began to be whispered about that Edith was sometimes seen sitting on the bench, waiting. More than one person had seen her.

"Grandfather saw her when he was a little boy," said the Story Girl, nodding mysteriously. "And my

mother saw her once, too, only once."

"Did *you* ever see her?" the skeptical boy wanted to know.

The Story-Girl shook her head.

"No, but I shall some day, if I keep on believing," she said confidently.

"I wouldn't like to see her — I should be afraid," said the timid girl, with a little shiver.

"There wouldn't be anything to be afraid of," said the Story Girl reassuringly. "It's not as if it were a stranger ghost. It's our own family ghost, so, of course, it wouldn't hurt us."

We often "acted out" the story of Alice and her poet; we discovered the lost diamond in a thousand different ways and places; but we never acted the story of Edith. Ghosts are not chancy folk to meddle with—even when they are your own family ghosts.

We had our own games and sports, mostly original, for the Story-Girl could invent them more easily than most children could talk. Our play-house was in the fir grove. We had shelves on the trees covered with a dazzling array of broken dishes and pieces of coloured glass; and we had "cupboards" scooped out among the big roots and lined with moss. We wove wreaths and crowns of pink daisies and every girl was queen for a day, turn about. We had picnics and little festivals galore. But when all was said and done we liked best to hear the Story-Girl tell stories.

We would climb to the top of the western wall, or sit on the grass under the swinging fir boughs, and listen for hours. The Story-Girl was an orphan grandchild who had always lived at grandmother's. She was a slim, light-footed thing, with an oval brown face and large, dark-blue, dreamy eyes. She had a marvellous memory and a knack of dramatic word-painting. Half her stories she "made out of her own head," and we thought them wonderful. Even now I still think they *were* wonderful, and

if she had lived I believe the world would have heard of her. She died in her early teens in a foreign land, far away from her beloved garden. It was she kept the "garden book." I found it in a box in the attic the last time I was at the old homestead, and brought it away with me. Many of its entries made the past seem the present again:

April twentieth.

It is spring, and I am so glad. The beauty of winter is that it makes you appreciate spring. Little green things are poking up everywhere in the garden. I always run out first thing every morning to see how much they have grown since yesterday. I helped grandmother plant the sweet peas to-day and I planted a little bed of my own. I am not going to dig them up this year to see if they have sprouted. It is bad for them. I am going to try to cultivate patience.

I read a new fairy book in the fir grove to-day. A fir grove is the right kind of a place to read fairy stories. Sally says she can't see that it makes any difference where you read them, but, oh, it does.

May tenth.

Warm, with south wind. Grandmother and Jean finished planting the vegetable garden to-day. I never like the vegetable garden except when I am hungry. Then I do like to go and look at the nice little rows of onions and beets.

May twenty-eighth.

I was busy weeding all day. Sally and Jack came over and helped me. I don't mind weeding but I always feel so sorry for the poor weeds. It must be hard to be rooted up; but then you should not grow in the wrong place. I suppose if weeds ever get to heaven they will be flowers. I hope heaven will be all flowers. I think I could be always good if I lived in a garden all the time. But then Adam and Eve lived in a garden and they were not always good—far from it.

June eighth.

It rained this morning. The garden is always so sweet after a rain. Everything is so fresh and clean and the perfumes are lovelier than ever. I wish one could see perfumes as well as smell them. I am sure they would be beautiful. Billy says it is just like a girl to wish something silly. Billy is very practical—he would never think of being sorry for the weeds. Grandfather says he is very level-headed. It is best to be level-headed, of course, but you miss lots of fun.

Our Canterbury-Bells are out. I think

"Canterbury-Bells" is a lovely name. It makes you think of cathedrals. Sweet William is a dreadful name for a flower. William is a man's name, and men are never sweet. They are a great many admirable things, but they are not sweet and shouldn't be. That is for women.

June seventeenth.

The garden does not look the same by moonlight at all. It is very beautiful but it is different. When I was a little wee girl I used to believe that fairies danced in the garden by moonlight. I would like to believe it still, but it is so hard to believe things you know are not true. Uncle James told me there were no such things as fairies. He is a minister, so, of course, I knew he spoke the truth. It was his duty to tell me and I do not blame him, but I have never felt quite the same to Uncle James since.

We acted Alice and the poet to-day. I like it mostly, but not to-day, for Billy was the poet and he didn't look a bit poetical—his face was so round and freckled. I just wanted to laugh and that spoiled it all for me. I always like it better when Jack is the poet; he looks the part and he never screws his eyes up as tight as Billy does. But you can seldom coax Jack to be the poet, and Billy is so obliging that way.

July twentieth.

We all helped grandmother make her rose jar to-day. We picked quarts of rose leaves. The most fragrant ones grow on grandmother's wedding bush. When grandmother was married she had a bouquet of white roses and she stuck one of the green shoots from it down in the garden, never thinking it would really grow, but it did, and it is the biggest bush in the garden now. It does seem so funny to think that there ever was a time when grandfather and grandmother were not married. You would think to look at them that they always had been. What a dreadful thing it would have been if they had not got married to each other! I don't suppose there would have been a single one of us children here at all; or if we were we would be part somebody else, and that would be almost as bad. When I think how awful it would have been to have been born part somebody else, or not born at all, I cannot feel sufficiently thankful that grandfather and grandmother happened to marry each other, when there were so many other people in the world they might have married.

I am trying to love the zinnias best, because nobody seems to like them at all, and I am sure they must feel it; but all the time deep down in my heart I know I

love the roses best. You just can't help loving the roses.

August nineteenth.

Grandmother let us have our tea in the garden this afternoon, and it was lovely. We spread the tablecloth on the grass by the well-house, and it was just like a picnic. Everything tasted twice as good, and we did not mind the ants at all.

I am going to call the southernwood "apple-ringie" after this. Jean says that is what they call it in Scotland, and I think it sounds ever so much more poetical than southernwood. Jack says the right name is "boy's love," but I think that is silly.

September fifth.

Billy says that a rich man in town has a floral clock in his garden. It looks just like the face of a clock, and there are flowers in it that open every hour, and you can always tell the time. Billy wishes we had one here but I don't. What would be the good of it? Nobody ever wants to know the time in a garden.

It was my turn to be queen, and I wore the daisy crown all day. I like to be queen, but there is really not as much fun in it as in being a common person, after all. Besides, the rest all call you "Your Majesty," and curtesy whenever they come into your presence, if they don't forget, and it makes you feel a little lonely.

September twenty-seventh.

Shadows are such pretty things and the garden is always full of them. Sometimes they are so still you would think them asleep. Then again they are laughing and skipping. Outside, down on the shore fields, they are always chasing each other. They are wild shadows; the shadows in the garden are tame shadows.

October twentieth.

Everything seems to be rather tired of growing. The pine tree and the firs and the 'mums. The sunshine is thick and yellow and lazy, and the crickets sing all the time. The birds have nearly all gone.

The other day I thought I saw the ghost at last. I was coming through the fir grove and I saw somebody in blue sitting on the bench. How my heart beat! But it was only a visitor, after all. I don't know whether I was glad or disappointed. I don't think it would be a pleasant experience to see the ghost; but after you had seen it, think what a heroine you would be.

November tenth.

There was a little snow last night but

it all melted as soon as the sun came out. Everything in the garden has gone to sleep and it is lonely and sad there now. I don't think I shall write any more in my garden book till spring.

Early morning was an exquisite time in the garden. Delicate dews glistened everywhere, and the shadows were black and long and clear-cut. Pale, peach-tinted mists hung over the bay, and little winds crisped across the fields and rustled in the poplar leaves in the wild corner. But the evening was more beautiful still, when the sunset sky was all aglow with delicate shadings and a young

moon swung above the sea in the west. The robins whistled in the firs, and over the fields sometimes came lingering music from the boats in the bay. We used to sit on the old stone wall and watch the light fading out on the water and the stars coming out over the sea. And at last grandmother would come down the honeysuckle path and tell us it was time that birds and buds and babies should be in bed. Then we would troop off to our nests in the house, and the fragrant gloom of a summer night would settle down over the Garden of Old Delights.

THE COMING OF LOVE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HOW shall I know? Shall I hear him pass
 In the wind that sighs through the poplar tree,
 Murmuring soft to the whispering grass,
 Shaking the prisoned perfumes free?

Shall I wake one day to a sky all blue
 And meet with Spring in a crowded street?
 Shall I fear and tremble as lovers do
 And wonder to find the fearing sweet?

How shall I know? Last night I lay
 Counting the hours' dreary sum,
 Till the dawn turned gold and the gold turned gray,
 And the Silence told me that Love had come!



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT MCGILL

A view of the campus, showing the freshman morgue in the foreground, where seventy-nine freshmen lay "dead" at the call of time. Only twenty-three "dead" sophomores were reported at the other morgue

NEW METHODS IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS

BY CHRISTOPHER CONWAY

THE modern college is a complex institution, and not all its educational features are imparted from the professorial chairs. The students themselves have a large voice (this is written without reference to vocal efforts heard upon such occasions as require the banding of the undergraduate body) in the education of their fellow members. This may seriously differ from views held by persons of an older generation who cling to the idea that the university is in *loco parentis* in all instances, yet it is quite

true, and the truth of the assertion is more apparent to those who have a knowledge of large universities where the dormitory system is unknown: such a university, for instance, as McGill.

There are two factors at McGill that are largely prominent in the educational work carried on by the students, one is the Students' Council, and the other is the annual "Rush." The Council is an organisation composed of a president, elected at large, and eight presidents, which num-



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. CAPTURING AND BANDAGING

ber includes the chief executive officer of the rugby, track and hockey clubs, the presidents of the four undergraduate bodies and the president of the Union. The chief object of this body is to act as the direct representative of the students in all dealings with the public. It speaks for the students and to the students as occasion demands. It has the power to sit as a

court of honour and the authority to suggest disciplinary methods for any offending student. Furthermore, it controls all the athletic funds, and publishes a college weekly; in brief, it is the chief influence in student activities.

The Council is now in its third year of existence and is already an acknowledged success. It has a m



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. DELIVERING A CAPTIVE FRESHMAN



THE "ARTS RUSH" AT M'GILL. WAITING FOR THE WORD "GO!"

permanent feature than is usual with student organisations, because it has a permanent official, a secretary, thus giving an intelligent continuity to its work. The secretary is supposed to be versed in wordly lore and athletic knowledge, and, representing a business force, he can secure attention in all business matters. The importance

of this will be realised when it is stated that student organisations had not always been carried along on strictly business lines, and unpaid accounts offered no sense of novelty.

By placing responsibility in the hands of students a great change has been made in the general tone of the undergraduate body at McGill: it has



THE "ARTS RUSH" AT M'GILL. RUSHBALL IN THE AIR



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. SECURING THE VICTIMS

had a sobering effect; it is, as John Redmond once remarked, apparent that the way to secure intelligent citizens is to give them responsibility. There is no rowdyism at McGill; not that everything is perfect, but the student body is receiving the respect of the community, the general effect being one of genuine friendliness between Town and Gown.

It can be readily appreciated that in making the student body responsible to itself for its behaviour there has been secured an educational advance of great importance. Authority has been wielded with firm justice, and the relations between the faculties and the undergraduates have improved wonderfully, an improvement which will appeal to college men of a generation ago, who know that the student was not always received in a friendly manner by the powers.

Now of the Rush. The average citizen will hardly grant that there is any educational value in the Rush, but, then, there are many persons who fail to perceive any advantage in

football, lacrosse, hockey and kindred pastimes. A college man to whom the question was put, answered by saying that the Rush enabled men of a class to become better acquainted with one another, and that answer covers much of the ground. McGill has tried several forms of Rush and recently initiated a change—under the auspices of a professor. It had been the custom for science students to engage in a hill rush. This was carried out on a slope in front of the physics building. The sophomores secured a position on top, shoved the freshmen to the bottom, and then began a scuffle, largely based on the principle of "I'm the King of the Castle," a game which has survived from the cave age. In the rush there were no rules, and it was not infrequent that the good red blood of many inspired youths marked the fresh green grass. Arts students occasionally used a corridor in Molson Hall for a rush, and sometimes tried conclusions on the grassy terrace in front of the building. Their affairs were no



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT MCGILL. IN FRONT OF THE MORGUE

more graceful than those of the science students. The roughness and looseness of these rushes started an agitation for something better to initiate a class and resulted in a professor supplying a rope ring to be contested for. Then the men were brought to the campus, freshmen marshalled at one end, and sophomores at the other. The big rope ring was placed in the middle of the playground, and at a given signal both sides broke, rushed to secure possession and struggled until the call of time. Then on count of hands a decision was made.

It was found that the ring rope was just as dangerous, if indeed not more so, than the old hill rush, so it was decided to abandon that form of initiation and try some other method. It was eventually thought that a pushball would furnish the desired medium, so one was purchased and made ready for the science men of that year. However, a defective bladder rendered the pushball useless at the time when desired and a new idea was tried out. Stout cotton bandages were obtained

and a simple game organised. The men were again sent to the campus, each class lining up at either end. A space was roped off behind each line, and a banner fluttering from the goalposts of the football field announced that one was a "Freshman Morgue" and the other a similar institution for "dead" sophomores. Every student was provided with two bandages and informed that he must aid in tying up a member of the other class, then bring the prisoner to the Morgue. The result of this rush was one of the funniest sights ever witnessed in the classic shades of old McGill, and the onlookers were better entertained than they could have been at any theatre. The prize for this affair is a cup on which the record of the winner is engraved, and the cup placed in the library with the other athletic trophies.

The bandage rush had proved successful, but the promoters of the pushball plan felt that they ought to have a trial, and, with this end in view, they succeeded in inducing the

arts classes to wait until a new bladder could be secured for the big ball. Then the two sides were sent out, and a spectacular struggle commenced. It more nearly resembled a real game than the other event—it gave the contestants a good time, and gave the onlookers something to laugh at.

It may yet be considered that these affairs have no place in the real serious matters of college life, yet their place is now well established at McGill, and the keen interest taken by professors plainly indicates that the teachers believe that this form of initiation possesses a tangible value.

ORCHARDS IN BLOOM

By ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

BANKS of bloom on a billowy plain,
 Odours of orient in the air,
 Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain—
 Allah's garden, everywhere!

Boundless depths in the blue above,
 Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,
 Orioles trilling songs of love
 With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
 Yellow and azure, far outspread,—
 O, the measureless soul-delight
 In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Youth in the veins of the earth and the sky,
 Brimming joy in the beams of the sun,—
 Never a hint that by-and-by
 Fields shall be ripe and springtime done;

Never a hint that these orchards wide,
 Where rose-tints riot and perfumes burn,
 In the mellow march of summertide
 To dark unscented woods shall turn.

Sweet to the sense it is to sip
 Fresh from the bowl of the blossoming year.
 Maddening joy once more to dip
 Deep in the orchard-nectars here.

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
 Odours of orient in the air,
 Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
 Joyance, joyance everywhere!



KING EDWARD VII.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE



KING EDWARD VII.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL



KING GEORGE V.

"THE KING IS DEAD ——— LONG LIVE THE KING"

THE RANPIKE CLAIM

BY ROBERT J. HEWTON

"I AM down and out at last," said Arthur Conway.

The scene was the office of Brown, Browning and Brownwig, of Sherbrooke, a law firm of which I am the mining expert.

"What's the trouble now?" I inquired. "I thought you had struck it rich and were on the high-road to fortune."

"So I had; so I was," Conway replied; "but it is all over now and I am worse than broke. I may as well throw up the sponge, such an infernal run of luck is enough to break any-one's heart."

"Suppose you tell me the whole story. Perhaps things are not so bad as they seem. It often happens like that."

"Bad! They could not well be worse. It is the same old yarn. You remember when you taught the Old-town Academy, before you took to the law, and I was one of your boys, that I was always in trouble. If someone threw a stone carelessly, it was sure to hit me; if a branch fell from a tree, it did not fail to strike me on the head. It has been just the same since I grew up. Everything goes wrong. If I buy a horse, he breaks his leg within a week; if I make a deal with a firm, my luck is too much for it and, as certain as my name is Arthur Conway, it fails, leaving me with my pains for my gains; if I open a pot with four queens and bet my last cent upon my hand, someone is certain to hold four kings. And now it is the Ranpike Claim."

"The Ranpike Claim, Arthur Con-

way! What do you mean by that? You told me last month the Ranpike was the richest asbestos lode ever struck in Quebec, which is the same thing as saying in the world, and now you tell me it has petered out."

"Petered out!" he shouted. "No, sir, not on your life: the Ranpike has not petered out. It is all I ever claimed it to be, and more; yes, far more. There is nothing like it any where. Its seams are as fine as anything Thetford ever produced, and its rock is all pay ore; it's full of fibre, there's not an ounce of 'dead' in the whole of it. The trouble is not with the mine but with me: I have been done, cheated, swindled out of the whole business." He smote the desk viciously with his hand, and I nodded inquiringly.

"My option expired the day before yesterday."

"Yes?"

"Sharpe and Company did not make good."

"Of course you neglected my advice about those papers," I said.

"Yes, I did, cursed fool that I am. I allowed Sharpe to keep me hanging off and on for the past three weeks trusting to his assurance that they were coming on each day to put up the price and close the deal."

"Where were you on Thursday when the option expired?" I asked.

"I was in Montreal. Sharpe wired me to meet him and Burnsides there to close the transaction."

"No one put in an appearance, of course."

"Not a soul. I hung round all day

and suspected nothing till it was too late to do anything. Burnside met Sharpe at Waterloo and sold him his farm for thirty thousand dollars, just seventy thousand less than they were to pay me for the claim. Why Burnside took thirty thousand I do not know. The Claim alone is worth half a million. I had no money to hold the option or I would never have accepted their offer of a hundred thousand. Now I have lost everything. I have lived for two years on hares and hard-tack working like a slave to open the vein and these fellows by a sharp trick reap the benefit. I have spent every dollar I possessed and am in debt to everyone who would trust me. I am down and out. Had it not been for the thought of Mary I would have made a hole in the Magog river this morning when I learned how I had been done. Poor girl, perhaps it would be the best thing I could do for her."

"Yes," I replied, "as her friend, perhaps I shall have to advise that yet."

"Don't be too hard on me, Mr. Brownwig," he pleaded.

"Too hard on you, Arthur Conway; too hard on you," I cried, smiting the desk in turn, for my anger rose as I thought of the sweet face of Mary Abbot whose love I had sought six years before, only to learn that she had already given her heart to this handsome unfortunate. "Too hard on you, indeed. If I treated you as you deserve I would kick you from here to the Ranpike Claim, and I would like to do it. Too hard on you; you come to me for advice and then because you don't do as I tell you, allow such a prize as this to slip through your fingers. And now you are here again. What do you expect me to do for you? What is the use of talking to you. I'll give you no more advice. I am sick of you and your stubbornness."

I smote the table once more and pushed back my chair as if to end the interview.

"Mary made me come," was Conway's only reply. He could not have selected a more effective plea. My anger died away at the thought of the gentle girl who had waited so long for this derelict to make her a home.

"She thought something might yet be done if you were interested," he ventured to add.

"Well, well; perhaps so," I admitted reluctantly. "I have no doubt there was a conspiracy. So Mary sent you to me. How long have you two been engaged—six years?"

"Six years and more."

"You were to have been married at the end of the first year?"

"Yes."

"And that was the only prosperous year you have ever had?"

"Yes, the one gleam of good luck."

"You postponed the wedding to end a 'big thing' you had on hand?"

"Yes, Mr. Brownwig, and I had my usual luck. My booms burst and I lost every dollar I had in the world."

"Miss Abbot refused to end the engagement and you would not marry till things took a turn for the better?"

"I could not allow her to share such poverty as has been mine ever since. We were to have been married next month on the strength of the Ranpike."

"And now she sends you to me?"

"She insisted on my coming, sir."

"As to a friend?"

"Yes, as to a friend."

"Hers or yours?"

"A friend of both, Mary hoped."

"The best thing I could do for her would be to insist on your ending everything between you, but I suppose I might as well talk to the winds, and shall confine myself to giving you professional advice."

"That's what I want, Mr. Brownwig."

I placed my hands on the desk and gazed at him steadily for a time. Then I said in my severest manner, "I am your legal adviser, am I not?"

"Certainly," he promptly replied.

"Exactly. Now before I say a word

I must have your promise to do precisely what I tell you. If you give me this, well; if not, I must decline to waste any more time over your affairs. Do we understand each other? I will be fooled no longer and I know, with all your stubbornness, your word is absolutely binding."

There was a long pause, but he finally gave the required promise, and I continued:

"I know you do not drink."

He nodded assent.

"And I know from henceforth you will not gamble?"

There was a long, long pause this time, but he accepted this condition as well as the other.

"I have a complete history here of your misfortunes," I assured him. "I have already seen Miss Abbot and something may yet be done about the Ranpike Claim, but it will not do to count on. That, however, I consider a small matter."

He stared at me in amazement and then burst out: "The Ranpike a small matter? I tell you it is worth half a million as an undeveloped property. There has never been anything like it known in the history of asbestos."

"I don't mean its loss is a small thing in itself, but I regard it as trifling compared with the destruction of your belief in bad luck. I admit you seem to have had more than your share of trouble but I fancy most of your misfortunes, like the last, could be directly traced to a foolish disregard of all advice. What we have to do now, however, is to break that run of bad luck, and I propose to begin by making you a present."

He blushed up to the roots of his hair, but I held up my hand and continued:

"My gift is a wedding present and takes the form of a marriage license. You see it is already filled out. You will sign your name here and one of the clerks will witness your signature. You will find Miss Abbot waiting for you in the outer office and will go up to the rectory, where there is

always a clergyman at this hour on Saturday. He will marry you at once. This will forever end your belief in your bad luck, which is partly the cause of all your misfortunes. With so sweet a wife as Mary, it will be impossible any longer to believe yourself the victim of bad luck. Now go, and come back to me early on Monday. You may feel assured I will do everything in my power to assist Mary's husband."

He passed out like one in a dream and I, after wiping my eyes and blowing my nose vigorously several times, sat down to consider what inspiration lay behind Mary's words.

"Mr. Burnsides is one of the shrewdest men in the country," she had said, "and if his title had been good he would never have sold his whole farm for thirty thousand dollars when he knew Arthur had been offered a hundred thousand for a corner of it."

"Thirty thousand seemed a good deal of money to him," I had replied, but I was far from satisfied with my own answer.

Try as I might I could see no way out of the difficulty, and finally I resolved to visit the claim on Monday on the off chance of discovering something which would throw light on the darkness surrounding the whole transaction.

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The claim consisted of a bold outcropping of rock situated at the rear of the Burnsides farm, in a large clearing which sloped away towards the south without interruption, except for a ledge of granite running through it about fifty yards from the line. It was covered by a collection of granite and serpentine boulders packed in a slaty shale. This mass, easily recognisable as a glacier moraine, stretched away towards the north and was covered, as was the knoll itself, by a growth of young evergreens mixed with poplar and white birch trees.

The claim was just inside the clearing, the edge of which marked the dividing line between two properties, the one to the south fenced and well cultivated and the other, deserted and neglected, rapidly reverting to a sylvan character. The rear part of the cultivated farm, which belonged to Burnside's, had never been used except for growing hay. It had never been enclosed, but was separated from the rest of the farm by a well-built rail fence. An immense granite boulder lay at the corner where this fence joined the dividing line between the two properties. From here to the mine the edge of the clearing was very irregular and evidently depended on the nature of the soil, the rocky patches not having been considered worth clearing of underbrush.

From the highest point of the claim and almost at its southern edge, towered an immense, dead tree which, with a single limb pointing to the north and downwards, suggested a sentinel keeping guard over some hidden treasure. This relic of the primeval forest, being locally known as the "Ranpike," had given its name to the ledge.

I was surprised when I noted how much labour Conway had expended in opening the mine, and realised that I had not given him full credit for energy and perseverance. He rose greatly in my estimation and I determined to do everything in my power to assist him out of the difficulty in which his carelessness had involved him.

I had expended much thought on Mary's suggestion that there was some flaw in the Burnside's title, but had been unable to discover the slightest irregularity. I had been to the registrar's office and paid my fee for the privilege of examining his deed of ownership, but had come away without any light on the subject. Everything seemed quite correct. Indeed, the present occupant was the third owner in the direct Burnside line, and there could be no question of his

right of possession. I had carefully studied the descriptions of the properties mentioned in the deeds; in fact, had almost memorised them, and had come out to the mine with a wild hope that the parcel of land mentioned in the registrar's document was not the one in question. I knew the absurdity of this hope but was induced to make the trip by my faith in Mary's intuition. My practice had taught me that women frequently jump at just conclusions which men can only reach after close reasoning and careful investigations.

"Who owns that property?" I asked Arthur, pointing towards the waste of rocks and thickets lying to the north of the Burnside's farm.

"I do," he replied. "It is all that is left and it is mortgaged for more than it is worth. No one would buy it, as there is no timber—nothing but a heap of broken stones."

"Does not the asbestos ledge run across it?" I inquired, after examining the apparent trend of the lode he had uncovered. It seems to me it ought to dip that way."

"I have thought so lately," he replied. "You see the granite is over there," and he pointed towards the clearing, "unless it dips very deep under that bench, which is not likely, the lead is away to the northeast. I intended to give Mary fifty thousand dollars, and, after paying Burnside's off, to have expended the balance in clearing away enough of that rubbish to find out, but that chance is gone now, and I must turn my hand to do something that will give more immediate returns."

As he spoke, a clause in the description of the Burnside's property recurred to my memory: "past a granite boulder of large size and to the southward of the tall tree on the knoll."

"Mary is right for a million dollars," I shouted as the importance of what this meant to my clients struck me. "Trust a woman for finding holes in a man's coat. Where does the line run, Arthur Conway: the line between

the two properties? Tell me that."

"I don't know exactly, but somewhere through the bush back of the knoll. See how the rocky point juts out into the clearing."

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars against a brass farthing it does nothing of the kind. It runs past the granite boulder, south of the Ranpike. Burnsidess never had any claim on the mine. You were to pay twenty thousand dollars for your option on the Ranpike Claim, and all the while it belonged to you and not to him. Burnsidess knew all the while, and on the strength of it has unloaded an eight thousand dollar farm on Sharpe and Company for four times what it is worth."

Conway went white. For a moment I thought he would faint, but he soon recovered and exclaimed: "I believe you are right, Mr. Brownwig. My property was unfit for farming, and the back part of it was never enclosed, and, as Burnsidess cleared away as far as the good land extended, we fell into the habit of regarding the edge of the clearing as roughly marking the dividing line between the two properties. Now I remember hearing my father say our property extended south of the Ranpike. But what made you think of it?"

"I never thought of it. The idea was Mary's. She suggested that there was something wrong with the Burnsidess title. The idea was hers, God bless her."

"Yes," said Conway, reverently lifting his hat, "God bless her; she has ended my run of bad luck."

The next day we again repaired to the Ranpike, accompanied by a land surveyor, who soon established the truth of my surmise. The Ranpike Claim undoubtedly belonged to Arthur Conway.

As we completed the survey, Burn-

sides appeared on the scene. He smiled grimly when he observed our occupation and remarked:

"Jest findin' it out, Mr. Brownwig?"

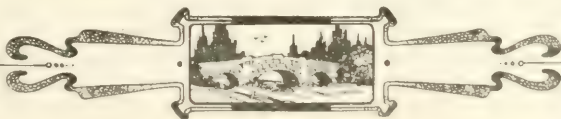
"Yes, Mr. Burnsidess, we are just finding it out, but you may not find it so easy to explain away a charge of conspiracy to defraud Mr. Conway of a mine."

"Conspiracy, nothing," he laughed. "I didn't know when I gave the darned option where the 'cotton' were or what he was lookin' fur. When I did find it out an' come to think on where the line run, I knew Sharpe weren't agoin' to make good, so I weren't sayin' nothin', but I had a farm to sell an' I call thirty thousand dollars a right smart price for it, tew. I had no claim, no nor no mine to sell, jest a farm; though for all I know the granite ledge out thar may be full o' 'cotton,'" and he smiled again. "My price war thirty thousand dollars if paid before a certain day, an' it war paid in good money. It's down to Sherbrooke, safe in the E. T. Bank. I guess I'll move to the city an' give the gals some schoolin'."

The Ranpike Asbestos Mining Company was soon afterwards incorporated. I am president, and Arthur Conway is managing-director. It rapidly became one of the most prosperous mining concerns in the Dominion.

The case of Sharpe and Company against Burnsidess has just been concluded. It resulted in the plaintiffs being compelled to pay heavy costs. The old farmer was proved to have been altogether too keen for the sharps.

Conway had no more bad luck. He is just completing a handsome residence on one of the city's best streets. Mary says the house, when finished, will be called *The Ranpike Claim*.



AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE

BY KATHERINE HALE

WE of the British Empire prate largely of Imperialism, and on the common ground of finance, politics, or government, there is much interchange of thought between England, India, Africa, Australia and Canada.

On the higher ground of art how little knowledge, not to speak of comradeship, we possess one of the other.

To write, or speak, of Canadian literature in South Africa, would probably be quite as curious and illuminative an experience as to deal with Australian literature in India.

To classify very roughly, I suppose that more people have known British India through the work of Rudyard Kipling than by that of any other writer, Australia through the novelist of the race-track, Nat. Gould, South Africa, by the work of that frail little woman, Olive Schreiner, with her strange impassioned "Story of a South African Farm," and of Canada through the early, colourful romances of Quebec written by Gilbert Parker.

These names come easily to the mind as the literature of each country is mentioned, yet we know that they are each one but the conspicuous product of a whole web of intricate threads — only one manifestation of a great country's desire and design, and, in the outstanding figure, we may not approach the real spirit of the country so fully as in the study of the lesser voices who, nearer to the ground, are weaving the web each one in his own way.

It would appear that literature in

Australia has not yet come into its own. There is no full-throated chorus of great singers, as there is in Canada, nor were the beginnings of its art life so propitious. It is a land which lacks tradition, and the great natural forces, beautiful and limitless, are still overshadowing the life of the spirit. Yet Australia has had, and will have, her voices.

Lately I have been much charmed in the reading of a little volume wherein are set the poems of that one who has been, up to the present time, the single outstanding lyricist of Australia — Adam Lindsay Gordon. He is described as one:

"Who flashed upon us suddenly.
A shining soul, with syllables of fire,
Who sang the first great songs these
lands can claim
To be their own: the one who did not
seem

To know what royal place awaited him
Within the temple of the Beautiful."

Marcus Clarke, another Australian writer, in a masterly preface to Gordon's poems, speaks lovingly of this gallant son of the English army who came to Australia early in his youth, and, with a head crammed full of Browning and Shelley, plunged into the varied life which gold mining, overlanding, and cattle-driving afford. From this experience he emerged to light in Melbourne as the best amateur steeple-chase rider in the colonies. His victories on the turf made him immensely popular, and when it was discovered that the big-hearted "Sport" was the author of many surprising anonymous verses in the leading magazines, his personality became

marked in England as well as in his adopted country.

Possessing great physical attraction, as well as marked talent, if not positive genius, it is all the more to be regretted that the melancholy with which he had always been obliged to wrestle overcame this poet at the last, and in the full tide of success, he was found dead among the heather, with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain.

And what do we find in his poetry? A wakeful echo of Swinburne, and a generous dash of Browning, it is true, as, in the "Songs of a Sourdough" by our own Canadian, Robert Service, the mighty tone of Kipling reverberates, but as well, in both cases, the personal liberty of feeling, the saving sense of ego, the accordance with underlying laws of nature and environment.

If in certain poems we discern an old familiar metre, at least in such verse as "The Sick Stock-Rider," we find a shining quality uninfluenced by anything but environment and personal feeling: the two elements that go to make up the truly national poet.

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn,
among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we wandered many a mile
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and
watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when
we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the
yard
With a running fire of stock whips and a
fiery run of hoofs.
Oh! the hardest day was never then too
hard."

This is genuine poetry. The verses swing on and on, and we too are galloping furiously after "Starlight," and his gang, through the tea-tree scrub, and we feel, we feel, how the "gold-en-tinted fern leaves" rustled, and "the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed."

Into the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry there must, inevitably, go a vast interpretation of nature. The first great

genius in Australian literature will stand alone. And that genius has not yet appeared.

Marcus Clarke, a man of rare discrimination and feeling, who wrote a novel of the early convict days—"For the Term of His Natural Life"—so wonderful that it made a lasting impression in England, has given in a few paragraphs, some famous description of his own country. This is vivid painting; so beautiful that it makes the tragic story of the writer's death all the more bitter, for into his temperament went more than a touch of genius, and he died when he was very young, leaving a wife and two children. The children are, I believe, being educated in England by the Earl of Rosebery.

"Australia has been rightly named 'The Land of the Dawning.' Wrapped in the mist of early morning, her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forests where flourish the vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilisation which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on its bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gum, strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills, is either grotesque or ghostly. Great, gray kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. . . . From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives, painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring, and gloomy. The poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from that of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollection of her past magnificence. America

swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable, as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of the islands of the South, arise heavy and intoxicating odours — the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird, the strange scribbings of nature, learning how to write. But the dweller here acknowledges the subtle charm of the land. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, while the sullen frost freezes in a sky of cloudless blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dream-land termed the bush, interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation, begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful riches of Egypt."

Has there ever before been so hauntingly gloomy an epic in prose?

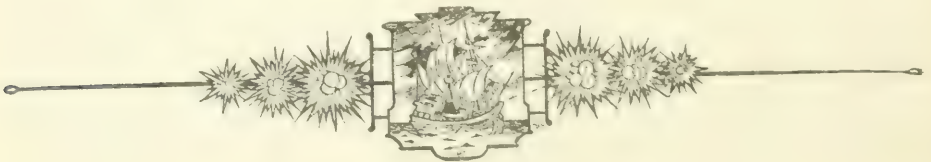
Another Australian writes to me: "Our lovely climate, with its blue Italian skies, the wild birds in the blue-green forests, the golden blossoms abloom in the springtime, pictures to my mind a semi-tropical region, the reverse of melancholy."


And all Australian writers have not been sad. It is some years since Mr. Nat. Gould left Australia, but there are thousands of his readers who remember him well. He held a unique position in Australian journalism, possessed a wonderfully facile pen, and wrote on almost every subject with a freedom of thought and a love of truth that endeared him to the people. He has been a leading writer on scores of papers, as "Verax" he was known throughout Australia, and his reputation as a sporting author stands unrivalled the world over. The best sportsmen who visit England

always go to see him, and as they read his books remember with gratitude the man who fought for the public, sometimes playing a "lone hand" in doing so. And he has his reward, for his publisher unhesitatingly states that the sale of his novels exceeds 5,000,000 copies.


It was Rolf Boldrewood who wrote that stirring book "Robbery Under Arms," he relates stories of convict life and the early, early days. And there is Mrs. Campbell Praed who did such brilliant work in collaboration with Justin McCarthy, Ada Cambridge, who was famous for her travel books, and Miss Turner, whose delightful child stories have had no equal since the days of Louisa M. Alcott—these and many others are making Australian literature bright and enduring.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, who is, by the way, a first cousin of Lord Wolseley, lives for the most part in Queensland, although she has a town house in London. One of her stories, "The Lost Earl of Ellan," ran serially in *The Canadian Magazine* during 1905. She would probably declare with feeling that there is little "literary atmosphere" to be discovered in her own country as yet. The era of bookmaking, of song-singing, of creative enterprise in art has not yet arrived. The great land is waiting. And while it waits, the sorrowful forest does not stir, the sun-colours dissolve, and recreate, and die, the magic South shines on, and the shadowy past, that still awaits interpretation, holds for its discoverer the great secret inviolate.





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE new election in Great Britain is deferred until midsummer, at earliest, but even so, it is likely to come too soon for either party. The Liberals do not hope to regain the ground lost in January and, in fact, may reasonably expect some further losses; the Unionists, with Scotland and Wales and all the north of England heavily against them on the tariff question, if not also on the veto question, hardly hope for more than some further reduction of the composite majority; the Irish Nationalists, in bitter dissension among themselves, may be further divided by the necessities of the campaign; and the Labour party can ill afford the expenses of a new election. In spite of this, the election must come, since the Lords will inevitably throw out the measure for their own stultification, and will no doubt continue to do so until the question is settled by a decisive majority.

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It may be taken for granted that there is no real expectation in any quarter that the King will force a conclusion by creating five hundred new peers, and thus prevent a new election being necessary. There is no precedent for such a course and it would turn peerage and parliament into a burlesque. If the King's veto is dead—as dead as Queen Anne, as Mr. Asquith described it—because it has not been exercised since those days, the King's prerogative of creating peers for parliamentary purposes

should be equally dead, since it is yet longer since it has been exercised, and the dozen creations then necessary to balance the parties would be hardly a precedent for the wholesale elevation that would now be necessary.

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One curious development of the debate on the constitutional problems now proceeding in England is the proposition to increase the powers of the Speaker, a proposition which, somewhat oddly, chances to be made at the precise moment when in the United States Congress a revolt has broken out against the powers vested by custom in the presiding officer of the House of Representatives. One of the famous resolutions intended to change the relations of the Lords and Commons is that which declares the Lords shall have no power either to amend or reject a money bill, and a vital clause in this resolution provides that the Speaker shall have the right of deciding whether or not a given bill is one which shall be thus immune from danger in the Lords. In the case of the Budget which wrecked the last parliament, for instance, and which the Lords ventured to throw out because it was not purely a finance measure, as they held, it would have fallen to the Speaker to decide whether this claim was well grounded.

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This would mean a vast increase in the powers that have been allotted to the Speaker under the British prac-

tice, and it is a question whether under this new condition that other custom, unique in parliament procedure, whereby the speakership falls outside the clashes of party, and the occupant of the chair holds office regardless of changes of government, could be continued. Under the American practice there is no premier, no great minister, no popular leader, even, in the popular chamber, and the functions which in the British parliament have been exercised by these, have been claimed in Congress by the Speaker, so that we have had at one time at Washington the term "Czarism," and more lately that of "Cannonism," applied to the arbitrary and partisan exercise of power by the Speaker; while on the other hand the British speakership has grown in dignity and prestige by its absolute neutrality and impartiality. Mr. Asquith strongly objected to the practice of referring to the courts any question of disputed jurisdiction, but it is doubtful if such a strain as he proposes could be imposed upon the speakership without radically changing the character of the office.



The difficulties of the Asquith Government are immense, but the members of the Liberal Cabinet have the consolation of knowing that their opponents are not by any means at one on the very vital question of tariff reform. There have been free-trade Unionists from the outset, and some very distinguished members of the party have stood on this platform, but the potent personality of Lord Rosebery now supports the suggestion that the tariff reform cry be definitely laid aside until the issue of the Lords has been determined. The suggestion shows, of course, that Lord Rosebery, despite his great virtues and abilities, is not a practical politician. You cannot break and make parties in a day, and the Unionist party, with an election in sight, cannot suddenly

abandon a policy on which it has now for several years largely staked its existence—not, at least, unless there are leaders like Gladstone and Bright ready to expound to the British masses the meaning of such a change. The Unionist party must stick to tariff reform now until it is carried or decisively beaten, in spite of the fact that in the coming elections it may be a severe handicap. Mr. Balfour has temporised by announcing that colonial grain will, under a British tariff, be admitted free of duty, which is perhaps as much calculated to cost a few seats in the agricultural south as to win a few in the manufacturing north, and goes mainly to show how keenly Mr. Balfour realises the difficulty of defeating Liberals, Irish and Labour combined with the cry of protection. On the whole, there is reason to believe the present indecisive conditions in English politics may continue yet for a considerable time, yet the position of the Government is distinctly stronger than it appeared to be three months ago.



It is a curious coincidence that, as in the case of the speakership, so in the matter of tariff reform, Britain and the United States are moving in contrary directions, and even the term tariff reform has taken on a contrary meaning in the two countries. The high prices have produced something very like a panic in the United States, and one of the most certain results is the election of a Democratic House of Representatives next fall. The Democratic victory in a Republican stronghold in Massachusetts has been followed by a yet more startling turnover in the Rochester District of New York, and the demand for a lower tariff was at least a leading factor in both cases in defeating the Republican candidate, the principal other element being the inclination to insurgency which is being manifested everywhere in the Republican party,

an uprising all along the line against graft, Cannonism, high tariff, national waste, and pernicious trade combines.

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The Republicans are seeking consolation in the fact that the slump does not come in a presidential year, and that the two years which will follow the expected Democratic victory will not fail to produce a reaction that will secure the Republicans in the presidency. But it is difficult to predict what may be the condition of affairs in 1912. If high prices continue or grow worse, the tariff will probably still be there to bear the blame for it; if, on the other hand, prices have fallen, the Democratic House will get some credit for it. It is not perhaps surprising that under the circumstances the thoughts of some are turning to Mr. Roosevelt as the one man who may again solidify the Republican forces, and the triumphal tour of the ex-President across Europe, while it is the occasion of much good-natured banter in the United States press, may serve to increase the disposition to call for his aid, despite the unwritten rule against a third term. Whether Mr. Roosevelt would adhere to his former view will depend doubtless upon the apparent necessities of the case in 1912—party and national. Mr. Roosevelt is a very good American, and for that very reason he would be the last man to be bound by constitutional red tape—or worse still, the red tape of practice,—if he felt that the country would fare the better for a third period of Roosevelt rule, and knew the country shared that view.

*

In the Australian Commonwealth the Labour party is once more in control, with a fair majority, under Premier Fisher, who has held power before without discredit. The issue between the parties was what we should in Canada call the federal subsidy question, the Fusionists, led

by Mr. Deakin, advocating the annual payment to the various states by the Commonwealth of an amount equal to twenty-five shillings a head. The programme of the Labour party shows a wide difference from the point of view of the Labour members in the British Parliament, protection and compulsory military service being leading features in the platform of the Australian party, policies we are not prone to associate with advanced sociological views. Advanced sociology, however, is represented by such other features as the nationalisation of monopolies, a graduated land tax, and insurance against unemployment, proposals which, nevertheless, can nowadays only be considered extreme if they are heedlessly and ruthlessly rushed. There seems to be no essential difference between the victors and the defeated in their imperial outlook, which is on broad, high lines, or as to the course proposed in naval matters, facts which make strongly for imperial unity. The various states of Australia have been in the past favoured fields of social experiments; this, however, is the first time an opportunity has offered for the continuation of legislation of a similar nature in the wide sphere of the Commonwealth, and the world will watch with keen and not unsympathetic interest the vigorous and original attempts of the great democracy of the southern seas to grapple with the problems of the age.

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Advanced ministries and administrators of all kinds are, in fact, more and more the order of the day everywhere. Leaving aside the radical government in Great Britain and its difficult road, and the prospective Democratic victory in the United States, there may be noted also the election of a Socialist Mayor in Milwaukee, the first time a city of this size has taken such a plunge into the unknown, and the reelection of a gov-

ernment in France led by a so-called Socialist Prime Minister, M. Briand. The efforts of the Socialist Mayor during his first few days of office seem to have been directed to such minor and wholly practicable, if not extremely vital, matters as regulating street railway routes and increasing the hours of the civic officials, while the legislation on which the Socialist Premier of France went to the country and secured reëndorsation was an old-age pension act of a more conservative nature than that which was passed lately by the British Government and accepted almost without a murmur by the House of Lords. So that one should refuse to be alarmed by names, since parties respectively labelled Conservative, Republican, Radical, Labour, and Socialist, in different parts of the world, are all passing or advocating very much the same kind of legislation.

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It is pleasant and interesting to observe the high encomiums passed by the American press upon Lord Kitchener on the occasion of his recent passage across the United States as he completed his trip around the world; such comments on a British general would not have been common or popular in the Republic twenty years ago, and are a sign of the happier relations that have of late years existed between the two great English-speaking countries. Lord Kitchener maintained his reputation for discreetness in his dealings with the interviewer and in his speeches at the functions showered upon him during the few days spent in New York. There have been many comments on the fact that Lord Kitchener crossed the United States rather than Canada and did not even step over the line into Canada. The regret is general that Canadians had no opportunity of showing their appreciation of the genius of the renowned soldier, but the disappointment would probably have been keener yet had he paid

merely a flying visit to Canada, which, he has since explained, would have been the utmost time would have permitted. Perhaps, moreover, the general had heard of the fusillade of Canadian clubs that confronts distinguished visitors to the Dominion, and, soldier as he is, shrank from the experience; for the hero of Khartoum and South Africa is said to be somewhat retiring in disposition.

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The woman's suffrage agitation has quieted for the present in Great Britain, and the scene of action seems to have passed to the United States, where the members of the National American Woman Suffrage Association—or some of them—lately hissed the President because he did not declare himself to be wholly of their views. It required some pluck, no doubt, to express publicly a difference of view on such an occasion, and it is to the credit of President Taft that he did not hide his convictions in ambiguous words. The hisses he received with his proverbial smile and good nature and the majority of the women present evidently regretted the incident, because the President subsequently received a letter apologising for the unpleasant exhibition of feeling. The "confession of faith," as the President put it, which he entertained on the subject of woman suffrage was summed up in the following sentences, which are worth quoting because of their reasonableness, as well as because they are the carefully considered views of the chief magistrate of nearly a hundred millions of Anglo-Saxon people.

*

"If I could be sure," said Mr. Taft, "that women as a class in the community, including all the intelligent women most desirable as political constituents, would exercise the franchise, I should be in favour of it. At present there is considerable doubt upon this point. In certain of the



THE COMET IS NOW VISIBLE AT WASHINGTON

—The Philadelphia *Telegraph*

States which have tried it, woman suffrage has not been a failure. It has not made, I think, any substantial difference in politics. I think it is perhaps possible to say that its adoption has shown an improvement in the body politic, but it has been tested only in those States where the population is sparse and where the problem of entrusting such power to women in the concentrated population of great cities is not fully presented.

"For this reason, if you will permit me to say so, my impression is that the task before you in securing what you think ought to be granted in re-

spect to the political rights of women is not in convincing men, but it is in convincing the majority of your own class of the wisdom of extending the suffrage to them and of their duty to exercise it.

"Now, that is my confession of faith. I am glad to welcome you here. I am glad to welcome an intelligent body of women, earnest in the discussion of politics, earnest in the question of good government and earnest and high-minded in the cause they are pursuing, even if I disagree with them, not in principle, but in the application of it to the present situation."





THE MYSTIC WOOD

The mystic wood of childhood. I know
not where it lies.
Except when I am dreaming and it
bursts upon my eyes;
And there beneath the curtain of maple
and of oak
I hear the fairy people and I see the
Little Folk.

Oh, mystic wood of childhood,
In dreams I hear them play.
The children of the world who come
To keep the First of May.

Sweet are the mystic curtains that hide
the woodland door,
Sweet are the bloomy faces that through
its arches pour;
Dear little feet of dancing that come from
street and dell,
To join the fairy revel in the wood of
childhood spell.

Oh, white nights filled with wonder,
How sweet when come to me
These visions of the wood of child
Brimmed bright with bloom of glee!

They're playing Copenhagen, and all the
woodland flames
With music of old ballads in the child-
hood kissing games;
Dear London bridge is falling, and to
hi-spy they flock,
While some one's soft voice chanteth the
song of limberlock.

Enchanted are the woods, dear,
And Little Child is there,
With sunbeams and with starshine
And with moon-mist on her hair!

The mystic wood of childhood. I know
to me to-day,
With Little Folk all laughter in the joy
of First of May;
And in the dream go singing 'neath
maple and 'neath oak.
The legions of white beauty on the feet
of Little Folk.

Oh, mystic wood of childhood,
Spring after spring ye gleam,
While down the silver stairway
Dance little hosts of dream!
—Baltimore Sun.

*

THE month of June is usually re-
garded as the period sacred to
the bride. Brides there are, in every
season of the year, but in the month
of June, the white favours are a-flut-
ter all through the land, while Men-
delssohn's "Wedding March" and
the bridal strains from "Lohengrin"
are heard from every church in our
highly civilised Dominion. The bride
seems for the moment to eclipse, not
only the bridegroom, but all other
interests of the community. Yet
there is another white-clad figure with
which we are familiar in June, which
is almost as winsome as the Lady
who falters "I will." There is the
girl graduate (we refrain from the
adjective "sweet") and she makes
the closing days of school a pictur-
esque occasion.

The essay of the girl graduate is becoming extinct, and over this disappearance few tears will be shed. The modern university girl is a graduate apart—not for her the joys of a girl's school. She takes her place with the young man student and receives her diploma with the *sang froid* which flows in the veins of those who are "higher educated." But the girls who are still in the boarding-school, who are susceptible yet to the charms of Commencement Exercises, when they may wear white lace gowns and carry a bouquet of roses or lilies-of-the-valley, are among the happiest of the land when "diploma day" comes.

There is a pathetic certainty about the old-fashioned graduation essay which gives its youthful assurance a touch of grotesqueness. These dear girls of seventeen or eighteen years' experience of this whirling old Earth are so sure that they have solved all problems and know just what is worth having. They talk so loftily about ideals, so mournfully about reveries and memories — their aspirations and even their melancholy are so thoroughly and deliciously youthful that it is difficult to take them with due seriousness.

If you come upon your graduation essay after many years of actual work in the world, which is no toilers' paradise, how curiously bright and naïve the flowery sentences appear! My graduation effort was an exceedingly high-flown affair, bristling with historical allusions and aflame with ideals of the most youthful order. It was also tied with bright pink ribbon which refuses to fade. The poetic quotations are many and glowing, while the final paragraph is a perfect tangle of metaphors. Alas for the historical allusions! I have forgotten what some of them are about and the poetry looks weak and halting. Yet one would hardly care to destroy the prim pages with the angular girlish hand-writing. We were so beautifully conceited in those graduation days,

never doubting that the world is ours to conquer and that we are going to be ever so much wiser than our grandmothers ever dreamed. There is nothing else so thrilling as this unfaltering confidence of Youth, which leads forlorn hopes and achieves the impossible. No wonder that Longfellow, who knew so well that "the thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts," exclaimed in sudden yearning reminiscence:

"O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost."

*

THERE was a dear old English lady who had lived in many parts of the earth who once declared to an admiring group of girls: "My dears, I do not care very much where I live. But I should like to die in Rome." It is curious how some one town or city takes hold upon the sympathy or imagination and leads one to care supremely for that spot. Frequently a northern nature comes under the spell of Italy and finds it the most alluring land in the world. Goethe, Hawthorne and Browning — from Germany, America and Great Britain—have been taken captive by the land where the citron grows. Who can forget the uncanny sensitiveness in the "Marble Faun" to the varying forms of Italian art, who can be deaf to the sweetness of "Know'st thou the land" and "De Gustibus"? Browning, robust Englishman though he was, fell so utterly in love with Italy, that one might wish he were buried in Venice rather than in gray old Westminster. Tennyson, Wellington, Nelson belong to the Abbey or to Saint Paul's, but Browning's dust should have mingled with the soil of flower-crowned Italy.

To many who are born in the West, the countries of the East have all the fascination of the Arabian Nights. Even actual contact with the dirt and discomfort of Oriental travel does not seem to destroy the attraction of cer-

tain spots long known in story. India is one of these lands, whose tragic and varied history and whose strange mingling of tribes and beliefs afford a charm to those of the more practical and matter-of-fact West. The great highways of the world are always invested with a romantic interest, and there is none of these which is more cosmopolitan in its aspect than the Grand Trunk Road of India. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, who knows the Eastern land and its people, as few of her countrywomen have learned it, gives a graphic account, in a recent issue of *The Windsor Magazine*, of the passing traffic on this historic highway:

"Every road has an interest of its own. Apart from the fact that, as Schiller points out, they all lead to the end of the world, there are a thousand thoughts about even a country lane which appeal instantly to the imagination. The funerals that have kept step along it, the brides in dainty attire who have driven through it, the lovers who, arm round waist, have sauntered in it by moonlight, the school children who, tempted by its blackberry, nest-set hedges, forget what they have learnt at every homeward step.

"But of all roads in the world the so-called Grand Trunk Road, which stretches from Calcutta to Peshawar, is the most provocative of visions. Scarcely one of its long fourteen hundred and odd miles has not the power of conjuring up some great event in the past history of India, since for nearly twice fourteen hundred years part of it, at any rate, has been the great artery of Hindustan, through which its life-blood has sped in varying rhythm."

A Canadian woman, who has lived for twenty years in India, declares that there are two roads which she can remember more distinctly than any other highways of the world. These are the Cariboo Road of our own mountainous West and the Grand Trunk Road of India. They are as wide asunder in the characteristics of their sojourners as in their physical nature. One belongs to a land of immemorial civilisation, the other penetrates a yet unpeopled province where there is wealth and to spare for all

who come. The roads of the world form a fascinating network of devious ways, for, do they not, as the old saying tells us, all lead to Rome? We do not build to-day, as did the Romans of the olden time, but there remain, down to the present, fragments of those old roads and walls, which were new in the days of the Cæsars.

The Grand Trunk Road of India has witnessed as amazing changes as any other highway of the world. A civilisation older than Alexander saw the early making of that road, and only the Fates can tell what strange traffic will go to and fro on that highway of Hindustan before the middle of the Twentieth Century.

*

THE servant problem we have always with us. Comets may come and go, the South American republics may have revolutions every few hours and the trouble in the Balkans may blossom every spring. But the question of Mary Ann is ever before us, the problem of how to secure her and how to retain her is always agitating the domestic world. Shiploads of alleged "help" come over every year from the British Isles, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. Yet the papers swarm with advertisements for "help wanted" and the general servant is able to command wages which almost resemble a salary.

A Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women has been formed in England, and may be able to accomplish something towards giving us a better class of domestic assistance than we have yet known. By the way, the long names which are assumed by English associations are most awe-inspiring to the average colonial.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who appears to be having the time of her life in Old England, has written as follows: "It strikes me as being a reasonable attempt to make a connection between the workless woman



QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

of the Old World and the womanless work of the New."

The scheme is outlined under the heading, "Colonial Emigration for Educated Women," in *The Morning Post* of London.

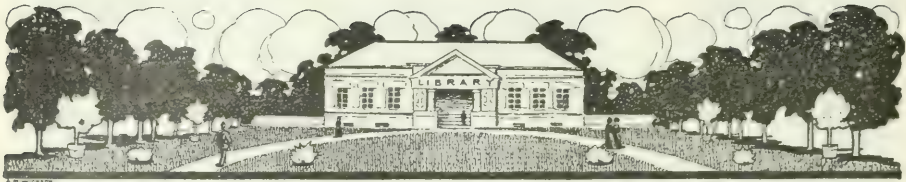
There is nothing more melancholy, in the eyes of a Canadian woman who belongs to the "independent" ranks, than the spectacle of hundreds, nay, thousands of spinsters of the educated class, who appear to have nothing to do but cut out flannel garments for the poor or embroider altar-cloths. In England, according to all accounts, there is a vast army of unmarried women who do not seem to turn their energies into the various lucrative avenues of art, music or literature,

in the vigorous fashion of the women of the United States. If the old-fashioned "lady help," the woman who is above the domestic servant class, can be found under modern conditions, with a determination to raise her work to the dignity of a science, the acute distress of the unhelped housewife may know considerable relief.

There is the alternative of coöperative house-keeping, towards which, say many modern writers, we are rapidly hastening. Yet there is a natural, feminine revolt against this idea. Her own kitchen is every woman's ideal domestic arrangement, and no coöperation will ever take the place of the individual hearth.

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

CANADA and the Canadian Pacific Railway enjoy unstinted praise and admiration in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "*Lady Merton, Colonist.*" For both the country and the railway the book is a splendid advertisement. Therefore, it would be the essence of ingratitude for a Canadian review not to express appreciation of that element in the book. The author has done a great act of generosity in picturing the Dominion in alluring colours, but, perhaps, after all, not so much of generosity as of fairness. The descriptions and impressions are mostly of the Canadian West, and no one who is familiar with that part of the Dominion would think that her praise is fulsome or her enthusiasm misconceived. Nevertheless, we have a piece of literature, an essay in fiction, to consider, and, regarding it as such, we believe that the author's literary reputation has not been enhanced by it. No new emotion has been prompted. No new characteristic has been developed. No strange or arresting type of humanity has been sketched. There is no novelty in the romantic adventures, no enthralling incidents of heroism or self-sacrifice. The hero does happen to come along at fortunate moments, but heroes have been doing that ever since the beginnings of romantic literature gave them their first opportunities. We have, however, a succession of the platitudes of fiction and the

commonplaces of emotional encounter. At most, there is a fresh situation, perhaps a fresh inspiration, if so much can be said for the idea of a woman giving up the culture, the conventions and the luxuries of aristocratic England to share in the lot of a Canadian man whose ambition it is to take part in the development of the soil and the people of Saskatchewan. Although the plot is simple, it has nevertheless some evidences of master craftsmanship. *Lady Merton* is travelling in a private car on the Canadian Pacific Railway, accompanying an invalid brother, when a delay some distance east of Winnipeg brings her into contact with *George Anderson*, an engineer in the service of the railway company. *Anderson* knows that it is to the railway's advantage to add to the pleasure of a distinguished patron, and he finds that in endeavouring to do so he adds to his own pleasure as well. At Winnipeg he becomes virtually a member of the party, which is joined also by a suitor for *Lady Merton's* hand, an English gentleman of her own station. The gradual alienation of the gentlewoman's affection from the one of her own station and her growing attachment to the young Canadian give human interest to the account of the journey farther westward into the Rockies and on to the Pacific Coast, during which time ample opportunity is found to discredit the Englishman and establish the gal-

lantry and manliness of the Canadian. The end draws near in England, with the Englishman dismissed and the difficulties between the lady and her Canadian hero reconciled. The last scene shows the happy couple back again on the prairie. The gentle English woman is performing the ennobling services of wifehood and neighbourhood, and there is, above all else, the expectation that she is about to perform also the supreme function of motherhood. (Toronto: Musson and Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

WILLIAM FREDERICK OSBORNE, professor of English and French literature at Wesley College, Winnipeg, is the author of an arresting volume entitled "The Faith of a Layman." He has, in brief, arraigned the Church for not performing its function as it should be performed, and he practically calls a halt to professionalised religion.

"It is safe to say," he observes, "that multitudes of thoughtful and sympathetic men to-day are depressed by the fear that, to far too great a degree, the Church is only marking time, that she is not forging ahead as she ought to forge ahead, that she is not leading where she ought to lead, that she is not attacking where she ought to attack, in brief, that she is stricken with a strange paralysis. . . . The minister is only a man, and he is part and parcel of his age. The former type of obviously devout minister has largely passed. . . . Every denomination in the country has its complement of men who have suffered from the corrosion of the machine. . . . There is, then, a hack element in the ministry. The frequently desperate struggle of a minister's life has its disastrous and inevitable effect. . . . He is charged with a life of the greatest difficulty. He is assailed by the most subtle temptations. Nevertheless, professionalism must be impeached and impeached as one of the great foes of the Church. The



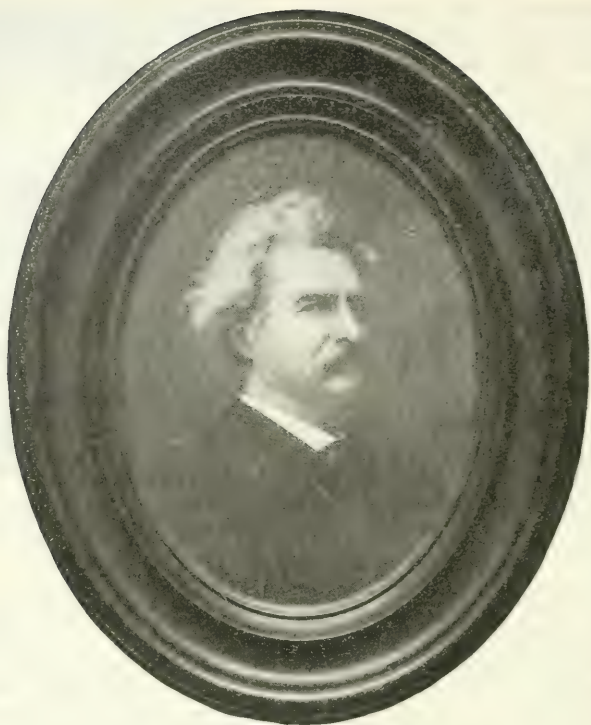
WILLIAM F. OSBORNE,
AUTHOR OF "THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN"

exigencies of a minister's life often result in the professionalising, for him, even of the Bible. Jesus himself becomes, for him, professionalised to a degree. Jesus himself becomes mechanicalised in the minds of good men forced always to make what is practically professional use of him."

Professor Osborne is a gentleman of much culture, and he enjoys, especially in Manitoba and the farther West, an excellent reputation as an essayist and educationist. His volume is a commendable literary accomplishment. It will undoubtedly be carefully read by theologians, and indeed by all who are interested in the cause of Christianity. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$1.)

*

W. B. MUNRO, a young Canadian who on President Eliot's retirement succeeded Dr. Lowell as head of the department of history at Harvard University, is the author of an important study in political economy entitled "The Government of European Cities." In this most intricate subject he has probed thoroughly and impartially. He gives a description of the organisation and working of the



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"),
Born November 30, 1835; Died April 21, 1910

French, German and English city governments, with the result that the book should be found of great value on this side of the Atlantic, where there are many chances to benefit by the mistakes and successes of others. W. B. Munro lived as a boy at Almonte, Ontario, and received his advanced education at Queen's University and at Cambridge. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

"THROUGH the Wall," by Cleveland Moffett, is one of the few really clever detective stories that have appeared since the days of *Sherlock Holmes*. It is not, as so many have been, an imitation of Conan Doyle's style, but relies for its interest more in the real mystery of a first-class plot and the many threads of its unwinding than in any extraordinary deductive powers on the part

of the detective. The scene of the mystery is Paris, and the whole machinery of things is very much up to date, being in fact the last word in modern methods for detecting crime. Much of this is very interesting, for example, the almost ultra-scientific word-test by which the supposed criminal's emotion upon hearing certain words is tested. Briefly, a man is found shot in a private room of a Paris restaurant, killed apparently by an invisible hand. When it develops that he was shot from another room through a hole in the wall the mystery becomes no easier of solution, but the reader in his search for the unknown assassin is never allowed to lose interest for a moment, and one by one the right threads come into his hands. The *dénouement* is complete and satisfying. One of the clever things about the handling of the investigation is that everything

counts, and all the smallest clues fit in like pieces of a perfect puzzle. (New York: D. Appleton and Company).

*

WILLIAM DE MORGAN, whose first books have had a large sale, has taken advantage of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill in his new two-volume novel entitled "It Never Can Happen Again." But is there any excuse or reason for a title like that? It means nothing, and never can mean anything until we know what "It" means, and that we leave for the reader to find out. Mr. de Morgan is fond of peculiar titles, for instance, "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good." Whatever merit these titles may possess, there is little doubt that the author is too long in the reach for the average mortal nowadays. A one-volume novel by him is in all conscience long enough, but when it comes to two volumes—. The chief character, *Mr. Challis*, had many matrimonial complications. It was discovered that he had married his deceased wife's sister, and that therefore his second wife, so to speak, was not his wife at all, but later on it was learned that there had been some complication in connection with his first marriage, which annulled it, so that the second was, after all, the valid one of the two. The novel contains much of the author's characteristic pathos and humour. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, two volumes, \$1.75).

*

IT IS good to have the assurance of no less an authority than Doctor Henry Van Dyke that the American people should not be judged from impressions made by American tourists abroad. According to his views, as set down in his new book, "The Spirit of America," they should be seen under home conditions. Doctor Van Dyke's book is a result of a number

of lectures delivered at a French university, and no doubt he felt that it were wisdom to tell the French students that the loud, bumptious type of American that one usually encounters beyond the borders of his own country is by no means representative. There is every reason to believe that Doctor Van Dyke is right. All the author claims for his book is the giving of some appreciation of the spirit of the country, and in that undertaking he has a list of brilliant predecessors. The latest of these was Henry James, who wrote "The American Scene" about three years ago. Then there have been Charles Dickens, James Bryce, G. W. Steevens, and De Toqueville. But whatever Doctor Van Dyke writes is interesting, and "The Spirit of America" is well worth reading. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$2).

*

PERSONS who have been hopeful of another book by Mrs. I. T. Thurston, continuing her story of "The Bishop's Shadow," will have their desires gratified by the production of a new volume by the same author, entitled, "The Big Brother of Sabin Street." The spirit of this story is embodied in the efforts of its central figure, *Theodore Bryan*, to uplift physically, morally and spiritually, the standing of street boys in a so-called slum district in an American city. A vivid picture of *Bryan's* great disappointment in not being able to carry out his plans immediately after he graduated from the university is presented. This is followed by an equally interesting account of how he was seemingly guided by an unseen power to a life-work for which his personality was especially adapted, namely, to be the adviser, helper and companion of street urchins. The book should prove to be a worthy addition to any Sunday-School library. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, \$1).



FOREARMED

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinkin' water."—*Philadelphia Record*.

*

GETTING RID OF IT

Dusty Rhodes—"I wouldn't have to ask for help, but I've a lot of real estate on me hands that I can't get rid of."

Mrs. Rural—"Try soft soap and boiling water."—*Life*.

*

ONLY A FEW OF US

Teacher—"How many make a million, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Not many."—*Judge*.



NEAR-SIGHTED CLERK: "I'm sorry, madam, but dogs are not allowed in this—"

"Good heavens! This isn't a dog—it's my husband!" —*Life*

SHOWING MERCY

"Young gentlemen," announced the professor in English literature, "tomorrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence, professor?" groaned the class.

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*

HARD LUCK

Caller—"How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stay-er."

Hostess—"My dear, don't mention it! She's a stayer all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

GOOD AMERICANS

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped that body to order. "We will now hear those who desire to speak on the new bill for the restriction of immigration," he announced.

Whereupon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, Schwartzenfest, O'Laughlin, MacDougal, D'Eauvre, Spragaroni, Kumar Ghosh, and Navarrez made eloquent talks in favour of putting up the immigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favour of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-American.

The bill was favourably reported. —*Lippincott's*.



LITTLE GIRL: "That bun you sold me yesterday had a fly in it, and muvver says you ought to give me another one."

BAKER: "I can't do that; but tell your ma that if she'll let me have the fly back I'll give her a currant for it." —*Punch*

A BASIS OF CALCULATION

Teacher—"Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875?"

Pupil—"Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?"—*Gentlewoman*.

*

TRUTH WILL OUT

Hub (with irritation)—"Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?"

Wifey (calmly)—"We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out." —*Boston Transcript*.

*

CASH AND CREDIT

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat." —*Fliegende Blätter*.

TO SUIT HIS TASTE

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the jury room, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay." —*Metropolitan*.

*

NO TROUBLE ABOUT THAT

Pa—"But, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy?"

Suitor—"Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a seen her when I proposed!" —*Cleveland Leader*.

*

THE TEST

Prue—"Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?"

Dolly—"I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe." —*Lippincott's*.



MISTRESS: "There, Emma, that's how the glasses should go."

NEW MAID: "Yes, 'm, yes. You see, I've never lived in a drinking family before." —*Punch*

✱

THE COOK THAT SPOILED HIS BROTH (From *The Literary Digest*)

Maybe there isn't any Doctor Cook.
—*Philadelphia North American*.

Doctor Cook's discovery of Copenhagen is undisputed.—*Toledo Blade*.

Doctor Cook appears to head the list of the six best sellers.—*Ohio State Journal*.

If you were Doctor Cook, would you read the papers?—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

The medical profession has yet to consider the Cook incident.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

And yet Cook was one of the men President Roosevelt did not call a liar.—*Columbia State*.

In the University of Copenhagen to-day all, all are "melancholy Danes."—*New York World*.

Let's see, Cook isn't the name he was born to. And is he really a doctor?—*Boston Herald*.

Cooking the records will gain new force and virility as a metaphorical expression.—*Indianapolis News*.

The Danish experts respectfully decline to supplant the marines in this country.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

If Doctor Cook will now come back and tell how he did it he can be assured even larger houses. — *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

No doubt you remember now that Doctor Cook didn't look to you like a man who had reached the North Pole. —*Toledo Blade*.

John R. Bradley consigns the North Pole to Hades. What's the use of stirring up trouble there?—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Cook's records are to be sent back to this country. It is believed they will enter without specific or ad valorem duty imposed. — *Omaha World-Herald*.

Even Peary's just indignation toward Doctor Cook does not equal the indignation of the men who tried to get him to pay for a gold-brick outfit of records.—*Washington Star*.

We seem to have been completely buncoed by Doctor Cook, but the slamming we received in four consecutive Presidential elections fortified us for a greater disappointment than that.—*Houston Post*.

The esteemed aldermen of New York, having formerly bestowed the freedom of the city on Doctor Cook, are now thinking of withdrawing it. We are able to assure them that the Doc will never miss it. — *Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

✱

AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

Mr. Howard was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk, as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day he went into a music store to buy the music of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up, and to him Mr. Howard said in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.—*Washington Star*.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"'WHY, I'M DEAD NOW' "

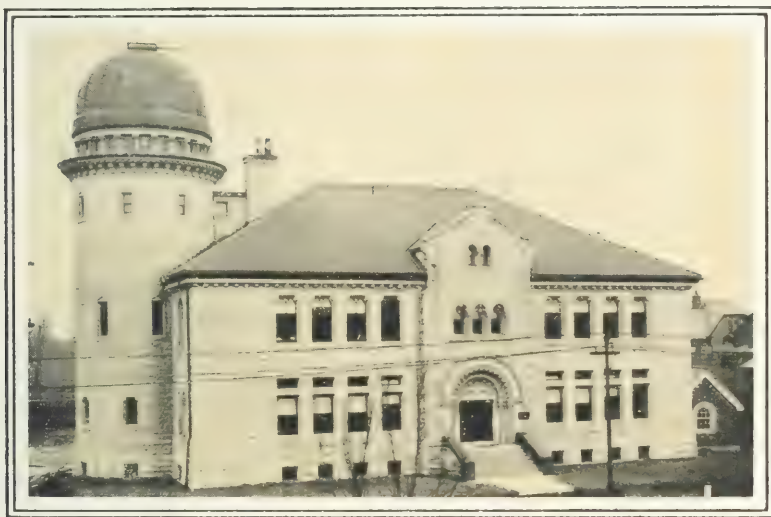
Illustration for "The Blot"

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TORONTO, JULY, 1910

No. 3



THE CANADIAN OBSERVATORY AND METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE AT TORONTO

THE METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AND DEVELOPMENT IN
CANADA OF MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL RESEARCH
AND OF A STORM SIGNAL AND FORECAST SERVICE

BY R. F. STUPART,

DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN METEOROLOGICAL
SERVICE AND OBSERVATORY

FROM an early period in the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the interests of terrestrial magnetism had received no inconsiderable share of the attention of its members, and it was a memorial addressed to the Government by the Association which led

to the equipment of the naval expedition in 1839 under Captain James Ross for the purpose of a magnetic survey of high latitudes in the Southern Hemisphere. The British Association conjointly with the Royal Society of London further represented to the Government the expediency of

establishing fixed observatories for magnetical and meteorological research in different portions of the Colonial Empire, and the Government having acceded to this joint representation, it was finally determined that observatories should be erected in Canada, Saint Helena, the Cape of Good Hope and Tasmania, the whole to be under the supervision of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance of the British Army.

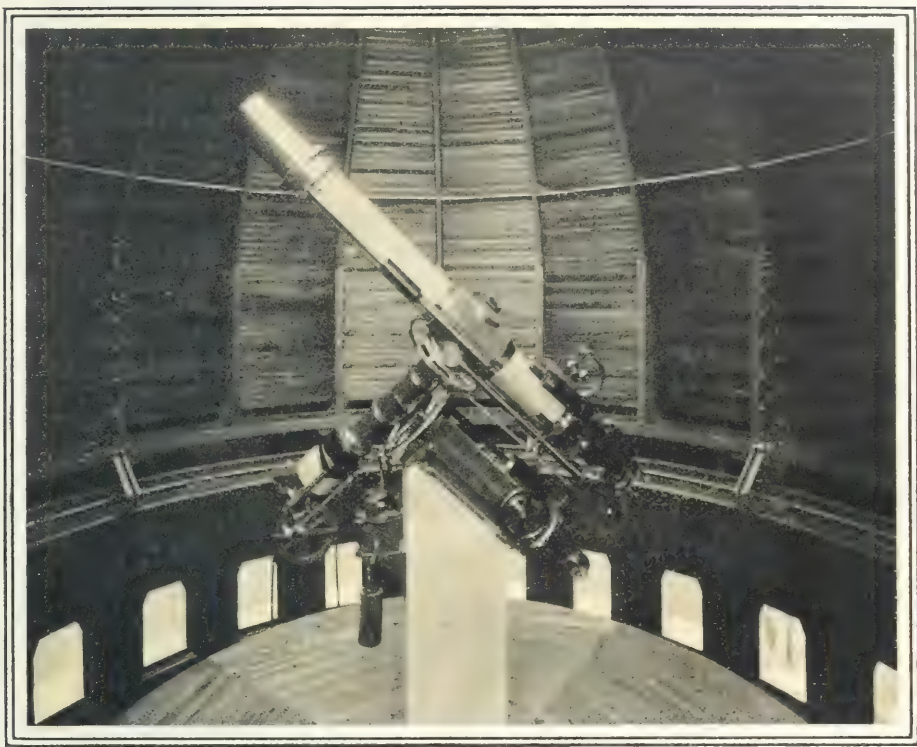
Toronto was chosen as the site for the Canadian Observatory, and during the summer of 1840 Lieutenant Riddell, of the Royal Artillery, who was appointed first officer in charge, proceeded thither from England with three non-commissioned officers, who were to act as assistants. The Observatory was erected on a plot of land granted by the Governors of King's College and lay immediately

south of the present University campus. It was built of logs and plastered over, and this building was used until the erection of a new stone building in 1855, which in turn has within the past few years been demolished to make room for University buildings.

Lieutenant Riddell remained in Toronto less than one year, and was succeeded by Captain Lefroy, R.A., afterwards General Sir Henry Lefroy, K.C.M.G., who had previously erected the Observatory in Saint Helena, but was now transferred to the Toronto establishment with the special view of his being employed on a magnetic survey in Canada and of such portions of the countries north of the Canadian Provinces as should be conveniently accessible by opportunities which might be furnished by the goodwill



THE FORECAST-ROOM AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY



THE TELESCOPE AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY

of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Captain Lefroy was absent from Toronto on magnetic survey work during the greater portion of 1843 and 1844, and from Lieutenant Riddell's departure in 1841 until the autumn of 1844 the observatory was under the direction of Lieutenant Younghusband, R.A., whose work, together with that of both Riddell and Lefroy, tended to make the Toronto Observatory famous for its valuable contributions to the science of terrestrial magnetism.

With the departure of Captain Lefroy early in 1853, the operations of the Observatory as an Imperial establishment were brought to a close, but were resumed under authority of the Provincial Government in July of that year, and the non-commissioned officers of the artillery who had acted as observers during the military régime, having resigned from the army,

were retained as members of the Observatory staff.

For the two years, 1853 to the summer of 1855, the Observatory was under the direction of the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Toronto, but in August of the latter year Professor G. T. Kingston was appointed Director and so continued for twenty-five years.

Up to the later 'sixties the work of the Toronto Observatory was confined almost entirely to observations of the absolute values and the secular and diurnal changes of the earth's magnetism, together with local meteorological observations, but about 1869 Professor Kingston, having foreseen the desirableness of a meteorological service embracing the whole Dominion, set himself to work to inaugurate a system which would serve as a basis for a knowledge of the climatology of the Dominion. The first

observers outside Toronto were the principals of some of the grammar schools of Ontario, who, for a small honorarium allowed by the Ontario Government kept a daily meteorological record, copies of which were forwarded to the Toronto Observatory, and a little later, other persons in various parts of Canada having become interested in the work, there were many voluntary observers in the older Provinces. But mere climatology was not the ultimate aim of Professor Kingston; his objective was the establishment of a storm signal and forecast service, which, he foresaw, would in the future be of in-

of the telegraph had become feasible, would afford the best, perhaps the only, means of forecasting the weather. In 1856 the Smithsonian Institute at Washington exhibited telegraphic information regarding the weather of the United States by means of coloured tokens on a map of the United States, but the system was discontinued at the outbreak of the Civil War, and to France belongs the credit of having issued the first weather maps and daily forecasts.

In the spring of 1871 a grant of \$5,000 was made by the Dominion Government for the promotion of meteorological research and with a



TORONTO OBSERVATORY. ERECTED, 1855; DEMOLISHED, 1908

calculable benefit to both commerce and agriculture.

As far back as the end of the eighteenth century it had been suggested that could the weather conditions over a large portion of the earth's surface be known and shown at the time on a chart, it would be possible to forecast the weather from one to two days in advance, and by about 1860, after much discussion and argument between those scientific men who had become interested in the subject, the belief had become pretty general that the synchronous weather chart, which with the advent

special view of establishing a system of storm signals. Maps showing a large portion of North America were now printed, and, as a commencement, six stations telegraphed weather reports to Toronto three times a day. These were forwarded to the United States Weather Bureau, which bureau in return furnished reports from fifteen American stations. In 1872 the grant was increased to \$10,000, and the number of stations reporting was increased to eight, and storm signal masts were erected at various ports on the Great Lakes, and in the Maritime Pro-

vinces. The staff of the Observatory was at the commencement of 1873 composed of the Director, Assistant Director and six others, including a messenger.

Up to the autumn of 1876 the Canadian service depended wholly on the judgment of the United States Bureau for the issue of storm warnings, which on advice from Washington were distributed from Toronto. In September, 1876, however, warnings were independently issued from Toronto, and in October daily forecasts were issued to some points in the older Provinces. Early in 1880 Professor Kingston resigned office, the

were in a one-storey frame building immediately west of the Observatory, which had been erected in 1879 and was not vacated until 1898, when, with the removal of the magnetic instruments to a site distant from electric trams, the stone building became available for the meteorological work.

Having outlined the earlier growth of the Canadian Weather Bureau and bearing in mind the fact that the public are interested in the weather and that the first item the average reader looks for in the morning newspaper is "the Probs," we will now essay a brief description of the principles on which the science



THE OBSERVATORY AT QUEBEC

Service under his direction having been placed upon a secure footing, with 140 observers, eighteen of whom reported by telegraph to Toronto; forty-four storm signal stations and a central office staff of seventeen.

From 1880 to 1894 the Service grew and expanded under the direction of Charles Carpmal, M.A., the number of observers being nearly doubled, the telegraph reporting stations increased to twenty-nine and the storm signal stations to sixty-five, while daily forecasts were issued each evening to about 1,500 places in Canada. The offices occupied during this period

of weather forecasting rests and then indicate some of the methods adopted to disseminate the forecasts and render them of value to the public.

Weather forecasting depends primarily on the fact that the earth's atmosphere does not drift hither and thither without definite currents and flow, but presents on the contrary a mechanism of marvellous beauty and intricacy and of constancy, which is among the chiefest wonders of natural phenomena. In each hemisphere are found two principal and well-marked zones of action; namely, a zone within and just outside the



THE TIME BALL AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

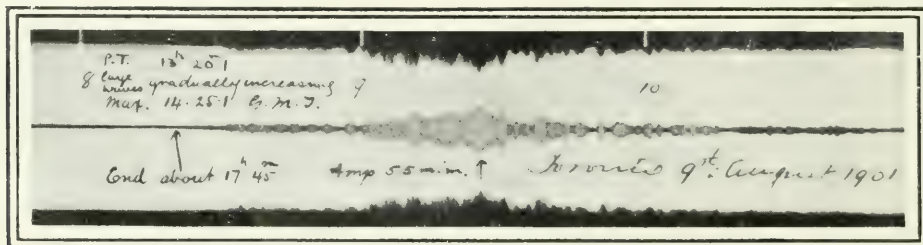


STORM SIGNAL AT LEPREAUX, NEW BRUNSWICK

tropics, where the trade winds blow with remarkable persistency in one direction, and a zone in the middle latitudes, where, while the winds are variable, the general movement of the atmosphere is from the westward to the eastward. It is within and with this easterly drift that storms pass across Canada, and in a general way it may be said that all weather changes come from the westward.

Most of the civilised countries are now dotted over with meteorological stations at which observations of

barometer, temperature and wind are taken twice each day and forwarded to a central office, at which the data thus gathered is used as a basis on which weather forecasts are prepared. We have just reviewed the circumstances which led to Toronto being the chief observing station in Canada, and such it continues to be, the Meteorological Office, Toronto, being the central office of the Canadian meteorological system, from which emanate all storm warnings and forecasts and where all Canadian mete-



SECTION OF RECORD OF EARTHQUAKE ON NORTH-EAST COAST OF JAPAN, AS MADE BY THE SEISMOGRAPH AT TORONTO OBSERVATORY

orological data are compiled. Thirty-seven stations report by telegraph to Toronto, including Dawson City in the far north, Victoria in the extreme west, Saint John's, Newfoundland, in the east, and Bermuda in the south. Most of these reports are forwarded to Washington for the use of the United States Weather Bureau, and in return Canada receives reports from some sixty American stations in the morning and from nearly as many in the evening, affording data for a very comprehensive meteorological chart of the North American Continent. The reports, which at all stations are filed at the telegraph office at exactly 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. Eastern Standard time, are wired without delay to Toronto.

The most essential information received from the various stations is the reading of the barometer, as with this information alone without anything regarding temperature, wind and weather, it would usually be possible to issue fairly accurate forecasts, while with all possible information regarding winds and weather, but the barometer lacking, forecasts would be almost impossible. In order to render the barometer readings at stations at different elevations comparable, observers apply a correction to the barometer reading to reduce it to sea level, and in order to show the existing conditions the more graphically isobars (lines connecting points of equal atmospheric pressure) are drawn, and the whole map is in this manner marked out in a way which shows at a glance where the barometer is high and where low.

The forenoon chart is usually ready for inspection about 9.45 a.m., and the forecast official, having drawn the isobars and carefully considered the existing conditions, first issues a bulletin for Newfoundland, covering a period of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours; then follows a bulletin for the Maritime Provinces, which contains a forecast for vessels leaving for the Grand Banks and for Ameri-

can ports. Next in order is a forecast for the Western Provinces, which goes to Winnipeg, where a local agent, who has meanwhile received weather reports from some twenty-five points additional to those received in Toronto, prepares a bulletin giving a general synopsis of existing weather conditions and also includes all weather reports received, together with the forecasts from Toronto. This bulletin is then distributed in Winnipeg and telegraphed to the more important centres in the Prairie Provinces. The forecast official of the central office lastly prepares a bulletin for Ontario and Quebec, which is usually despatched about 10.10 a.m., and is published very widely by the afternoon press as well as posted at telegraph offices, post-offices and other frequented places. At all the larger towns in these Provinces a special effort has been made to have these bulletins exposed on wharves and docks within easy reach of shipping people and fishermen.

The evening weather chart, like that of the morning, is usually ready for inspection about 9.45, and with as little delay as possible a bulletin is prepared for the press and forecasts are issued for all parts of the Dominion exclusive of British Columbia. These forecasts are distributed by wire to most of the telegraph offices in the Dominion, and by arrangement are posted up in a frame hung in a conspicuous place, and nearly every morning journal publishes them, generally on the front page. Forecasts and storm warnings for British Columbia are, by the authority of the Director of the Service at Toronto, issued from Victoria, to which place are telegraphed reports from all Canadian stations west of White River, together with some twenty-five reports from the Pacific States.

Quite recently arrangements were made whereby the Canadian central office issues forecasts and storm warnings to Newfoundland, which Colony

now receives just the same service as the various Provinces of the Dominion, and the fishermen on the rock-bound coasts of Labrador, often swept by wild Atlantic storms, now watch for the bulletin issued from Toronto.

With the advancing tide of immigration, Canada looks towards her north-land and makes inquiry regarding climate and general meteorological conditions in the valleys of the Peace and Mackenzie rivers. Adjoined to this is the fact that a knowledge of atmospheric changes in northern latitudes is essential to a more complete solution of the physics of the atmosphere as a whole, and the obtaining of the required data from our northern coasts is an obligation recognised by Canada.

With these facts in view, full meteorological equipments were placed last year at Lesser Slave Lake, Fort McMurray, Fort Chipewyan, Hay River, Fort Simpson, Fort Good Hope and Fort Macpherson, and, with the old established stations at Dunvegan, York Factory, Churchill and Moose Factory, this extension of the field of observation provides for a much more intelligible study of the conditions leading to abnormalities in seasonal changes. The reports from these far-off stations do not in some instances reach Toronto until the following year. There are now nearly 450 stations in Canada supplied with a more or less complete equipment for meteorological observations, and the majority of the observers perform the duty voluntarily, it being only at the telegraph reporting stations and a few others in important but very sparsely settled districts that small salaries are paid. There are eighty-five storm-signal display stations.

The publications of the Meteorological Service, under authority from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, are as follows: An Annual Climatological Report, the last issued having 645 pages; a Monthly Weather Review, containing meteorological

tables and a general summary of weather conditions for each of the Provinces; a monthly map issued on the fourth day after the close of the month, showing the general character of the weather of the month just closed; a daily weather map and a meteorological register of the Toronto Observatory, a publication which has been continuous for over half a century. It will then be easily seen that the work of the Meteorological Office is not light, and possibly it may be better understood why commodious quarters and a fairly large staff are essential to the successful working of the central office.

While the meteorological service, whose infancy had been nourished in the Toronto Magnetic Observatory, has grown into a large department which embraces the whole Dominion, the interests of terrestrial magnetism have not been neglected. Up to 1892 the magnets had for fifty years recorded the changes in the earth's magnetism unaffected by the increase in industrial activity in the city, but with the advent of the electric railway came trouble, and it was soon evident that the magnets in addition to recording earth changes were responding to the stopping and starting of every trolley car in the city. Toronto was clearly now not a suitable place for the Observatory, and the Dominion Government in 1896 erected an observatory in the village of Agincourt, at which place photographic records of magnetic changes have ever since been obtained. A continuous record of the changes in the earth's magnetism are registered by means of three permanent magnets which are pieces of steel about six inches long and one-eighth-inch thick, to each of which is attached a small mirror which reflects a ray of light upon a sheet of photographic paper wound around a cylinder which revolves by clock-work. When the magnets are quite steady a straight line is registered but every movement is recorded, together with

the exact time it began and ended. The direction in which the compass needle points is shown by a magnet suspended by a single fine gold wire; the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic force by a needle with bifilar suspension which is so adjusted as to keep the magnet nearly at right angles to the meridian; while the magnet registering the vertical component is balanced on a knife edge. The problem of terrestrial magnetism still awaits solution, but Toronto, with other magnetic observatories, is accumulating data on which ultimate success must depend.

From early days the clocks of Toronto have been regulated by time obtained at the Observatory from star transits across the meridian, and in more recent years the time service over the larger part of the Dominion has been performed by meteorological observers and paid for out of the meteorological appropriation. By the present system the director of the observatory at McGill University obtains time by transit observations, and the Observatory clock automatically transmits signals to various parts of Montreal, including the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, which companies distribute it along their lines. Quebec Observatory gives time signals to that city, and the director of the Saint John Observatory sends time signals throughout the Maritime Provinces, including the dropping of time balls in both Saint John and Halifax and the transmission seaward of a noon signal by wireless telegraphy for the benefit of ocean shipping. About twice a month, in order to make comparison between the time signals sent out from Toronto and those sent out from the various observatories, telegraphic exchanges are made, the signals from outside stations being recorded electrically on the chronograph in the Central Meteorological Office. Toronto, thus assuring agreement and accuracy in the Dominion time service.

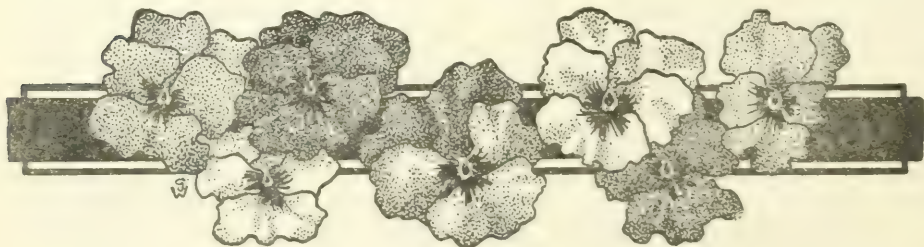
In 1882 a six-inch refracting telescope was purchased for the purpose of observing from Toronto the transit of Venus. For many years no systematic observations were made with this instrument, but since about 1896 regular daily observations of sun spots have been taken, the image of the sun being projected on to a sheet of white paper, and any disturbances shown thereon have been sketched in pencil. In this way a fairly continuous record of solar disturbance has been obtained. It is proposed in future to pay more attention to solar observations and in addition to photographing sun spots, spectroscopic observations in connection with solar prominences will be undertaken. Beyond this no systematic observations will be made with the telescope, as the instrument is small, the installation far from good from an astronomical point of view, and the meteorologist, apart from the sun, does not recognise any connection between meteorological changes and the movements of the heavenly bodies.

About twenty years ago investigators of seismological phenomena discovered that tremors produced by large quakes are propagated throughout the globe and various instruments have been devised to measure the earth's movements. One of the most important of these instruments was that invented by Professor John Milne, F.R.S., who, as Secretary of the Seismological Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has taken a very active part in the investigation. In 1897 a Milne instrument was placed in the Toronto Observatory, and in 1899 another was placed in the Meteorological Office at Victoria, British Columbia, forming links in the world-wide *réseau* which is gathering data essential to the solution of problems relating to the structure and density of the globe. The instrument consists of an iron bed-plate and stand, carried on three levelling screws on which there is placed a ver-

dead red. Resting against a needle-point or pivot projecting from the base of the upright, there is a light aluminum boom held in a nearly horizontal position by a tie. Attached to the outer end of this boom is a small rectangular plate in which there is a small slit parallel to the length of the boom. Partly for the purpose of balancing the weight of the outer end of the boom, and partly for obtaining the "steady point" of a seismograph between the attachment of the tie and the pivot, a weighted cross bar is pivoted. When the boom swings to the right or left the rectangular plate, with its slit, passes to the right and left across a fixed slit in the lid of a box, inside of which a two-inch strip of bromide paper is being driven by clock-work. Light from a lamp is reflected downwards by a mirror to cover the whole of the latter slit. It, however, only enters the box to the right and left of the floating plate and through the slit in the same. When the boom is steady, the resulting photogram on the moving bromide paper will be, when developed, that of a white band equal in width to that of the moving plate down the centre of which is a thin well-defined line. To the right and left of this white band the paper will have been blackened by the light which entered at the two ends of the fixed slits. On one edge of one of these bands, at intervals of about

fifty millimetres, there are white marks produced by the minute hand of a watch which has hourly passed over the fixed slit, and for the period of one minute entirely eclipsed the light.

A disturbance usually begins with small rapid tremors which come through the earth by the shortest line from the earthquake centre; and these are followed by surface waves of large amplitude which travel at a lesser rate of speed. The records from the Toronto seismograph show an average of seventy-three disturbances every year, or about six every month. Of the yearly number there are usually about five which are large and are generally found to have been caused by quakes occurring in regions such as Alaska and Central America or along the submarine inclines of the Pacific. Among the largest disturbances recorded were the Alaskan quakes of early September, 1899, and the memorable San Francisco quake of April 18th, 1906, when the earth waves were larger than could be measured by the instrument. It is of interest that whenever a really important quake occurs, even be it in far-off Alaska or Japan, the magnets at the Observatory begin to swing at the same moment that the seismograph records the larger movements, showing how very real are the waves which pass over the earth's surface.



THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

KEY TO CHARACTERS.

HELEN RIDER:

About twenty-five, essentially attractive. First Act shows her in a feminised western cowboy costume. After Act One, while more spirited and alert-minded, success must have given her a touch of imperiousness. She dresses in height of fashion, in last three acts; an undertone of anxiety not always implied by the text must show her knowledge of her own false position.

JOHN BURKE:

A strong, large man of outdoor world, past forty. As a successful construction engineer his deep voice carries authority, used to handling men and meeting emergencies. Yet, with somewhat grim sense of largeness he carries a kindly heart and keen sense of justice. His face is sun-tanned, and Act One clothes are work-clothes.

PAUL WHITGREAVE:

About twenty-three; idealistic young Oxford man, with a touch of the student; always good form; exacting in his ideals; he must show sternness of youth in judging others. While he does not lisp, his gentleness and emotionalism must carry the note of the minor poet.

SIDNEY RIDER:

Helen's only brother; boy of about twenty; loose-jointed, dare-devilish

Western type, slangy in talk, yet toughness more veneer than ingrained nature. In Act One he wears dust-covered cowboy costume.

HERMAN OPDYKE:

A lank, white-faced "lunger," obviously in decline. His make-up should approximate to the later portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson, with an added touch of the Byronic.

HENRY SLATER:

Short fat man of forty, pompously deprecatory, yet shrewd and tricky man of business, who can at times show the claws under the velvet. Always well dressed.

MRS. TUPPER:

Stout and wealthy widow past forty, Malapropish in gesture and over-dress; gluttonous yet gushy; her sentimentality does not keep her from being cattish.

WILSON:

Mrs. Tupper's English footman.

THE BLOT.

ACT I.

"THE LAND THAT GOD FORGOT."

SCENE: Discloses wide covered porch, rough and rustic, against wooden shack-side bearing sign "BUCKHORN POSTOFFICE." This is backed by panorama of Rockies, rising tier by tier to lonely white peaks cutting into the red and gold

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of waning sunset. The vast distance must carry sense of loneliness. Helen, writing at wooden table as Opdyke, wrapped in Navajo blanket, dictates to her, as light slowly darkens.

Opdyke. [Dictating slowly until curtain is well up.] And we say that those wrongs we do are forgotten, that what is past is past, that the dead are dead. And we grope on, dreaming Tomorrow to be the threshold of a new life, only to find it thronged with the ghosts of Yesterday, the ghosts who whisper that the Future is still the Past, the Past peered at from a narrower door. [He repeats wearily.] That the Future is still the Past peered at from a narrower door. [A pause, during which she writes on.] And at the end of that, thank God, you can write the word "Finis." [Opdyke leans back, watching the wine-glow on the peaks as they slowly darken. Helen writes on. The silence, until the last word is written, remains unbroken.]

Helen. That means the end—at last.

Opdyke. [As Helen places last sheet on pile of mss.] The end!

Helen. You're tired out.

Opdyke. Tired out? Why shouldn't I be tired out? Who'd want to quit the trail, without being tired out; and I've covered it, from end to end. I've been through it all, good and bad, up and down! [He puts hand on mss.] And that's all I get out of it. That's all you've helped me save from the wreck.

Helen. But it's beautiful, every page of it. It's something to be proud of. And see how it's kept you from suffering.

Opdyke. Then it's the pearl that comes from the sick oyster. [He coughs.] A damned sick oyster!

Helen. But now that Spring's here you'll get stronger—you'll—

Opdyke. I'll be dead in a week. I know it; you know it. Why, I'm dead now. I've been dead for the whole

eleven months I've been under this roof of yours. [Takes up mss.] That's the only part of me you've been able to keep alive. Ha, you've kept me afloat until you got the last of that cargo off!

Helen. But it's given you something to live for. It's made you forget.

Opdyke. Been irrigating some of the alkali out of my nature, I suppose.

Helen. But there were days when you've been almost happy, writing this book.

Opdyke. Happy! [Gazing at her hungrily.] And you? Weren't there times when you were happy?

Helen. [Without feeling.] Yes, it irrigated some of the alkali out of my existence as well.

Opdyke. But your existence isn't a waste, like mine. You've got all your life in front of you.

Helen. [Looking into the sunset-glow.] I wonder what is in front of me?

Opdyke. Life's in front of you. Isn't that enough?

Helen. No; it's never enough.

Opdyke. [Snarling.] Of course, it isn't, out here. What do you or anybody else know about living, in this wilderness, a thousand miles from nowhere? What have coyotes and canyons and jack-pine got to do with living? No; it's the city where you get life, noisy and warm and crowded. [He coughs.] Oh God, I'd give it all, all that's left, for one day in New York, for the old names, the old faces, the old scenes!

Helen. But you'll go back—some-time.

Opdyke. I'll never see it again—never. But you'll go! [He sits up.] Listen to me. I want you to promise me that you'll take this book where it belongs, that you'll take it to New York. Don't worry about 'em not wanting it. It's got a whole life crowded into it. A mess of a life—but it's there. They'll take it. You'll get money for it—and I guess you've

earned what you'll get out of it.

Helen. I've only tried to help you, to make you happier. I've never seen the East. I don't know what New York is like. I'd be afraid of it.

Opdyke. Afraid of it? Why, you belong to it. Isn't Memphis a city? Weren't you a city girl before your father crawled out here to die, the same as I'm dying? You're no longer a girl. You've got brains, and energy, and a future. You know you're wasting your life out here—you know it! Haven't I seen you fretting and chafing under it, month by month? You can't grow old and wither up in a place like this. You're not made for it. It'll stifle the soul out of you. You want life, you're hungry for life. You want the city—you're born for it.

Helen. I'd be afraid of it, now!

Opdyke. Of course you would. We always are. That's one of the reasons we love it. But you're starving for what it's got for you. You're hungry for power. You love it; I know you love it, or you'd never have made me work on this thing the way you did—this thing I've let simmer in my brain for ten wasted years. No, you can't stay here, sorting mail in a wooden shack!

Helen. [*Gazing up at lonely mountains.*] I wonder if that's true.

Opdyke. True? Of course it's true. You'll see it some night, you'll see the city, with all its crowds and its lights, with all its wealth and color and hunger and work, and you'll feel that you never knew what life meant until you heard the roar of its wheels and smelt its street-dust!

Helen. But I can make myself happy here. I can always have the mountains and the light and the open spaces. I'm always happy when I'm riding. And then I've got Syd to look after. He's run wild this last two years. He needs me now, now that we're alone.

Opdyke. You're wrong there. That young brother of yours will be out of your reach before you know it. That

boy's got his own way to go. And when he goes you'll be alone—altogether alone.

Helen. Don't! You make me afraid of the future.

Opdyke. [*Rising, excited.*] You've got to do it! You can't get out of it! You've got to promise me you'll take this book to New York and show 'em I wasn't as bad as they thought me. You've got to go and show 'em, up there, that all my life wasn't wasted, that there was a rat or two alive on the old wreck, to the end!

Helen. Don't, don't — see how you're tiring yourself.

Opdyke. [*More excitedly.*] It's a mission, I tell you! It'll be a duty to the dead, when I'm gone— [*Gasp- ing.*] Promise me you'll do it! Promise me!

Helen. You're making yourself worse. You're wearing yourself out.

Opdyke. Then promise me. Promise me before God Almighty that you'll do it! I tell you, you've got to! My God, haven't I trusted you, haven't I depended on you? Haven't I been like a child in your hands from the first? I'm no saint. I never have been. You know that. You've always suspected I had to slink away and hide and die here, like a rat in a hole! That's why you hate me!

Helen. I've never hated you.

Opdyke. It's worse than hate—it's apathy! I'm nothing to you! I never have been. Every thing you've done, you've done out of pity.

Helen. What did you expect? How could I give you more than pity?

Opdyke. All right—make it pity, then. That's all a corpse deserves, I suppose. Go on pitying me. But promise me one thing, promise me you'll do what I've asked. [*Lifting up mss.*] Promise me you'll take this and go East with it. It's not asking much. You ought to be glad of the chance—you ought to look on it as your deliverance. You ought to be glad to get out of this hole. Haven't I heard you cursing it, complaining

about it often enough? You've got to go!

Helen. But how could I go? I couldn't leave Syd! And I feel that things are going to be different, in some way.

Opdyke. Different? What'll make them different?

Helen. I think I feel different.

Opdyke. [*Jealously.*] Is that all? Is that what's changed you this last ten days?

Helen. I haven't changed. But I've only begun to feel how beautiful these mountains are, how big and holy they are, how old and tranquil and eternal all these valleys and peaks and canyons seem.

Opdyke. Beautiful! Beautiful for dead things—like me. They're dead themselves. Everything's dead in this God-forsaken land. Nothing ever happens here. Nothing could happen.

Helen. [*Looking at peaks.*] But someone told me this shouldn't be called the Land that God forgot. It should be called the Land where you'd never Forget there's God. And he's right. I feel he's right.

Opdyke. Who's right? Who's been telling you this? [*In a jealous snarl.*]

Helen. [*Absently.*] A friend of mine.

Opdyke. [*Fiercely.*] What friend?

Helen. [*Not looking at him.*] An engineer at Portal Canyon, the Irrigation Engineer there.

Opdyke. [*In malevolent rage.*] At Portal Canyon! Ha, now I know what's changed you. And I'll tell you. Every day for ten days you've ridden down Crooked Canyon and up into Melrose Trail. Every day you've ridden half way to Portal. I've seen you. I watched you with this glass. And every day you've been meeting a man there.

Helen. [*Quietly.*] Every day for ten days I've taken the mail up for the Irrigation Camp.

Opdyke. And you met this man alone, every day. You rode twenty

miles a day to see *him*. He's the one who's been changing things for you. He's the man, eh, who's going to anchor you out here among the gophers and sage and jack-pine! [*He gropes weakly along the shack wall, catching at the door-corner for support.*] So that's what's made the difference! A man! That's what's going to tie you down to these damned rocks and alkali trails?

Helen. You've no right to talk this way. You're killing yourself. You're killing my respect for you. I tried to be kind to you. I've worked with you on this book of yours, because it brought out the nobler side of you, because you put into it only the beautiful things of your life. I've loved it as much as though it were my own. I've wanted you to leave it as something worthy, as—

Opdyke. Then who'll save it if you don't? You've got to do it! You're not going to throw it away? You can't! It's the same as strangling an orphan, now you've made me bring it to life, now you've wrung it out of me. It's your duty. By the living God, I tell you it's your duty! [*At this outburst he is seized with fit of coughing. Helen runs to him.*]

Helen. [*Calling.*] Martha! [*She repeats call "Martha" as she supports Opdyke.*]

Opdyke. [*Weakly.*] It's all right! I forgot! It's all right!

Helen. You must go in. See, it's getting dark. You've worn yourself out. [*Goes to him.*] I'll help you in.

Opdyke. No, don't touch me. I'll go—I'll go alone. [*He turns in door, carrying mss.*] We always have to go alone. But you haven't promised. I can't go until you promise me.

Helen. Oh, it means so much. Let me think about it. Give me a little time.

Opdyke. [*Looking at her intently.*] You'll do it. I know you'll do it. [*Exits into house, gasping.*] You'll do it! [*Helen looks after him. Then she turns to railing, looking out at*

Rockies. The light has darkened minute by minute. The silence is broken by a coyote's howl. She does not move.. Then sound of horse-hoofs on the trail, nearer and nearer. She stands and listens.]

Helen. [Calling.] Syd! Is that you, Syd? [She listens and calls again.] Syd!

Burke. [From darkness.] This is Burke of the Gunnison Irrigation Camp.

Helen. What is it?

Burke. I want to get down to Winona. Is it far?

Helen. It's thirteen miles by the Canyon Trail.

Burke. Anyone there to show me the way?

Helen. My brother Syd is riding up from Winona, with the mail. He's two hours late now.

Burke. [After a pause.] Just a minute! [Helen lights lamp. Burke climbs to porch. His large frame is dust-covered. Clothes show wear and tear of engineer work. Hand-shake.]

Burke. It's you! I never thought to-night would bring me anywhere near you.

Helen. [Direct and Quiet.] This is my home. [Pointing to sign-board.] This is Buckhorn.

Burke. This—your home?

Helen. Yes, where Syd and I keep the post-office. When father came, four years ago, they gave him the postmastership. Now Syd and I have it.

Burke. No one told me there was a settlement up here.

Helen. There's only the post-office. The upper canyon ranchers ride down for their mail here.

Burke. What a munificent gift from our esteemed Government! [Looks at house.] And what a responsibility for Syd and you!

Helen. [Ghost of laugh.] Yes, sometimes almost twenty letters a week. But has anything happened?

Burke. No, nothing spectacular. But I've got to get through to Denver

by morning. If I can flag the D. & R. G. at Winona I'll save a day. The difficulty is, I don't know the trail down.

Helen. But I know every foot of it. As I told you last week, I taught at the school in Winona, for a year. But it's no bad news, is it?

Burke. Yes, it is, in a way. Since I came out here to take charge I've been trying to weed the graft out of this Gunnison contract. There's a clique in the Reclamation Bureau who don't want their dirty work uncovered. They think I'm doing enough if I blast rock. I've just learned the Washington people are transferring me back to the Army commission.

Helen. What does that mean?

Burke. It means a decision on their part to detail me for two years on the Panama Canal work.

Helen. You don't mean they're taking your Gunnison work away from you?

Burke. Not openly. I can't tell yet. That's why I'm going to Washington to fight it out, to-morrow, as soon as I can get out of Denver. That's why I have to make this midnight train out of Winona.

Helen. But if they send you to Panama, for two years?

Burke. [Looking into her eyes tenderly.] I have to go, of course. And it will be hard, for more reasons than one.

Helen. [Turning away.] But your heart was so much in your work. And it seemed such noble work, to turn a desert into a garden, to give water to all those thousands and thousands of thirsty acres. Oh, it is noble work, to make a desert into fertile land, to make towns and villages and homes for so many men and women.

Burke. [As she turns back they stand face to face.] Then you are sorry I'm going?

Helen. Yes, I'm sorry. I'm sorry if it's to take you away from what you're doing. Your heart's in it; I know that. And it means so much to

have your heart in what you're trying to do.

Burke. Then more than my work ought to keep me here.

Helen. But you need that. You need it so much. I've felt it, from the first.

Burke. Why have you felt it?

Helen. Because I've known—you don't mind if I say this, do you? Because I've known, I've seen, that you are a lonely man.

Burke. Lonely, with three hundred rock-men to look after?

Helen. Lonely in spirit, I mean.

Burke. And you?

Helen. Yes; I've been lonely. [*She turns to the west, with its thin rind of yellow light above the Rockies.*] One can't help it, out here, I think. Sometimes I could hardly bear it. There used to be days when I thought I'd go mad. Then I'd take my pinto and ride, ride and ride until the fit had worked off.

Burke. [*Taking her hand in his, quickly, as a wave of comprehension sweeps through him.*] I know—I know what it means. And with us two, some day, there may be no more loneliness. [*Helen looks at him, her eyes wide with wonder and emotion.*]

Helen. [*In a little more than a whisper.*] I'll miss you.

Burke. [*Still holding her hand.*] But if I'm back in a week? If—

Helen. But I may not see you, for two years! The world's so big—

Burke. No, no; the world's so small. I've found that out. What's a few thousand miles to a man when a woman's waiting for him?

Helen. [*A quaver of tenderness in her voice.*] Yes; what's a few thousand miles! [*As they stand, face to face, oblivious of the world, the sound of a horse on the canyon trail comes nearer and nearer. Helen is the first to hear it; she starts and turns.*] Listen! [*The approaching horse has stopped outside in the darkness.*] It's Syd! [*Syd enters. He is dust-covered; cowboy costume; walks un-*

steadily to show he is not quite sober.]

Sydney.—This is a hell of a job—and a hell of a life! [*He slams down mail-bag on wooden floor.*] And I'm glad it's over!

Helen. Syd! Is this the way you do your work?

Sydney. My work? It's not my work any longer! Where's that nigger?

Helen. It's not your work any longer?

Sydney. They're going to wipe your damned post-office off the map! And nobody's goin' to cry over it. Eatin' dust six hours a day—it's enough to make a man—where's that nigger?

Helen. What does this mean?

Sydney. Mean? It means the Governorment's transferrin' this two-by-four office up to the Gunnison Camp—the irrigation work gets about all the mail—so they get the office, 's well. Where's that nigger?

Burke. One moment. I'm Burke of the Irrigation Camp. I want someone to show me the trail to Winona. I've got to push through before midnight.

Sydney. Where you from?

Burke. What does that matter?

Sydney. Then where you goin'?

Burke. I'm going to Winona, and I'm going inside of five minutes. [*Looking at watch.*] What I want to know is, can you trail me out that far?

Sydney. Yes, I s'pose I can—when I've had some supper and corralled something better 'n a lame mare.

Burke. Unluckily, I'm late already.

Helen. It's very simple, Mr. Burke. I know every foot of the trail, and in less than half an hour the moon will be up. [*She crosses and takes sombrero and bridle down from shack wall, adjusting hat hurriedly as she speaks, etc.*] My pinto's picketed down the canyon. It won't take five minutes to have him up.

Burke. Then I'll help you.

Helen. [*Hurriedly.*] No; you shorten Syd's stirrups for me, up to the

third hole. Then bring the saddle to the corral when I call. That will save time. [*She goes out, and Burke looks after her, for a moment. Then he turns and shortens stirrup straps, while Syd unbuckles his belt and holster, flinging them on the table with revolver-butt protruding from holster. He calls out angrily, "Martha," kicks mail-bag to one side, then turns to Burke, with a shrug.*]

Sydney. So you're the man who's going to get the post-office, eh?

Burke. [*Bent over saddle.*] It's news to me if I am.

Sydney. Oh, you'll get it! [*Laughs bitterly and pulls "Post-Office" sign from shack-side, flinging it insolently towards Burke.*] You'll get it! And, by God, I hope you'll get more out of it than I got! [*Sydney goes through door into the house. Burke turns over sign-board and looks down at it. While still bent over it Opdyke stealthily enters. He is backing away in terror, when Burke looks up and sees him. Neither speaks for several seconds, but the attitude of each man shows the tenseness of the situation.*]

Burke. [*Quietly, and in little more than a whisper.*] You!

Opdyke. [*Shaking.*] Who're you?

Burke. You know who I am.

Opdyke. [*Groping weakly about.*] Who are you?

Burke. So this is where it comes? Here? After five years?

Opdyke. [*Shivering.*] It's a—a mistake.

Burke. So it's here? Here, of all places!

Opdyke. You're wrong. You don't know me. You never saw me before.

Burke. I wish to God I never had, but I *have* seen you before. I'd know you, John Blewett, in the blackest smoke of the blackest hell, where you belong.

Opdyke. I'm not John Blewett. My name's Opdyke, Herman Opdyke. Ask them; they'll all tell you that.

Burke. Stop it, you cur.

Opdyke. [*Collapsing.*] What are

you going to do? What are you—

Burke. [*Quietly.*] I'm going to kill you.

Opdyke. To kill me? You can't do that. Men don't kill each other nowadays. Men don't murder one another for things—for things that—

Burke. Don't they?

Opdyke. No, it's—it's against the law. It's not fair.

Burke. In the land I lived in for ten years men made their own law. I made mine, and I lived by it and worked by it. It was rough, because the country was rough. But it was justice—the only justice we got in that land of greasers.

Opdyke. But we're not in Mexico now! And that was six years ago, six—

Burke. Six years ago, when you crawled into my home like a sick dog. I took pity on you. I trusted you. I think I admired you, you brilliant, Byronic, broken-down libertine. And you took that young girl, that mere girl who was as pure as a flower, who knew nothing of you and your ways, and you killed her, you—

Opdyke. It's a lie.

Burke. And when you killed that girl, the only thing I had in the world, you knew I'd—

Opdyke. That's a lie. No one killed her. She died at Morida, of fever. She died before we reached the border. She died of fever.

Burke. When you killed that sister of mine, you knew I'd kill you. You knew it all along. That's why you slunk away and hid. That's why you're here. [*Opdyke, whose retreat has been cut off by Burke, catches sight of the pistol in the holster on table. He creeps towards it as Burke speaks. He has reached the table and snatched at the gun before Burke realises his move. He gets the gun, but Burke, being the stronger man, forces up Opdyke's arm. He wrests the weapon out of Opdyke's grasp, in the struggle, steps back, facing him.*]

Opdyke. [Cowering before weapon.] Wait! Good God, don't shoot. Give me time!

Burke. [As he lowers weapon and swings Opdyke about.] You poor weak cur.

Opdyke. Wait!

Burke. I could smash you like an egg-shell.

Opdyke. [Writhing in his clutch.] That's not fair. It's not justice. You talk of justice. Then gi' me a show.

Burke. A show—you've had your show.

Opdyke. You can't kill a dying man. Don't you see I'm dying, that I'm done for? I haven't your strength. But, good God, gi' me a chance. Don't let me die like a dog.

Burke. No, not like a dog. You deserve it, but not like a dog. I suppose you must have been a man once, years ago. *[With quick decision.]* Here, get a gun. You've got that, haven't you?

Opdyke. Yes, yes, inside.

Burke. Your finger's as good as mine on a trigger. Get your gun. Then come out and take your chance.

Opdyke. Yes, that makes us even—yes, a gun! *[Tottering towards door.]* And take a chance, like a man! A gun! *[As he exits, Burke springs to lamp, "breaks" revolver, sees cartridges, snaps it shut, shifts lamp's reflector to shack-side, and then turns, backing guardedly and calmly away until he stands against farthest porch-post, vigilant, attentive. There is the noise of a door slammed shut. The coyote-howl is repeated from the canyon. Then the utter silence is broken by a quickly repeated pistol-shot, muffled, but unmistakable. There is a further silence of a second or two, during which Burke does not stir. The light,*

during this, becomes bluer, showing the moon has risen. Then the screams of a negro woman come from within. Sydney is heard running through the house, and then calls. Burke quietly returns the revolver to its open holster on the table, and stands looking at it.]

Sydney. [In doorway.] Nell! Nell! Come quick. Opdyke's shot himself. *[Ignoring Burke, he runs to the railing and calls.]* Nell! *[He runs back into the house, momentarily panic-stricken. Burke turns away, looking out over the lonely and moonlit mountains. As he stands there Sydney staggers out, pale and quite sober now.]* He's dead!

Burke. [Crossing towards door.] Let me see him.

Sydney. [Barring the way, as he covers his face in horror.] No; don't go! Don't look! My God, it's terrible! It's horrible! *[As he stands with face covered, Helen's voice, calling musically from the trail below, comes to the two men. Her call is repeated.]* Don't let her come! Don't let her see him! What'll we do?

Burke. She must not see him.

Sydney. Then get her away—get her away! *[Burke stoops and picks up the dusty saddle. As he crosses the porch to step down to the trail, Helen, coming nearer, calls out, "We're losing time." She comes full into the moonlight at the porch-edge as Burke goes towards her. Then she touches his arm, and points towards the wide expanse of the Rockies, vast and grim and silent in the moonlight that bathes them.]*

Helen. [As she points westward with her riding quirt.] Look! Is it, can it be, the Land that God Forgot?

Burke. [Looking, as she points.] No, I don't think God ever forgets!

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)



ARE WE PRODUCING A CRIMINAL CLASS?

AN ANALYSIS OF SOME RECENT REPORTS ON CRIME

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

BEHIND the bars of a cell in Kingston Penitentiary a man still in his twenties is caged. The flight of days or months or years means nothing to him, for he is doomed to that cell for the term of his natural life. Nobody—not even the writer—feels any strong sympathy with the man, for George Chambers in his later days was a menace to organised, peace-loving society every moment he was at large.

But a perusal of the bare record of George Chambers' life as it is inscribed on the passionless pages of the police books, may suggest the thought in the minds of many earnest people that perhaps Society in its treatment of him has aided in the making of this desperado. This is the record:

"George Chambers, born in England, 1881. Shoemaker. August 23rd, 1895—Sentenced to the Reformatory for three years for theft. July 23rd, 1900—Sentenced to the Central Prison for nine months, for theft. September 13th, 1901—Sentenced to the Central Prison for eighteen months for theft. April 3rd, 1903—Sentenced to the Central Prison for eighteen months for theft. January 4th, 1905—Sentenced to Kingston Penitentiary for three years for housebreaking (three charges). January 17th, 1908—Sentenced to Kingston Penitentiary for life. Five charges of theft, three with shooting.

Thus in a few perfunctory sentences the record of a human life is embalmed. These show that with the

exception of less than two years following his discharge from the Reformatory, the life of George Chambers from the age of fourteen until his committal for life at the age of twenty-six was practically all spent in custody.

If the charge suggested is true, that our organisation of society is responsible for the creation of a criminal class, and our treatment of delinquents tends to make them habitual offenders, such a record as that quoted above might make angels weep for our civilisation and our boast.

A perusal of some recent official reports on crime in Canada, might startle any reader who loves to think of his country as one of the most law-abiding on earth. Indeed—the figures are too startling, for the shock they give at first reading will not survive an analysis of the records.

The first all-too-startling fact is that during the year 1907 (the last year for which Dominion figures are yet obtainable, one person out of every seventy-eight in the Dominion was convicted of some offence. In Manitoba one person out of every forty-one was convicted. This is an alarming increase from one in 136 for Canada in 1898 and one in 165 for Manitoba during the same year. But these figures include all summary offences, many of which it would be incorrect to class as criminal, such as breaches of the license

laws, municipal by-laws and the gaming, game, fishery, medical and dentistry Acts.

Similarly, during the year 1908 in the city of Toronto the records show the alarming total of 19,037 persons apprehended or summoned for some offence or other, of whom 10,735 were convicted. But these totals from the Chief Constable's report are of little service to the sociologist, for the reason that all classes of misdemeanours are included therein. A misdemeanour may be anything from bibulosity to murder, while the "crime" of a citizen charged with a breach of the city by-laws may be really a public-spirited protest against having to pay two street-car fares for one ride. Probably the "village Hampdens" each found a place in the police records of their day, before the poet gave them an enduring place in literature. Indeed where measures are arbitrary, a high rate of law-breaking is evidence of a splendid temper in the nation. It is reassuring to know that an analysis of the criminal statistics for the Dominion shows that only 11.50 per cent. of the total convictions during 1907 were for indictable offences—for infractions of the Criminal Code. This is a satisfactory decrease from the 15.14 per cent. of 1898.

But the startlingly significant thing about the matter is that of a total of 9,110 convictions for indictable offences in Canada during 1907, 4,798 were for common theft. These do not include cases of burglary, highway robbery, house and shop breaking, false pretences, conspiracy, pickpocketing, or any of the usual methods of theft practised by the professional thief. They are entirely concerned with cases where men and women have stolen some near object, almost invariably some article of small value. The second significant fact is that 88.33 per cent. of these thefts are perpetrated in cities and towns and only 11.67 per cent. in rural districts.

The third significant fact is that 76.5 per cent. of the thieves are unmarried persons of the labouring class. Out of the 4,798 convicted persons only twenty-two were of the professional class and only 445 were skilled mechanics. An analysis of the criminal records therefore points to the following conclusions:

(1) That one-half of the crime of Canada is common theft.

(2) That nearly nine-tenths of it occurs in the cities and towns.

(3) That the offenders are principally young unmarried men.

These summaries are strikingly paralleled by the records of the Toronto police court, the most representative of the city courts in Canada. Out of the 19,037 cases tried last year, only 3,772 were for indictable offences. Out of the 3,772 indictable offences, 3,306 were for common theft. The total amount stolen, \$130,856, appears large, but it includes several large individual amounts, such as an item of \$40,000 for securities contained in a satchel which a thief snatched from an untended automobile. In this case the thief did not even mentally realise the value of the scrip, for after taking a few pawnable articles from the satchel, he threw it together with the \$40,000 worth of negotiable paper out into a lane where a newsboy found it a few hours later. Allowing for these exceptional items, the average value of the articles stolen was very small. Among them were several cases of penniless men and women who stole bottles of milk for their starving children. Most of them—the writer was present in court daily throughout the year—were cases of homeless, workless, moneyless men who took something with the idea of selling it to satisfy their needs. When it is remembered that during the same twelvemonth, 9,876 homeless men and women were provided with shelter overnight at the various police stations in Toronto, it is scarcely to be wondered at that common theft is so common a crime. Curiously enough

of the 9,876 waifs, 8,417 were unmarried men.

It is something more than a mere coincidence that the records of the Dominion and the city alike point clearly to the same outstanding conclusions. Both records suggest that we have with us a floating regiment of the unemployed and the socially unfit, men who are crowded out in the competition for jobs, men who are probably deficient in initiative and self-reliance, men who do not marry because they are unable to establish homes, men who are living on the thin edge of nothing, and who when work is not plentiful hover between a night's shelter in the police station and the opportunity to steal. They are not criminals by nature, but they find it hard to earn an honest living all the time. Among them undoubtedly are some victims of drink and some congenital loafers, but these are not in so large a proportion as is generally believed. Only twenty-two per cent. of the common thieves are reported as being immoderate in the use of drink, and only eight per cent. are illiterate. They are merely the weaklings and the unfortunate in the struggle for a living. Every fresh improvement in machinery and every successful factory reorganisation which economises labour, increases the army of the unemployed, and makes it increasingly difficult for the least equipped to find employment.

This growing uncertainty of employment is felt throughout the continent. In the United States census of 1890, eighty-five per cent. of the population were returned as fully employed and fifteen per cent. as employed only part of the time. The census of 1900 showed that the partially employed had risen to twenty-two per cent., while according to the eighteenth annual report of the Honourable Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour, the regularly employed by 1904 had fallen to 50.2 per cent. and the irregularly employed had grown to 49.8

per cent. Upon the socially unfit this condition weighs heavily. Born into a society which has no definite use for them, which makes laws for them, disciplines them, but gives them no employment, many are driven to steal. Then society further handicaps them in the struggle for a living by the humiliation of imprisonment. Self-esteem and initiative, the two most necessary qualities for success in life, are crushed out by the monotony and providence of prison life. Finally, without character, without money and without a job they are turned out onto the streets again to re-engage in a battle which under better conditions they fared ill in. Daily the newspapers record cases which suggest that the economic factor is the compelling cause in these crimes. A typical one from a recent issue of the *Toronto Globe* reads as follows:

"It was only on Thursday morning that young Charles Elliott was discharged from Toronto Jail after serving a sentence for theft. He had no money in his pockets, and no job to go to. But the elemental appetites of hunger and thirst were as strong as ever.

"On Friday morning he crept to a building where workmen were at work and stole some tools. He intended to pawn them and raise money, but instead he finished up in the arms of a policeman.

"This morning in the Police Court, his sudden return to crime was looked on as evidence of an unregenerate spirit, and he was sent to the Central Prison this time.

"In five months he will be discharged from the Central without any money, without any job, and with the elemental appetites still unquenched."

Many more of these cases would be reported were they less common. As it is, their abundance discounts their news value, and only those cases with "a feature" to them are written up.

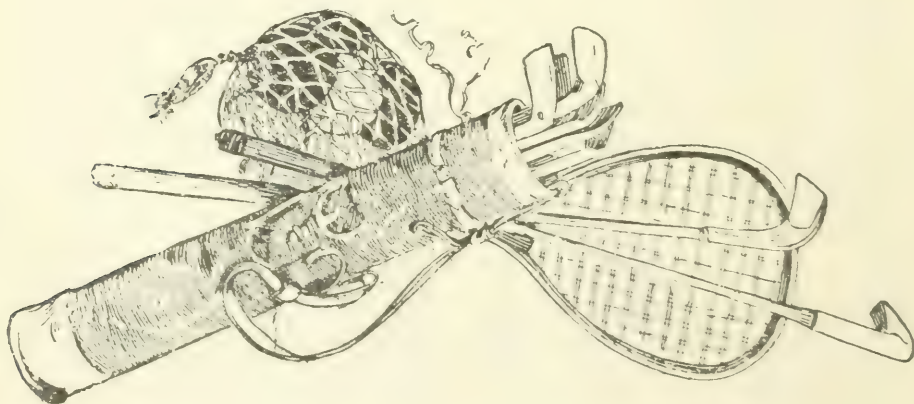
But no words of warning can be over-strong in picturing the menace which this condition augurs to the future of the Dominion. It is a "submerged tenth" in embryo. Slumdom, the blight of the civilisation of all Europe, has already a grip on the great cities of the United States. Un-

less some more scientific remedy than jail treatment is given to this growing class in the cities and towns of Canada, it will be here also within a generation. Was ever in any country, in any age, such a golden opportunity presented to the sociologist and the statesman as Canada now affords? Measures primarily directed to stemming the tide of pauperism and crime at its spring, may yet place all humanity under an obligation.

The case of George Chambers is merely a peg to hang a preachment on. There are hundreds of others, who like him, having supplied their needs by theft, find the path blocked by which they might have returned to an honest life. No sane man, surely, with his experience of the short-lived liberty of the criminal, would have deliberately embarked on that last desperate week, else. For three years he had lived the life of a caged animal behind the gray walls of Kingston Penitentiary, until his release on Thursday morning, December 19th, 1907. He came straight to Toronto, where many a man with home, friends, character and a trade union behind him was finding it hard

to get work that week. Without any of these helps and incentives Chambers arrived to take part in the economic struggle. After two days of it he bought a gun and went back to the one sure way he knew of raising money. A farmer on the third concession line up Yonge Street handed over \$25 and fled at sight of the gun. By the following Thursday night five more hold-ups had been accomplished, netting Chambers and a new-found partner \$6.70 and a gold-filled watch. Next night they were pounced on by three detectives while on their way to commit more crimes. That was the end. His one week of liberty had brought Chambers a share in \$31.70 and a gold-filled watch—and imprisonment for life.

For one very good reason, the writer has no sympathy with desperado George Chambers, but facts are facts. Until our civilisation has solved the problem of unemployment in the interests of the under-qualified, job-less man, common theft will continue to be the most frequent crime on the calendar, and our jails will continue to manufacture criminals. And the evil does not end there.



SALMON-FISHING AT VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down."

SINCE the days of Simon Peter, and indeed before that, men have been fishers and drawers of nets. The sculpture of the ancients shows that mankind angled in all the ages. From the rude and primitive bone-hook of the savage, the bark net of the aboriginal, and the tossing *kyak* of the far north Eskimo have been evolved the steel hooks, the woven linen nets and the fishing fleets of the modern fisherman. And still the glamour lasts; and with sails set, or steam up, those who harvest the deep go down in ships, as in days gone by, to follow the lure of the schools of cod and halibut, mackerel, herring, and salmon.

Through every inlet, strait and passage of the sea waters along the Pacific coast, every four years in regular rotation, the "big-run" of the sock-eye salmon comes up the Fraser River of British Columbia. During the other years the spring salmon, the cohoes, the hump-backs, the sock-eyes and the dog-salmon come in more or less quantities, but at each turn of the four-year dial, from some unknown and unknowable source, surges in this marvellous tide of shining scales and undulating folds of the sock-eyes to the Fraser.

They come to search for the spawning grounds whence they originated: and with an instinct too mysterious

to be other than unsolvable, they come to the very gravel-beds where they lay first in the egg. All along the coast, beating up against the tides, following the uncharted courses of the sea, they swim in with such numbers that the straits and bays are alive with them, the sun striking myriad facets of silver from their backs and sides.

To the latter-day salmon fisher, the size of the "run," the length of days to which it continues, and the proportion of good fish in the "run," make up his commercialised interest. The situation of his "traps," their stability, the luck as to tides and the directions the "run" may swim in, will determine either his success, or his lack of success, premising that his crews are all skilled at their work and alive to the necessity of keen-visaged alertness. Eternal vigilance is the key-note to good work in the salmon fishing along the coast, and as for hours of labour they may run from three in a morning until 11.30 that night. It all depends upon the exigencies of the "run." The traps must be emptied and the fish taken to the cannery, and after that, sleep, food, and rest. Otherwise you eat when you can, you sleep when you happen to, and you rest on the way to the traps or cannery.

A salmon-trap consists of "pots" and "spiller," the "hearts" as they are called, and the cross-section of wire netting called the "lead,"



A VANCOUVER ISLAND SALMON TRAP

against which, or close to which, the oncoming salmon first see a barrier in their course. The cross-section is built from the shore out towards the main body of the trap. The "hearts," of which there are also two, and occasionally three, are frames of somewhat heartshaped piles and timbers, reaching to the bottom, and with netting stretched to them to prevent the salmon from passing. As the fish approach to the coast, cross-section they turn and follow down, going with the tide, and swim into the first "heart," or heart-shaped entrance to the main trap. They drift gradually down to the second "heart," or heart-shaped section, and this one, which is fastened to the "pot" and "spiller," has a narrow entrance to the "pot." This comparatively small aperture is found by the fish and they swim into the "pot." In the centre of the space between the "pot" and the "spiller" is another small opening into the "spiller." Into this last entrance the fish go, and end their journey there, for from the "spiller" they are finally loaded into the scows

and taken to the waiting canneries.

The "spiller" and the "pot" are forty feet square, and there is only one entrance from the second "heart" and this goes into the "pot." Both "pot" and "spiller" are strongly built, and surrounded with netting. The salmon work their way leisurely down from the spot where they were first headed off by the straight cross-section of wire netting or lead, built out from the coast-line. They get into the first "heart," follow the tide as it works up through the netting, turn and drift into the second "heart," swim around in the second-heart-space awhile and then edge into the "pot." There they eventually find their way into the "spiller," where they are ready for loading.

Alongside the "spiller" is a scow. To load the salmon on the scow by means of the "brailer," and then slip the scow across the top of the "spiller" and fasten it to the fishing tug, is the problem presented when the mass of salmon has worked its way to the extent of a scow-load or more into the "spiller." As this space in the

'spiller' is alive with fish, it becomes necessary to force the mass into close quarters, where the "brailer," a huge piece of netting, can be drawn down under the seething multitudes of fish, and hoisted up and its load of fish deposited on the scow.

To do this, to get the salmon on one side of the "spiller," the crew of the scow reach down and pull up the net attached to the "spiller" frame and commence to haul it aboard of the scow. This slides the fish under the scow and back towards the opposite side. This forces the salmon to one side from which the men raise the side of the scow and away out from the outside of the "spiller" space. When the net is drawn up a sufficient number of times, the salmon are squeezed into a comparatively small space next to the scow; and the "brailer" is let down and under the twisting mass of salmon. It is then hoisted, dumped on the scow, and the salmon are sorted and thrown into their allotted spaces in the pens on the scow.

Various undesirable citizens of the deep are sometimes found to have

got in with the salmon. Sometimes two or three sharks arrive, twelve feet long or more, but comparatively harmless for members of the shark family. The men take a boat and rope and go into the "spiller" and, tying a rope around their tails, drag them out. Sometimes a hair seal, or even a sea-lion may make his début, and then it is usually a case of fire-arms to get rid of him. Of other varieties of fish, the cod and the halibut come in quite often, and sometimes a huge sturgeon. With the sock-eyes will come the spring salmon, sometimes immense fish of sixty or seventy pounds in weight, and also dog salmon, and cohoes, and humpbacks.

A staunch and sea-worthy tug or small steamer is used to convey the men from their sleeping quarters on shore to the traps and fishing grounds; and to tow the loaded scows to the canneries. A fishing crew entire will number from twenty to thirty men, according to the number of "traps" and the extent of the "run." The average pay is sixty dollars a month and board. There is no particular danger to be faced, excepting that



A SCOW-LOAD OF SALMON



BRAILING SALMON OUT OF THE SPILLER

in the work a man is liable to step overboard or get thrown into the water. A good swimmer is at an advantage in all work which brings him near deep water.

The "run" usually begins around the 26th of July, and it is at its height for somewhere near ten days. A great deal of money is invested in the various fishing interests; and the renewing of nets, the carrying away by storms of nets and timbers, and the wear and tear of appliances, make the business one in which considerable risks are apparent. A good "run" and good luck during the "run" mean something in the way of a small-sized fortune sometimes; but, like all enterprises where men go into partnership with wind and waves, it needs experience, precaution, and more than ordinary skill to reap great benefits.

Unfortunately for the future of the industry, the supply of salmon is becoming less and less each succeeding season. It is true that on the Fraser River the Dominion Government, and the Provincial Government as well, have established large hatcheries, which have annually turned out large

quantities of salmon fry; but the results so far have not been very encouraging.

With the hope of improving conditions as regards the Fraser River, and also as to the salmon industry of Puget Sound, both of which secure their supplies as the salmon pass through their waters *en route* to the Fraser, the Government of Great Britain and the United States have entered into a treaty, by which joint conserving regulations will be adopted. For some time past, Professor Edward E. Prince and Doctor David Starr Jordan, the two Commissioners appointed under this treaty, have been in consultation, and no doubt very shortly the new regulations will be announced, and it is to be hoped, by giving increased protection, particularly to the sock-eye salmon, that the future of the supply may be assured.

The work, while hard, and calling for activity and endurance, is alive with excitement and incident. There is not a dull hour in it. The panorama of sea, sky and tossing waves makes a frame where the picture



FIFTY-POUND SPRING SALMON

stands out abruptly and with a touch of the primitive and unusual. The turmoil of glittering scales in the "spiller," the host of screaming gulls overhead, the shouts of the directing foreman, the "heave-yo" at the dripping nets, the swish of the "brailer" under the silvery masses of fish, the dripping hosts of scaly denizens of the sea tumbling on the scow from the "brailer," and the sorting and the towing to the canneries affords a constant shift of scene and interest which makes the work intense and invigorating.

Yet as familiarity breeds contempt, even in things most unusual and rare, so the salmon come to be as only so

much merchandise to be sorted and taken away; and sea and sky and white-caps tipped with sunlight are merely the common-place settings of daily toil. And to the fishers, the glamour of pictures Pelagian does not hold so much allurements as the solace of a friendly pipe, and the hearty jests of the supper-table after a hard day's labour at the "traps." It's the point of view after all. And perhaps the poetry of it appeals mostly to the outsider.

But, nevertheless, the poetry is there, as in the old legends, the Brittany sands, the sands of Dee and the herring fisheries of Bonnie Scotland Fleets returning and fleets that never



LIFTING THE SALMON NETS

have returned! Sails that sank beyond
the horizon, never to glint again
across the dawning light! Fisher
cabins where sputtering candles faded
into the hopeless dawn! And gleams
of fisher-folk, with heavy rush-woven

baskets on their heads, chanting a
refrain whose echo still reaches the
imaginative ear:

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonny fish an' halesome farin':
Wives an' mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men."

THE PASSING OF A KING

By H. O. N. BELFORD

The gray old tide of London town
Winds slowly to the sea;
The grimy halls of commerce frown,
Holding a world in fee;
The wind blows chill from darkened sky;
A shadowy ship sets sail:
Oh, still as Death she passes by—
And the hearts of the landmen fail.

For the form of one who goes by night
Waits calm on the royal pier,
While a nation cries with wild affright:
"Ho, helmsman pale, what cheer?"
But the traveller fares from London town
To where the dead kings be;
A Briton's soul of just renown
Goes out to the silent sea.

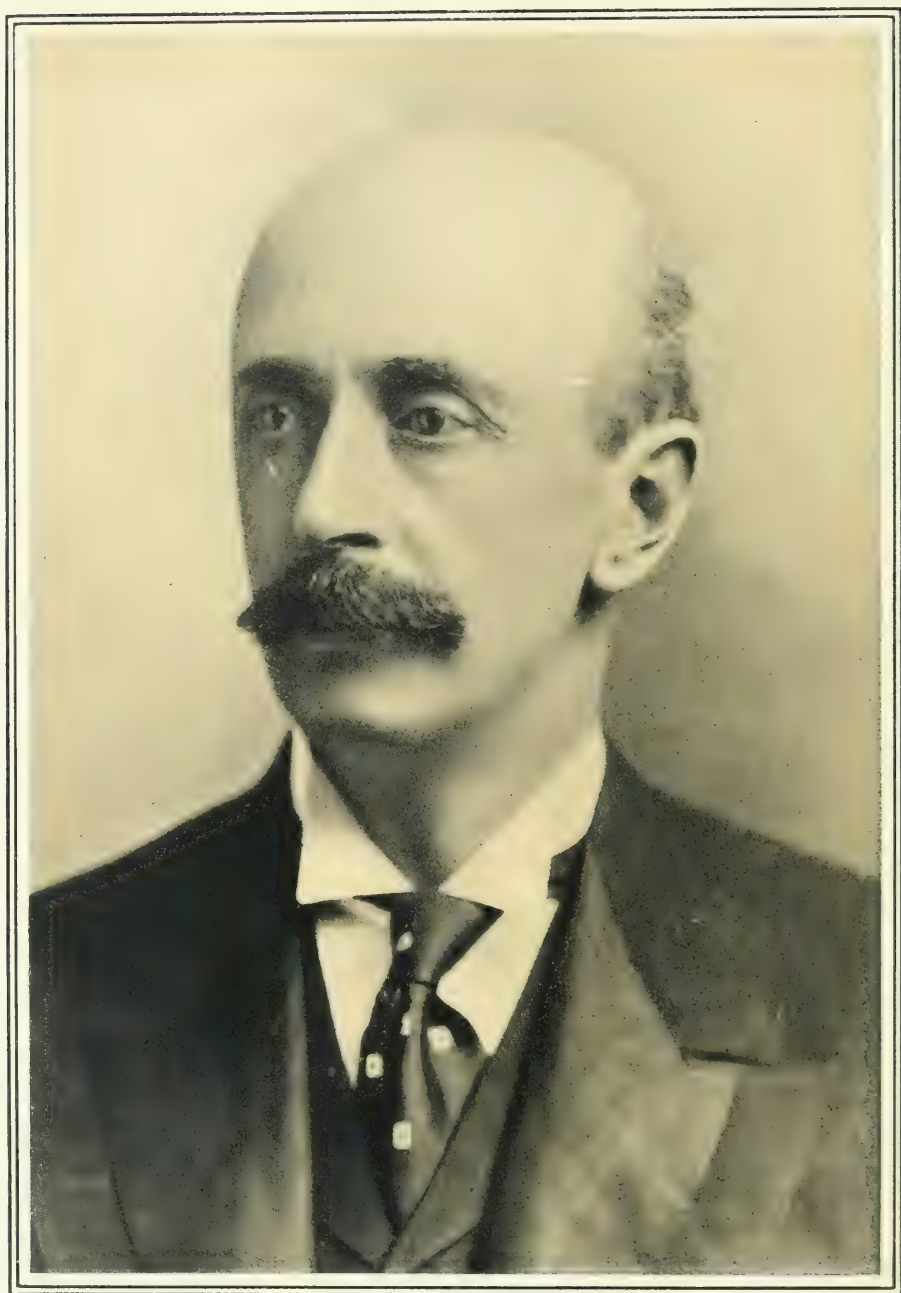
EARL GREY'S ADMINISTRATION IN CANADA

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS

MANY men of great ability, high character, and honest purpose or patriotic intent have administered affairs in Canada as the representatives of the British Crown. Some have had great difficulties to encounter, serious problems to overcome or evade, severe criticisms to face, vigorous opposition to meet. Few or none have passed through their periods of office without some unpleasant episodes created by personal and party complications, the stress of a society and political system in the making, the ebb and flow of an Imperial spirit which varied with almost bewildering changes. Whether in the case of Lord Grey, it has been the possession of some subtle personal quality which makes for popularity and influence; whether it is that Canadian institutions and political and general conditions are becoming more stable; whether it is that Empire relations and the Imperial spirit in Canada are assuming a basis of more fixed and permanent character; whether it is that Canadians are becoming less touchy in the matter of Imperial policy and British authorities possessed of a keener insight into Canadian conditions; whether the position of Governor-General in its functions and duties is becoming better defined and understood; the fact is clear that the Vice-regal administration in Canada now drawing to its close has proved a quiet but apparently uniform success, with a more continuous

expression of public approval and with fewer elements of public friction during its five years' term than in almost any preceding period.

Since Lord Grey arrived in Canada, late in 1904, he has grown steadily in popularity without appearing to strive after it; he has been constructive in personal proposals and policy without arousing serious suspicion or antagonism; he has been quietly influential in carrying out various plans and in developing certain lines of thought which were not without elements of controversy; he seems to have exhibited more than once a combination of two qualities essential to statecraft in this country if not in others—caution and courage. It will be remembered that the incoming Governor-General, when he sailed for Canada on December 1st, 1904, had already won distinction by his administration of the Chartered Company's territory in South Africa, that he was known as a friend and close associate of Cecil Rhodes, that he had some reputation as a social reformer. But to Canadians the most interesting feature of the appointment, and certainly the one most discussed in the press, was his family name, his connection with the historic Liberalism of England, his association in this respect with memories of Lord Durham and the Report so often described as the Charter of Canada and of Colonial freedom. No doubt this condition had its influence upon the dominant Liberal-



EARL GREY

ism of the moment in Canada; one which any personal views of Lord Grey as to the Unionist issue could not offset and which his known opinion of the South African War could only increase.

He had not left England without some tactful words as to coming duties and responsibilities. A banquet in London on November 21st had given him the opportunity. In his speech the new Governor-General referred eulogistically to Canadian soldiers in South Africa and spoke of the loyalty which had so stirred the pulse of the Canadian people; described the skies of Canada as blue and the air like champagne; mentioned a visit to the Dominion in 1883 with Mr. Brodrick and his interest in then hearing an eloquent speech by the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau; and described the historic devotion of the United Empire Loyalists to the Crown. Two weeks before, at another banquet, he had expressed opinions which in a most unusual degree touched certain key-notes of Canadian feeling. In this speech he described partnership and not rule as the basis of Imperial relationship; spoke of the rich resources and splendid climate of Canada and its freer and less-crowded life; expressed pleasure at the growth of the movement for celebrating Empire Day; declared it to be the duty of every Englishman crossing the ocean to the United States to visit the Dominion, and spoke with enthusiasm of the future of the country over whose destinies he was going to preside: "It has been steadily engaged in planting its roots for future national greatness; it is now arriving at the blossoming stage. It is believed by those who are not only healthy and cheerful optimists but who take a very careful view of the future that the population of Canada will, in 1950, be larger than that of the United Kingdom to-day."

There were certain felicitous touches in this address which boded well for the future and indicated a clearness

of outlook upon local points of view in Canada which is not always discernible in the external observer. On December 10th the new Governor-General arrived at Halifax accompanied by the Countess Grey, Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, and his staff. Welcomed on landing by the General then in command of His Majesty's forces, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honourable R. W. Scott on behalf of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Provincial Premier and his Government, the Mayor and City Council, Lord Grey and his family drove through streets lined with armed men and crowded observers, accompanied by a brilliant escort, to the historic chamber of the Legislative Council where he was sworn in by Mr. Justice Sedgewick, acting Chief Justice of Canada. Addresses were presented to His Excellency by the Government of Nova Scotia, and the Corporation of Halifax, and to Lady Grey from the National Council of Women. Other functions followed, and Ottawa was reached on the 13th. The following extract from a speech in reply to the civic address at the Capital will illustrate the nature of many succeeding speeches and reveal a form of eloquence which was not so much striking, or intense, or fervid in delivery as it was impressive and convincing:

"The blood is stirred and the imagination warmed by the contemplation of your vast territories, by the mysterious and fascinating silence of the undeveloped North, by the varied richness of your boundless resources, by the unsurpassed charm and splendour of the scenery and by the invigorating magnificence of your unrivaled climate. But there is one asset which you possess even more important than those to which I have referred, than those of area, riches, mystery, scenery and climate, namely that which is represented by your national character. If you do not jealously guard the sacred fire of that asset, the others to which I have referred will be as dross and as the crumbling clay. If, on the other hand, you keep, as your Address informs me you will keep, the character of your people high, strenuous, virile, imaginative, heroic and Imperial, no one can venture

to set a limit to the degree of influence which will be exercised on the future of mankind by the great Canadian nation composed as it is of all that is best in England, Scotland, Ireland and France and privileged, as it is, to be a factor of ever-increasing importance in that British Empire, representing already over 400,000,000 human beings, and which is the greatest and most beneficent organisation that has ever attempted to be the instrument of God on earth."

In Lord Grey's succeeding speeches during his whole term of office and in his policy, so far as a Governor-General can have a policy, there were certain lines of thought and utterance which he adhered to with persistence and presented with success or at least a minimum of criticism. The first was a clear recognition of the fundamental fact that there are two distinct races imbedded in Canadian history and sharing in Canada's development; the second a keen belief in and frequent reference to the splendid material progress of the Dominion and the most vivid optimism as to its future; the third was a vigorous enunciation of the desirability of Canadians sharing in Imperial defence and helping, as soon as they were able, to bear the burdens in this respect of the motherland; the fourth was an unfailing, ever-pressed appeal to the higher instincts of the people in moral reform, political purity and British ideals of life and citizenship; the fifth was quick and obvious recognition of the commercial and financial and transportation needs of Canada. Incidentally, too, he reached a high level of treatment in the topic of international peace and arbitration upon more than one occasion, and voiced a good many Canadian aspirations in certain speeches as to the United States and Canada and the future relations of the two countries with each other and with the United Kingdom.

On March 14th of the first year of his stay in Canada Lord Grey touched the French-Canadian issue with skilful words in addressing the Ottawa Saint Jean Baptiste Society: "I notice with much pleasure that an object

of your Society is to conserve your beautiful French language in all its purity, for the purpose of enabling you to render, in the most eloquent expressions the human tongue can command, the homage of your hearts to the British institutions under which you live and under which you enjoy a measure of liberty and security which I do not believe would be obtainable for you under any other rule." At Laval University, Quebec, a little later (June 19th) he referred to the Rhodes Scholarships as a precious advantage to Canadian universities and hoped that French and English would alike avail themselves of the opportunities offered. "We are all members of a vast Empire where all can aspire to the highest careers. If I have any advice to give to the students of Laval I would tell them to emulate the example of their predecessors and devote their efforts to God, their King, and the People." Speaking in the same city on August 15th, at the unveiling of a South African monument, the Governor-General made a speech which appealed at once to the personal instincts of liberty in the French people, to the love of local rights and powers, and even to the popular Liberalism of the times:

"The struggle which shook the foundations of continents one hundred years ago was a death struggle, not between French and English, but between the principles of liberty, of freedom and of self-government, as opposed to those of despotism, militarism and centralised tyranny; and it is because French-Canadians recognise that the spirit of freedom is sheltered in the folds of our British flag—which has become to them the symbol of their liberties and the assurance of their rights—that they have on repeated occasions shown their readiness to die for it and to prove themselves, together with the English-Canadians, the most loyal and devoted sons of an Empire which stands for freedom, justice and equal rights all over the world. It would have been surprising if the object for which the British Crown fought in South Africa had not appealed to the enthusiasm of French no less than of English-Canadians, for the struggle in

South Africa was not between Boer and Briton alone. Again we fought for principles; we fought to secure equal rights between the Briton and the Boer; we fought to rescue British South Africa from the insupportable domination of a corrupt and exclusive oligarchy; we fought for the principles of Papineau as opposed to those of the Family Compact; we fought in order that our fellow subjects in South Africa should obtain the same rights that you English and French-Canadians enjoy in the Province of Quebec and in every other Province of this Dominion."

There is almost a volume in that clear, concise, brief, and yet adequate description of an Empire-wide problem. The Boer might disagree with it; the old-time Loyalist and Tory certainly would; but the Boer is defeated, and the Tory is dead; so that it can be taken as a very tactful and clever description of the situation. In this French-Canadian connection there occurred the most conspicuous and picturesque event of Lord Grey's vice-royalty. Arising out of a Quebec City proposal for a Dominion grant to aid in a local and Provincial celebration of Champlain's founding of Quebec, the Governor-General took hold of the idea and enlarged it into a movement to establish a great national park on the scene of Montcalm and Wolfe's memorable battle and to turn a French-Canadian fête into a national and imperial and international demonstration. His Excellency appears to have interested the Government in his larger ideas; he got the Canadian Clubs together and they proved a factor in the result; he interested the press also. Finally, with the Prince of Wales as the chief guest, with the United States Vice-President in attendance and representatives of France participating, with a great fleet of warships in the Saint Lawrence, and 10,000 Canadian troops under arms on the Plains of Abraham, with delegates present from South Africa and Australia and Newfoundland, and pageants which portrayed in splendid style the early events of Canadian history, Earl Grey, in July, 1908, scored a brilliant suc-

cess and was able to inaugurate at a cost of \$450,000 the National Battlefields Park.

The Quebec Tercentenary was indeed a triumph of tact, a tribute paid by success to the clever management of apparently conflicting conditions. To turn a proposed demonstration in honour of the French discovery, settlement and occupation of Canada into a combined celebration of that event and of the conquest of French Canada by the British; to bring French sailors and ships, dramatic pictures of the French régime and evidences of the *entente cordiale* between France and Britain into a full blaze of Canadian publicity, side by side with an overwhelming evidence of British naval strength and such a striking picture of power as the *Indomitable* resting under the shadow of the rock of Quebec; to evoke a mimic presentation of the glories of the Court of Henri IV. only to equal or exceed it by the stately ceremonial surrounding a visit of the heir to the throne of Edward VII.; to create a condition in which the Vice-President of the United States could, with dignity to himself and credit to his nation, share in compliments to the race which had helped in the making of Canada and had aided his own Republic in obtaining its independence, while, at the same time, he was paying honour to the British Empire of to-day; all this involved skill and statecraft and stands in great part to the credit of the outgoing Governor-General of Canada.

Lord Grey's belief in Canada's present and future greatness may be shared by many, but it has been rarely, if ever, expressed in such strong terms as he has freely used. Before reaching our shores he had predicted in fifty years a greater population than that of Britain; in his very first speech at Toronto he declared that before the end of the new century Canada would equal the United States in everything that makes a great nation; on another oc-

casion he described Canada as a treasure-chest rather than an ice-box, and elsewhere referred to himself in a colloquialism of the day as "a booster rather than a knocker;" to the school-boys of Toronto, on Empire Day, 1909, he urged devotion to the Empire not only because of its traditions and achievements but because "every Canadian knows that it is only a matter of time before Canada becomes the most populous, the most wealthy and, if its people live the right life, the most important part of the British Empire;" to the Canadian Mining Institute at Montreal in the same year he spoke of Canada as having "the largest area of unprospected mineral country in the world." This confidence in Canada's future greatness led him naturally upon many occasions to speak of the question of Imperial defence.

In Lord Grey's speeches upon this topic of defence, it may be frankly admitted by the most advanced Imperialist that, while they obviously represented the Governor-General's inmost and earnest convictions, they did not always embody the opinion of Canada which is, even yet, in a state of ebb and flow. They were delivered amid circumstances of some difficulty, and they did, unquestionably, mark a rather new departure. Hitherto, even in those unique speeches of Lord Dufferin's which, thirty years after their delivery, can still stir the pulse of any lover of British institutions and Empire unity, the tendency had been to deal in generalities, beautiful abstractions, broad principles of admitted force but of no specific application. Lord Grey, in a few months, changed this practice of his predecessors into one of touching practical points of national and local development, making suggestions along lines of Imperial or international relationship, entering boldly into new Empire fields of trade and defence and migration. To the Toronto Club (April 24, 1905) during his first visit to that city he touched the key-

note of many subsequent speeches and at a time when the subject was new to many minds:

"I would ask you with great respect not to forget that it is the arm of the Old Mother which is keeping the door of Asia open for Canadian trade, and that it is the fleet of the Old Mother which is keeping the way to that open door clear; and yet Canada does not contribute a single ship or a single dollar to this imperial service. Do not think that I complain. The people of the United Kingdom do not complain. Burdened as the old country is with debt which she has incurred in building up the British Empire; burdened as she is with the maintenance of a poverty to which this young land is fortunately a stranger, and which is the saddest part of the inheritance in her splendid achievements, the lion heart of old England is proud to think that the little islands set in the silver seas across the Atlantic, so small that they could be swallowed up thirty times in your vast Dominion, are yet carrying, practically single-handed, the whole burden of Empire."

At Quebec on August 22nd, 1906; at Toronto, on November 29th; at Saint John and Halifax, in August, 1907; at Port Hope, on October 15th; to the Australian Press Delegates in 1909 on their way to Britain; at Victoria, British Columbia, later in that year; at the laying of the corner-stones of the Parliament buildings in Edmonton and Regina; at Winnipeg and Calgary during this Western trip, and on other occasions, Lord Grey repeated and amplified and pressed home these or similar views, with the reiterated belief expressed in varied forms that as soon as Canadians were able to do so they would carry out their duty in Imperial defence. On the tariff question, preferential problems, the fiscal issue as it developed in Britain, he never spoke in public. As to the constitutional phase of closer union he was also reserved, but at a Canadian Club luncheon in Vancouver (September 25th, 1906) he was drawn out by the chairman, F. C. Wade, K.C., who asked him the direct question: "What is our destiny?" The answer was explicit: "I do not come here with a scheme of

Imperial federation, but in speaking along the line to which the Chairman has given expression I might say that the Dominion has only to ask England to admit her into the councils of her Parliament, and if she is prepared to assume her share of obligations in relation to the Empire, I venture to say, not speaking officially but personally, that she will receive the warmest response. I have often had a dream that while former schemes of federation had been the pressure of necessity, the real federation of the British Empire may yet be founded on a basis of self-respect, and that the self-respect to which your Chairman has given expression may be the impelling motive toward the realisation of that dream."

Any appeal to the higher moral sensibilities of our people comes easily and appropriately from a man of Lord Grey's personality. Replying to the Toronto Civic Address in 1905 he asked Canadians to be foremost in "subordinating personal advantage to the common good;" in Winnipeg a little later he spoke of his belief in what he termed "the religion of the British Empire" as a power fashioned by Providence for the promotion of all that is best in man; on another occasion he asked the Canadian Club in the same city to make Winnipeg felt throughout Canada for an ideal which would "esteem honour above success, service and sacrifice above selfishness and greed, all that makes for true nobility and efficiency above the pursuit of self-indulgence;" toward the close of 1907 he asked the women of Canada, through the Women's Canadian Club at Montreal, to "shut the doors of their homes against men who corrupt domestic or national life or who in sport, in business, or in politics, hit below the belt."

The tremendous progress, the potential development of Canada seems to have gripped His Excellency's imagination from the start. Almost at once—in the Toronto Club address

already quoted—he broached the idea which was then quite new of a great future development in Canada's Oriental trade and Oriental interests; to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association a little later he declared that Canada should be "the stepping-stone of trade throughout the Empire" and that the mails for the United States should come *via* Canada; to the Vancouver Board of Trade in 1906 and in a speech which aroused local enthusiasm he stated that "Nature, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the British fleet" had together given and secured to Canada the shortest and best route between Europe and Asia; in Toronto, not long afterwards, he spoke of the half-million dollars' worth of goods Canada was sending to the East while the United States sent fifty millions worth; and he described the chief requisites of the moment as being (1) the foundation of a great Oriental trade, (2) the perfecting of a transportation system east and west, (3) the increasing of the labour supply. In 1907 he went to England avowedly to help forward Sir Wilfrid Laurier's scheme of an All-Red steamship line.

Lord Grey undoubtedly helped in making his administration remarkable for a great advance in friendly relations with the United States. He was, no doubt, responsible for the visit of Mr. J. H. Choate to Ottawa early in 1906, which led to the notable Pilgrim's Club Dinner of that year in New York, when the Governor-General covered in eloquent terms the whole ground of relationship amongst English-speaking peoples, and yet eulogised to the full Canada's independent position and the stimulation of its splendid hopes apart from the United States. He had much to do with the succeeding visit of Mr. Root, United States Secretary of State, the many visits to Ottawa of Mr. Bryce, the new British Ambassador at Washington, the initiation at least of the various treaties negotiated with the

Republic toward the end of his term of office. The Arbitration and Peace Congress at New York in 1907 and the negotiations in this present year for averting a tariff war with the United States were both notable for discriminating, useful, and practical, speeches given by Lord Grey at the right time and in the right place with the right ring and with obvious effect.

As to the rest, only a little more can be said here. Much might still be told of speech and act, but they must lie in the realm of history rather than in the briefer and brighter pages of magazine literature. A few general references only can be made. Lord Grey by tactful intervention at the right moment obtained, or at least hastened, the construction of a provincial gaol in Montreal. During all his years of office he showed a vigorous interest in the forestry movement and the general question of protecting Canadian natural resources. He was an almost enthusiastic supporter of the Canadian Club movement and a speaker at their meetings whenever and wherever opportunity permitted. In a visit to Newfoundland during 1906 he sowed the seeds of a new and perhaps fruitful friendliness to Canada. As a patron of rifle and military associations he was earnest and active; as a traveller over Canada's vast domain

he was most energetic and observant and as an advertiser of Canada's resources he has been consistent and continuous in his efforts.

Enough has, perhaps, been said here to indicate the elements which have made for success in Lord Grey's administration and to throw some light upon the qualities necessary for the attainment of that end in Canada. It is not an easy country to rule and, although the Governor-General must be aloof from and above the stormy struggles of politics, and can only use the magic touch of tactful influence and experienced advice so far as legislation is concerned, he yet stands for much in the nation and the Empire. He embodies British power and is the one visible link between the King and our people; he represents history and tradition and ceremonial and much in forms of government that the average Canadian has never seen. He is a diplomatic factor of unquestioned influence, and should be a constant power for good in the smoothing away of obstacles upon the path of this Canadian wheel of Empire. That Lord Grey has done something, has done much, to this end, is very high praise, but it is a tribute which Canadian opinion now accords him and one which Canadian history will emblazon upon its pages.



"A SOUL'S TRAGEDY"

AN APPRECIATION

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THIS drama differs from Browning's other plays in three respects, particularly. It is the shortest ("In a Balcony" not being classed as formal drama); it uses verse throughout the first of its two acts, and prose throughout the second; and, lastly, it is, more peculiarly than any other of the eight, a person-play, the tragedy of a single character, *Chiappino*. *Chiappino* is the building; the others, so to speak, are the scaffolding. As Arthur Symonds has said: "*Eulalia* is an observer, *Luitolfo* a foil, *Ogniben* a touchstone." Browning himself, in a letter to Alfred Domett, written May 22nd, 1842, promises soon to "finish a wise metaphysical play (about a great mind and soul turning to ill.)" It appeared in 1846, with "*Luria*," as the last of the plays, and is frankly a study-drama rather than an acting performance, being intensely subjective in point of both scene and movement, hence characteristically a Browning creation.

It is interesting to find from the letters of Robert Browning and Miss Barrett written in 1846 that there was some initial difference between them touching "A Soul's Tragedy." Its author, fatigued by long dramatic effort, and aware that the response his work was meeting with was somehow not of the sort his soul was an-hungering for, let his doubts turn traitors, and seriously questioned the worth of this play, and the wisdom of publishing it. Miss Barrett was

clearer-sighted, and became in this troubled time, as not seldom before and thereafter, Browning's better angel of understanding and comfort, who "fired his bad one out." I subjoin those passages from their correspondence that touch the matter:

Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,—

"February 11th, 1846.

"For the 'Soul's Tragedy'—that will surprise you, I think. There is no trace of you there,—you have not put out the black face of it—it is all sneering and disillusion—and shall not be printed but burned if you say the word—now wait and see and then say. I will bring the first of the two parts next Saturday."

"February 13th, 1846.

"Two nights ago I read the 'Soul's Tragedy' once more, and though there were not a few points which still struck me as successful in design and execution, yet on the whole I came to a decided opinion, that it will be better to postpone the publication of it for the present. It is not a good ending, an auspicious wind-up of this series; subject-matter and style are alike unpopular even for the literary *græz* that stands aloof from the purer *plebs*, and uses that privilege to display and parade an ignorance which the other is altogether unconscious of—so that, if 'Luria' is clearish, the 'Tragedy' would be an unnecessary troubling the waters. Whereas, if I printed it first in order, my readers, according to custom, would make the (comparatively) little they did not see into, a full excuse for shutting their eyes at the rest, and we may as well part friends, so as not to meet enemies. But, at bottom, I believe the proper objection is to the immediate, first effect of the whole—its moral effect—which is dependent on the contrary supposition of its being really

understood, in the main drift of it. Yet I don't know: for I wrote it with the intention of producing the best of all effects—perhaps the truth is, that I am tired, rather, and desirous of getting done, and 'Luria' will answer my purpose so far. . . . I have lost, of late, interest in dramatic writing, as you know, and, perhaps, occasion."

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett to Robert Browning,—

"March 10th, 1846.

"I read your 'Soul's Tragedy' last night and was quite possessed with it, and fell finally into a mute wonder how you could for a moment doubt about publishing it. It is very vivid, I think, and vital, and impressed me more than the first act of 'Luria,' though I do not mean to compare such dissimilar things, and for pure nobleness 'Luria' is unapproachable—will prove so, it seems to me. But this 'Tragedy' shows more heat from the first, and then, the words beat down more closely. . . . well! I am struck by it all as you see. If you keep it up to this passion, if you justify this high keynote, it is a great work, and worthy of a place next 'Luria.' And do observe how excellently balanced the two will be, and how the tongue of this next silver Bell will swing from side to side. And you to frighten me about it! Yes, and the worst is (because it was stupid in me) the worst is that I half believed you and took the manuscript to be something inferior—for you—and the advisableness of its publication, a doubtful case. And yet, after all, the really worst is, that you should prove yourself such an adept at deceiving! For can it be possible that the same

'Robert Browning'

who (I heard the other day) said once that he could 'wait three hundred years,' should not feel the life of centuries in this work too—can it be? Why, all the pulses of the life of it are beating in even my ears!"

Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett,—

"March 30th, 1846.

"How you surprise me (whatever you may think) by liking that 'Tragedy'!"

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett to Robert Browning,—

"March 30th, 1846.

"But, to go to the 'Tragedy'—I am not to admire it . . . am I? And you really think that anyone who can think . . . feel . . . could help such an admiration, or ought to try to help

it? Now just see. It is a new work with your mark on it. That is . . . it would make some six or sixteen works for other people, if 'cut up into little stars'—rolled out . . . diluted with rain-water. But it is your work as it is—and if you do not care for that, I care, and shall remember to care on. It is a work full of power and significance, and I am not at all sure (not that it is wise to make comparisons, but that I want you to understand how I am impressed!)—I am not at all sure that if I knew you now first and only by these two productions . . . 'Luria' and the 'Tragedy,' . . . I should not involuntarily attribute more power and a higher faculty to the writer of the last—I should, I think—yet 'Luria' is a completer work . . . I know it very well. Such thoughts, you have, in the second part of the 'Tragedy'! A 'Soul's Tragedy' indeed! No one thinks like you—other poets talk like the merest women in comparison. Why, it is full of hope for both of us, to look forward and consider what you may achieve with that combination of authority over the reasons and the passions, and the wonderful variety of the plastic power! But I am going to tell you—Certainly, I think you were right (though you know I doubted and cried out) I think now you were right in omitting the theological argument you told me of, from this second part. It would clog the action, and already I am half-inclined to fancy it a little clogged in one or two places—but if this is true even, it would be easy to lighten it. Your Ogniben (here is my only criticism in the way of objection) seems to me almost too wise for a crafty worldling—tell me if he is not! Such thoughts, for the rest, you are prodigal of! That about the child . . . do you remember how you brought it to me in your first visit, nearly a year ago?"

"April 5th, 1846.

"To-morrow I shall force you to tell me how you like the 'Tragedy' now? For my part, it delights me—and must raise your reputation as a poet and thinker . . . must. Chiappino is highly dramatic in that first part, and speaks so finely sometimes that it is a wrench to one's sympathies to find him overthrown. Do you know that, as far as the temper of the man goes, I am acquainted with a Chiappino . . . just such a man, in the temper, the pride and the bitterness . . . not in other things. . . . Though I shall not tell you the other name of mine."

"April 17th, 1846.

"The 'Soul's Tragedy' is wonderful—it suggests the idea of more various

power than was necessary to the completion of 'Luria' . . . though in itself not a comparable work. But you never wrote more vivid dramatic dialogue than that first part—it is exquisite art, it appears to me. Tell me what the people say!—and tell me what the gods say . . . Landor, for instance!"

"April 28th, 1846.

"That 'Tragedy' has wonderful things in it—thoughts, suggestions . . . and more and more I feel that you never did better dialogue than in the first part. Every pulse of it is alive and individual—dramatic dialogue of the best. Nobody in the world could write such dialogue—now, you know, you must be patient and 'meke as maid,' being in the course of the forty-nine days of enduring praises. Praises, instead of 'bangs'!!—consider that it might be worse!—dicit ipsissima Ba."

Miss Barreett, as has been indicated, won the debate. Her growing love must have helped her insight and her insight her utterance, for her criticisms here are more just than some of her early remarks touching "Luria." We may share her enthusiasm for the power and felicity of the dialogue in Act I., and carry over much of our admiration into Act II. as well, for "the prose of *Chiappino's* life," though less emotionally grateful and appealing, is as dramatically convincing as the poetry. Its quick, subtle, nervous cadences are borne along by a marvellous comprehension and humour, and *Chiappino's* fervid falseness, his animated special pleading, crowds itself on into an excess that undeceives at last even its author, and condemns him into silence and banishment.

For *Chiappino* is self-condemned, not Browning-condemned. It is difficult to sympathise with Professor Rolfe's and Miss Hersey's statement that "we realise that for him [*Chiappino*] there is no hope," that Browning here "shows us a veritable tragedy—a soul lost beyond the possibility of recall." It does not seem to me that Browning's work anywhere shows us this, and precisely for the reason that his philosophy of life does not conceive of such a possibility.

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of our days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

These are the words of Browning's "Abt Vogler," and they are echoed in many another of the dramatic monologues and in the *Reverie* in "Asolando," where Browning speaks out directly to his reader. Indeed, if *Chiappino* were irredeemable, his would not be a tragedy at all, in any vital sense. What constitutes a "veritable" tragedy? This, it would seem—that evil is *chosen in lieu* of good, not that it *conquers* good. "A Soul's Tragedy" is the story of two great choices,—one noble, the other ignoble; one impulsively good, the other deliberately bad; one tainted with the alloy of excited pride in the picturesque, the other happily though almost imperceptibly relieved by self-deception in addition to other-deception,—a self-deception that bears within it not merely the germ of punishment but also the need and warrant of potential redemption. For the *Chiappino* that slinks off at the close of the play is better worth our regret

and regard than the *Chiappino* who fences so ineffectively with the wise and wily *Ogniben*. Like *Sebald* in "Pippa Passes," he at last knows, even though he be lost,

" . . . which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick! I see what I have done
Entirely now! Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit
thence—
I, having done my deed, pay too its
price!"

And it is precisely this mood of awakening remorse that, confessing all, and expecting no forgiveness, is therefore forgiven all and saved against the loss it despairingly embraces. *Chiappino's* silence and departure are as eloquent in their way as *Sebald's* passion of remorse. They are his first means of becoming himself again. Browning's whole point here is that there is no final loss; that so to believe is the only heresy; that every tragedy, however dark and awful, is a messenger and minister of the stern kindness that made and pervades the universe. In *Luitolfo's* last speech and *Ogniben's* there are two sayings that not only reflect the dramatic situation of the moment, but also by implication suggest the future of *Chiappino*. "Having taken thought, I am grown stronger," says *Luitolfo*; and *Ogniben*,—"You must get better as you get older." For his part, Browning very clearly sees and insistently declares that the poet, like God, judges that he may save, and for that alone.

On the other, more directly apparent, side, that of the actual present falseness and weakness of *Chiappino*, the psychological analysis and dramatic developing are wrought out with admirable skill. The *Chiappino* who regards himself alone as prime patriot, true lover, understanding friend, and whose blinded vision induces the betrayal of his own root-honour, thereafter experiences a slowly clearing insight that reveals him to himself as unpatriotic, unlov-

ing, disloyal. Yet he will not even then forego his situation, since it seems to him to spell a power at least that was never his before. But here still he misinterprets, for there is no power, says Browning, but the power that is based on love, that is love, and it is not until he learns this truth that *Chiappino* sees at last his soul's tragedy and makes ready to close this specific account in his spiritual history. The silence for which he professes so much partiality at the beginning of the play is the silence of a nature so preoccupied with its own superior impulses as to become moodily scornful of others' regards and antagonisms alike. "I can't be silent," he cries to *Eulalia* at the novel moment of his impulsive and not unheroic acceptance of *Luitolfo's* deed and punishment. But his speeches that follow are rightly expressed in prose, for he is speaking thereafter unvital words merely galvanised into a semblance of sincerity. His final silence fitly interprets him, so far as the motive of the drama is concerned, for though Browning by implication does not despair of *Chiappino's* future, yet he does mean this: that *Chiappino*, despite unusual insight and equipment, has so given himself over to a loveless self-seeking, a glamorous insincerity, that the illness of his soul can find its cure only in death. And *Chiappino's* soul does die,—that it *must* is its tragedy—only, it is conceivably born again. Indeed, if we could but see deeply enough, we should see tragedy lurking and moving in every moment of every life. As the fine-spirited Lanier has written:

"My soul is like the oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the
wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the
sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some
new grave."

There are, perhaps, two dramatic weaknesses in the second act, though these seem almost inevitable when we

consider the need of indicating the change in conditions by means of chat and conversation. The device of "talk" among the bystanders is ancient and effective enough, yet it may be questioned whether the First Bystander does not see too far into the characters of both *Chiappino* and *Ogniben* to sustain his own casual relation thereto with convincing reality. He may, of course, be a *Tertium Quid* sort of man, but even so, he seems to see too clearly to sustain even that likeness well, and is rather reminiscent of the Greek Chorus, saying what he will without strict dramatic occasion. Even more questionable is *Luitolfo's* long aside (beginning, "I understand the drift of *Eulalia's* communication less than ever.") To the present writer's thinking, this

passage seems more unfortunately stagey than any other in Browning, and, so far as dictional fitness or dramatic verisimilitude is concerned, might almost as well have been abruptly interpolated as a first-hand author's explanation. If Browning's early unease regarding "*A Soul's Tragedy*" did not take this passage into account, and if he were not *always* uneasy with particular reference thereto, I shall have seriously misconceived its local value and his poetic temper.

Yet these are sun-spots only, for this drama is as a sun in the warmth of its humanity and the clearness of the images it projects, of justice and injustice, love and selfishness, heroism and temporising, even of life and death.

TO SLEEP

By ALAN SULLIVAN

OUT of what boundless ocean cometh this tide
 To blot out all the headlands of our day?
 It calls not, but it whispers, and we stray
 Into its ghostly arms, well satisfied
 That gilded hope and tears and love and pride
 Should for a little season pass away:
 The ivory gates unfold, till, faint and gray
 The undiscovered country stretches wide.
 Our night is the soul's day-time, and no care,
 No languor doth oppress it, all its hours
 Are measured by our slumbers; it replies
 To mystic questionings from the outer air,
 Looks up to heaven to renew its powers,
 And flashes its quick answer to the skies.

MAKING THE RAILWAYS SERVE THE PEOPLE

HOW THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION IS
WORKING OUT THE TASK OF REGULATING THE COMMON CARRIERS

BY LEONARD F. EARL

ARE you concerned with the services which the common carriers render to the country? If you are a merchant doing business in any city, town or village in Canada; if you are a manufacturer producing articles which are being distributed from your shops and warehouses among the purchasing public; if you are a grower of wheat, a shipper of live stock, a farmer on the prairie, or merely a transient traveller, you will be compelled to answer this question affirmatively.

In other words, if you come under any one of these classes, or if you are engaged in any business or industrial occupation, you are brought into direct contact with the railways and you must be concerned with the legislation which controls their operations. By means of that legislation in Canada, where the *per capita* railway mileage is greater than in any other country in the world, more disputes have been settled at less cost during the five years just past than were adjusted in the whole half century immediately before.

A prominent Canadian Pacific Railway official in the West, speaking recently of the Canadian railway legislation and of the time when the Railway Act was being read in the House of Commons, said: "One would have naturally supposed that the

Canadian Government, fearful of discouraging railway construction at a time when it was sorely needed, would have moved slowly in the matter of enacting a railway regulation measure which in the United States, at least, would have been considered drastic. But the Government saw clearly that while additional transportation facilities were of vital importance, at the same time efficient railway regulation was an absolute necessity to the development of the West, and, instead of resorting to dilatory tactics, it met the situation squarely." In citing this opinion he was referring to the present Railway Act and the work of the Board of Railway Commissioners, which has been exercising its authority over railways in Canada for the five years just past.

Whenever you hear a condemnation of the Commission and its powers you may rest assured that it is the complaint of some one who has not watched its workings since its inauguration. It speaks directly to the people and the corporation, saying to the former, "It is our intention to go to you and see that you get a square deal," and replying to the latter, "We will not permit these high-handed actions which have frequently been practised in the past. We must see that you give fair and reasonable

treatment to the public, and at the same time we wish to see you secured from the piratical attacks of competitors, and will not allow you to be besieged with unwarranted and uncalled-for complaints."

This is exactly the attitude of the Railway Commission. To enforce its orders, it has greater powers and command of a more extensive system than any other administrative body in Canada. Its jurisdiction reaches from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Dawson City, Yukon Territory, and, speaking to a population of over seven million people distributed over half a continent, it has more than two hundred corporations under its control, more than half of them railways, with the remainder composed of telegraph, telephone or express companies operated in connection with the railways. It deals with five hundred distinct industries, and the public is to-day making six thousand requests annually for its services. From March 1st, 1908, until March 1st, 1909, it issued 2,249 orders and disposed of 2,742 other applications without the necessity of a hearing.

The railway corporations of Canada are operating more than 25,000 miles of road. The total capital paid in, including share capital, bonded debt and amounts representing government and municipal aid, is almost \$1,550,000,000. These great arteries of commerce carry 80,000,000 passengers annually and 65,000,000 tons of freight, in connection with which there is employed an army of 200,000 helpers to whom is paid in salary every year the enormous sum of \$40,000,000, which year by year increases. In ten years there has been a growth in actual mileage of two hundred per cent. The respective revenues and expenditures of the Canadian railways are annually over twice as much as those of the Federal Government. The importance of a commission which regulates a service of this magnitude can thereby be adjudged.

By reason of the work of such a

board not only the corporations but private individuals can approach the railway and get redress within a reasonable time. Formerly, complaints of trivial abuses and injustices when received were usually shelved for a time for matters of greater importance, and if they were not altogether forgotten it was often months before they received consideration. Now the big and the little fare alike, and an adequate regulatory law demands action in every instance. The smallest order which the Commission makes is as binding and obligatory as its weightiest judgment.

The achievement of this method of dealing with the common carriers of the country occupied a period of seventy-two years. Back in 1832 a special act incorporated the Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railway. This was the first instance of railway legislation in Canada. Two years later other special acts incorporated the Cobourg Railway and the London and Gore Railway Company. The statute empowered the incorporators to hold real estate for the purpose of the railway only, to construct "a double or single iron or wooden railroad or way, to carry passengers, goods and property either in carriages used and propelled by the force of steam, or by the power of animals or by any mechanical or other power or by any combination of power" which the company might choose to employ. They could "collect tolls on all goods, merchandise and passengers using or occupying the said double or single iron or wooden railroad or way, and erect and maintain such toll houses and other buildings as might be required for their purposes." In case of dispute with the landowners arbitration was to be employed. Provisions were also made to regulate the internal affairs of the management of the corporation and for limiting the time within which actions for damages could be brought. And most conspicuous of all was a clause common to nearly all of these

early charters which conferred public franchises, providing for a reversion of the franchise to the Government after certain periods set by the statute, usually from thirty to fifty years. Government ownership of public utilities as a public question was before the people over half a century ago.

When more railways began to be projected in Canada, and there was no general statute under which they could operate, special powers being given to each, the railway administration was not long in becoming hopelessly complicated. Between 1834 and 1851 the number of railway enterprises applying for incorporation in Canada rapidly increased. In the latter year the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act, a statute modelled after the English Railway Act of 1845, became law, but further progress and development and repeated changes soon demonstrated that the railway legislation of the country was neither uniform nor regulatory. In 1888 the statute was consolidated and re-enacted, and this new Railway Act had tacked to it eleven amending statutes before the final move was taken which resulted in the present Commission.

In deference to the demands of the public that some tribunal be established where grievances against railway corporations could be heard and settled, the present law was enacted. The outlines of the Act were recommended by Professor S. J. McLean, professor in that branch of the department of political economy at the University of Toronto, having special reference to transportation and commerce, when in 1901 he was appointed by the Dominion Government to investigate the whole matter of transportation and freight charges. Thereupon he suggested the appointment of a Commission as a substitute for the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, the previous body exercising jurisdiction over railways, at the same time recommending great care in the definition of the powers

to be conferred. Two years later the Railway Act, following on the whole the report of Professor McLean, became law.

Never before in Canada, nor indeed in any country, has a more ample machinery been provided for dealing with disputes arising out of the operation of railways. The powers conferred upon the Commission cover such a field and are laid down with such detail, that no matter is too small nor no crisis too large to receive attention. The law substantially recognises that the matters to be dealt with are not so much matters of "formal judicial procedure as matters concerned with administration and policy." The Commissioners may frame whatever rules they think fit, and the Commission as such is a court of record with an official seal judicially recognised. A court of record is one whose records are absolutely authoritative, as distinguished from courts not of record or inferior courts whose proceedings must in every case be proved like other facts.

So extensive have been the powers given for the purpose of regulating the public service that the Board has full jurisdiction to hear and determine all questions whether of law or of fact. It may investigate into any act done or omitted to be done in violation of the Act or of any of its orders; it may examine all the books, records, contracts or documents of any corporation over which it rules, and compel their production at its hearing; it may take evidence by commission in a foreign country and it prescribes the manner in which annual reports are made in each of its five departments.

Every railway accident resulting in death or injury must be reported to the Board and full investigation may be made and an order may be issued if the cause of such accident was any defect in mechanical appliances or operation. Five accident inspectors, each with certain sections of the Dominion assigned to him, report every

occurrence under this department. One inspector at first was in charge of all these inspections, but the numerous complaints received regarding railway equipment generally made additions imperative, and besides the regular inspectors there is now a special expert on railway equipment and safety appliances.

The Commission has even wider powers than this. Should occasion require, its members and experts have the right of entry on and inspection of any railway property; it may make orders limiting the speed of trains in cities, towns and villages; it may even regulate the method and means of passing from one car to another and likewise for the safety of railway employees; it may make any order that seems fit for the prevention of fires and protection generally; it may order that proper shelter be provided for railway employees while on duty; it may provide means for due protection of property, the employees of the company and the public with respect to rolling stock, apparatus, cattle-guards, appliances, signals, methods, devices, structures and works to be used upon the railway; it may fix maximum freight and passenger rates which may be charged or prescribe tariffs to be enforced, and generally do or order anything which will give the public and the corporation a square deal.

Not a single mile of new railway can be operated by any railway corporation without the approval of the Commission. Whenever the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian Northern sends out a branch line across the prairie, as soon as the rails are laid and the track properly ballasted, the engineer or some other competent official must give notice to the Commission by affidavit that such road is, in his opinion, sufficiently completed for the carriage of traffic, and thereupon requests the Board to authorise the same to be opened for such purpose. An expert inspecting engineer is commissioned to make a thorough ex-

amination of the road and upon his report depends whether or not the new line will be immediately opened. Whenever the people of Vancouver or Wainwright or Edmonton complain that they are not receiving a service the moment a new road comes within their limits, it is because the Railway Commission has not given its sanction and has not allowed the new line to be taken over from the engineering branch by the operating department. The law demands that there must be a service which is safe, adequate and reasonable. Herein lies the benefit to the public. There is a mutual benefit to the corporation. Until a railway is officially declared to be open for public traffic the company is not subject to the liabilities of common carriers, nor bound as such to carry whatever traffic is offered.

The same inspection is applied to all interlocking plants, highway crossings, subways, bridges, culverts, road diversions, grade revisions, and any change in or addition to equipment or mechanical appliance. Between April 1st, 1906, and March 31st, 1907, the engineering department under the Commission made 134 official inspections, either of new road or of some matter pertaining to mechanical appliance. The following year the number was increased to 256, and for the year that closed on March 31st, 1909, the work of the five inspectors was embodied in 333 official inspections which covered every branch of the mechanical department. Of the inspections of new railway in five years, seventy per cent. of the total mileage represented was in the three Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan.

When the Railway Board was organised it incurred upon the country a liability of \$250 a day, which has been increased substantially during its five years' existence. The portion of the public which has come into contact with its work judges that if its cost were twenty times as much its maintenance even then would be

but a fraction of the value of its services to the country.

What has the Railway Board done? Has it used its great powers for the common good? These questions may be decisively answered by looking at its records. The very first year it was in existence it listened to 1,009 applications, formal and informal, and in accordance with its powers issued 405 orders. Since then its work has been more than trebled. From April 1st, 1908, to March 31st, 1909, it had 3,479 applications from which were issued 2,249 official orders, an average of ten requests daily, some single ones of which affected capital representing \$10,000,000 and fifty thousand people. Its record since its inauguration, up to March 31st, 1909, may be estimated again when one considers it has disposed of 12,036 applications, given 6,799 orders in connection with which there has been filed in the record department 152,794 folios of testimony and evidence. To do this required 289 public sittings.

Instead of three commissioners as at first provided for, there are now six. Many additions have had to be made in the various departments. At present there are five commissioners holding sessions, the vacancy caused by the recent death of one of the members not having been filled at the time of writing.

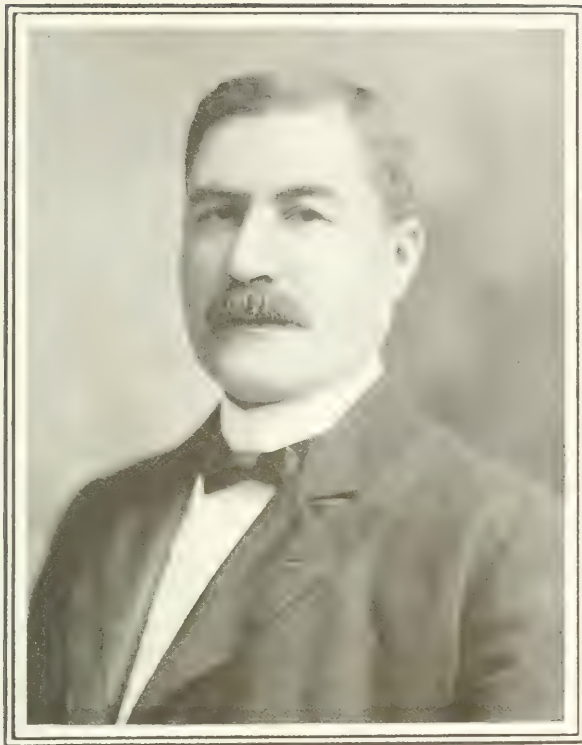
The Board held its first public sitting in temporary premises in the western block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa on February 9th, 1904. The first application heard was that of the Vancouver, Westminster and Yukon Railway Company to rescind or vary an order of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. One of the first orders issued on March 9th, 1904, was one permitting railway companies to continue their reduced fares to clergymen, and to students of universities, colleges and schools, to and from their homes.

As various as were the powers conferred upon the Board, so right at the commencement were the applications

correspondingly diversified. Unreasonableness of rates, discrimination, demurrage charges, freight classifications, which affect the public generally, and matters which relate to the operation of railways, railway crossings and junctions, highway crossings, farm crossings, and the expropriation of land for railway purposes, which affect localities and individuals, these formed the bulk of the complaints for the first two years.

The Canadian farmer who has seen thousands of cattle killed by railway trains every year owing to defective cattle-guards or unfenced right-of-way is beginning to understand that the Railway Board can do more in six months to right matters than all the legislation of the past twenty years. Recently the Chief Commissioner of the Board remarked that at every sitting of the Board, especially from Winnipeg to Victoria, complaints had been made against the railway companies in connection with the fencing of their rights-of-way. Innumerable claims for stock killed were shown to have been made, and, as the Commissioners stated, it was no surprise to learn that in nearly every instance compensation was refused. Farmers were even afraid to ask for reimbursement lest they should become involved in endless litigation. Cases were given where those in charge of the construction of railways entered upon improved and enclosed land, threw down the fences, made no attempt to enclose the right-of-way, allowing stock to get out upon the highways, injuring the crops, while in some instances the cattle were killed upon distant railway tracks.

At once the Board determined to put a stop to all such unreasonable action. The Railway Act was clear upon the question of fencing and cattle-guards. Its provisions, among other things, obliged the company to erect and maintain upon the premises, railway fences of a minimum height of four feet, six inches on each side of the track, and cattle-guards on each



MR. JAMES P. MABEE.

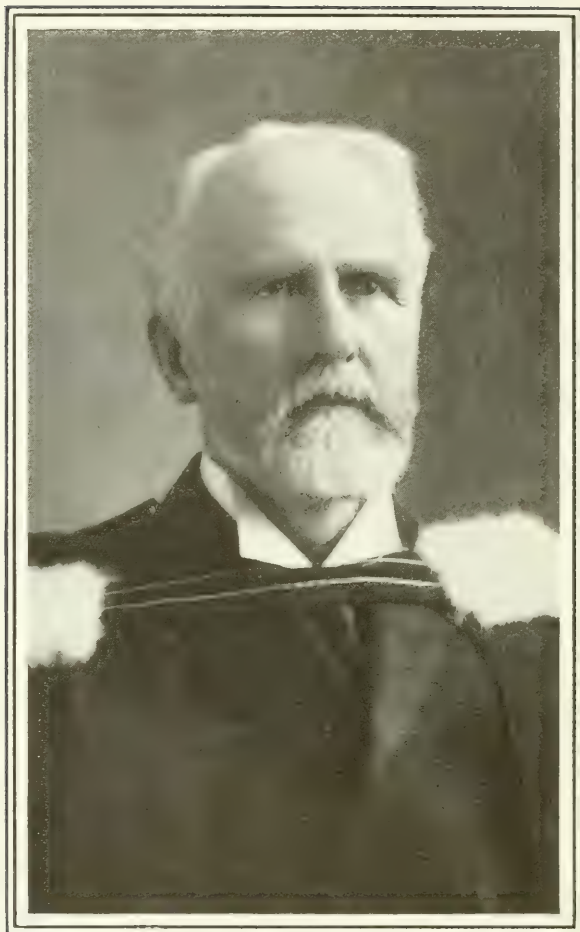
CHAIRMAN OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

side of the highway, at every highway crossing at rail level with the road. So as not to work any hardship upon the companies requiring them to build fences in portions of the country where they were not needed, an exemption was allowed whereby it was enacted "that in cases where the railway passes through any locality in which the lands on either side of the railway are not enclosed and either settled or improved, the company shall not be required to erect and maintain such fences, gates and cattle-guards, unless the Board otherwise orders and directs."

Quite naturally, the provisions of this exemption were soon abused, possibly through no fault of the railways or the Commission. But it did not take the Board long to detect that this statutory exemption from fencing had been successfully used by the

railways to free themselves from making compensation in innumerable instances of meritorious claims.

"This condition of affairs cannot be permitted to continue," was the message of Chief Commissioner Mabee, in speaking on this point. "It works great hardship upon the public and is of little or no benefit to the railway companies. The condition of affairs in the West has greatly changed since the exemption was granted to the companies, and as they are compelled at some stage of the undertaking to erect fences, I am clearly of the opinion that no hardship will be imposed if that stage is made the initial one. I am aware that in various parts of the country no necessity now exists and possibly never will for the erection of fences. The formal order may contain a provision that railway companies, the lines of which have been



DOCTOR JAMES MILLS,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

already constructed, may apply to exempt certain sections of the road from the operation of the order, when if conditions are shown that such course will entail no hardship upon the public, the Board may so declare. . . . I am convinced that this course will in the end be less expense for the railway companies, as the erection of fences and gates can all be carried on at the time of construction at less cost than later on, to say nothing of saving liability for damage claims for stock killed, and law costs in defending, even if successful. . . . As to the railways

now in operation, all highway crossings opened for travel must be put in the condition called for by the regulations within one year from date."

This judgment was given on March 23rd, 1909. A draft order embodying its provisions was sent to all the companies. Now the railways are beginning to understand that if they are to carry the produce of the farm they must do the square thing by the producer.

One more instance where the Railway Board gets at the farmer and the shipper. The second great industry of the West, the premier one of



MR. S. J. McLEAN,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

Alberta and a part of Saskatchewan, is stock raising. The value of the live stock shipped annually from the Canadian West is about four million dollars. The big loss to the shipper of live stock is occasioned by shrinkage, a loss which the shippers of the West recently estimated to be \$100,000 annually. Delinquency by the railways in supplying cars, inadequate facilities for receiving, feeding and watering stock at the main stock-yards and rural points of shipment have occasioned great loss to the live stock dealer. Calculate what it means to a shipper who has driven over a

whole township, purchased a hundred head of cattle, which must be delivered at a particular rural yard on a certain day, if the car or cars which he has ordered should fail to be switched off at the siding. Let such a circumstance occur on a day in mid-winter, in which instance the stock must be kept over night in open yards without sufficient feed or water, and you have a case which has frequently occurred. The live stock shipper's need for prompt service from the railway is more imperative than that of the wheat grower, for he is dealing in a more perishable article.



MR. D'ARCY SCOTT,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

At a recent sitting of the Commission in Winnipeg, the Western Live-Stock Shippers' Association made application under the provisions of the Act for an order directing the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Northern Railway Company to furnish better facilities for the live-stock traffic. The evidence given showed many cases where the live-stock shippers were suffering hardship without getting any rebate from the carriers. The Commission proceeded to get at the matter in the only way possible. In dealing with a great industry of the country it di-

rected an expert operating assistant in the traffic department to inspect the live-stock shipping facilities in the Western Provinces and report to the Board. A thorough inspection was made in accordance with the order and the rural shippers say that they have a big improvement in their facilities for carrying on their business.

The Commission, under the authority with which it has been vested, examines every freight, passenger, express and telephone tariff in connection with the railways. So extensive has been this supervision that between November 1st, 1904, when

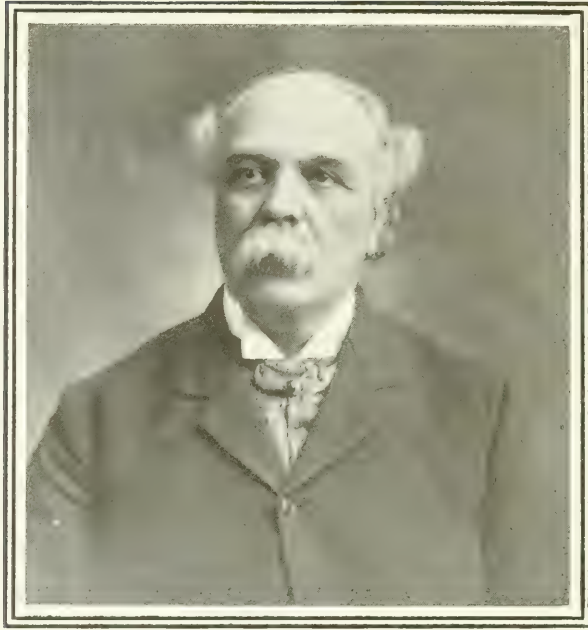


HONOURABLE GEORGE W. GRAHAM,
MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS

the railway companies commenced filing their tariffs, and March 31st, 1909, there were filed with the traffic officer of the Board 99,715 freight schedules, 15,490 passenger schedules, 20,168 express schedules, and 4,542 telephone schedules, making an aggregate of 139,915. These schedules comprise all local tariffs, joint tariffs, international tariffs and supplements issued by all the railways of Canada.

Shippers who for years had been charged excessive freight rates by non-competitive railroads soon found redress. The Commission dealt equally as forcibly with the little

things as the big. They took occasion to delve into the shipping business of every locality, and made the transportation companies give a fair basis in every case that came before their notice. In many places they naturally did not have to exert their authority. At every sitting held at the present time usually one or two orders of this nature are made. A railway company cannot now take advantage of circumstances to impose a higher tariff than could be afforded in centres where competition existed. All discriminating practices are being squelched and the natural result is



HONOURABLE M. F. BERNIER,
OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY COMMISSION

adequate readjustment and fair equalisation.

The lumber dealers of British Columbia who, without knowing why, had to pay higher rates on cedar lumber than those paid on pine, fir and spruce secured redress. Grain exporters obtained a basis of fair distribution of empty cars at Lake Huron and Georgian Bay ports for the movement of Northwest grain during periods of car shortage. An ice company in Saint John was allowed to institute legal proceedings against the New Brunswick Southern Railway Company for permitting one of its customers to obtain lower rates of transportation than the published tolls. The Grand Trunk Railway Company was compelled to issue tickets at two cents a mile and to run third-class carriages between Toronto and Montreal. Railway companies were ordered to make an allowance to grain shippers who had to supply temporary grain doors to cars in which to ship grain. And in innumerable instances

justice has been done without the aggrieved party being compelled to resort to the courts.

Not every application which is made is granted. The Commission is a clearing-house of difficulties arising between the companies and the public, and the railways, long accustomed to disregarding the little demands made upon them, and in many cases through no fault of their own, are busy obeying the orders made, and in honestly trying to serve the people. They welcome the aid of the Commission. The value of regulative machinery which can bring about such results is not to be compared with the inefficient special legislation with which the people had contended since the time Canada was a sealed country waiting for the steel rail to start her process of development.

There are settled rules of procedure for making formal application to the Board of Railway Commissioners, but many of the applications which are

dealt with are classed as informal. Many more disputes are settled by correspondence. A day spent in the busy Ottawa offices is evidence of how the Board is reaching out to the people of nine Provinces.

The corporations themselves are beneficiaries of the work of the Commission. The development which has resulted in the fair administration of the law has placed the railways and the people on a mutual basis of understanding, a circumstance which must be of invaluable aid to the public in its use of public utilities and which in the long run will gratify the owners and operators of the railways as well.

An eastern railway man whose roads ramify the western prairies, has this to say of the Commission: "We have been put to heavy expense by the orders which the Commission has made in order to put our lines in shape to meet the requirements of the law, but in the end I must say the Railway Commission has been of inestimable value to us. It is no easy task for the best operated road even to know the exact needs and requirements of all the classes of people who utilise its services, and the Board has in many cases brought a direct contact which has made possible an easy and satis-

factory settlement of many difficulties. Railway companies will never oppose a sound and adequate railway regulation."

No greater compliment could be paid to the work of the Commission than this. Public service corporations have found that the Board will not countenance competitive roads entering the field to menace their workings where adequate service at fair rates is being afforded. The city of Calgary may desire the entrance into its limits of another railway and the civic corporation may wish to grant a location to the entering road which may be injurious to the first road. Here the Board steps in and prevents any injustice.

The method of appointment of the members of the Board guarantees a high standard of men, capable of dealing with all the matters of dispute between people and corporations. It is doubtful if one objection to the operation of the Railway Board can be really supported. Ask the people from whom comes the privilege of the railways to do business at all. Ask the railway managers themselves, who seek to give the public the service common carriers are bound to provide. The respective answers will show but little difference of opinion.





PRESIDENT FALCONER,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE PRESIDENT OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

TO write an appreciation of a living man who is also a celebrity and a friend is no easy task. The function of praise is seriously restricted. I cannot pretend for a moment to approach my subject without prejudice. For me an impartial survey is impossible; my bias must be evident from the start. Again, what might appear to me nothing but his just dues would seem fulsome to the outside world and be offensive to the man himself. My hand is shackled as I write.

As background for all my reminiscences of President Falconer stands that wonderful three-mile fiord on the flank of Halifax, which the natives call the "Arm." On its bank is the little divinity school where Falconer made his reputation. On its waters we have floated on summer afternoons, and along its shores we have rambled when the first May-flowers came in the spring and when the great wild landscape turned crimson with huckleberry leaves in the autumn. My earliest recollection of him is as he stood one fine day at the entrance to Pine Hill. He seemed no more than a boy, a typical, undergraduate—a slim figure—a pleasant, beardless face—flannels—straw hat—a tennis racket in his hand. Since then I have seen him gather weight in more ways than one, and discard the racket for the cleek and driver. The young lecturer soon blossomed into the full professor, the head of the

college, a figure in Synod and Assembly, a Father of the Church. Translated to another sphere, I saw him a year ago the centre of a brilliant Convocation, and he fitted his frame with perfect harmony.

And yet though a professor and a minister and a president twice over, Falconer is the last man who can be described by a vocational adjective. He is not in the least professorial, or ministerial, or presidential. None of the usual labels, scholar, student, don, attach themselves to him. Scholarship is his, for he is a Doctor of Letters of Edinburgh, and that ancient university is chary of its honours and has accounted only some half-dozen worthy of this degree. If you wish to explain him in a single word, you must fall back on "man." This may seem inadequate, until you remember that it was Napoleon's description of Goethe: "*C'est un homme.*" In this sense men are rare. Falconer is emphatically a man, rich in the essential quality of humanity. In him is the proverb exemplified, "Brother to a prince, brother to a beggar." His interest in man as man is sincere and unaffected, because he himself is a man.

Two little incidents may serve to make this plainer. While in Halifax, he became embroiled once in a newspaper controversy with a fighting editor who wielded a shrewd pen. The battle was not a military picnic or a reconnaissance in force, but a genuine

engagement of all arms, horse, foot and dragoons. When the smoke cleared away, the town was astonished one morning to find a long eulogistic leading article on Falconer in the very paper by the very man who had been fighting him—an ending, I should say, unique in the history of newspaper controversies. The simple explanation was that his late opponent had come to know Falconer. At another time, he was making a long railway journey and in the train he met by chance a fellow townsman. The latter was not a university man; in religion he was at the opposite pole from Falconer, he was, in fact, a plain Canadian merchant with no pretensions to culture. It might seem that such a pair had nothing in common, but they entered into conversation and kept it up—you may say—till the journey's end. That talk gave the merchant one of his pleasantest memories and made him take Falconer's promotion to Toronto as the just recognition of merit, at which all honest men should rejoice.

Though not in the least a cleric, Falconer was and is a Presbyterian minister, a son of the manse, facts of no slight significance; for a man is moulded by his profession. Modern Edinburgh has set its seal upon him and Germany has taught him not a little. In the pulpit, he is no Sabbath droner of old saws, but powerful, earnest, and above all, masculine, with never a touch of hysteria or sentimentality. There is something almost combative, menacing, in the set brow and the deep voice, which at times takes on a rougher, grating note. Man-like is the trick of glancing at his watch between his periods. Well versed in the thought of the day and the philosophies of all time, he has yet a real and positive faith of his own, which teaches him eloquence.

Falconer has the power of the tongue. In the pulpit or out of it, on or off the platform, in a crowd, be-

side the fireside, at the council board, with many or few, the right word never fails him. His talk is frank, easy, unaffected, full of information, of ideas, of thought, and he has the gift of humour. His praise is hearty, but I have never known him to dissect a friend. When he cannot commend, he is silent.

Anything but a recluse, a man of the cloister, he has studied the problems of our country, and he brings to that study not only a trained intelligence and the power to gather knowledge, but that rare quality we call insight. He is a good Canadian, because he is not and cannot be provincial. He has seen cities and governments of men other than our own. Born in Canada, educated in the West Indies, Britain and Germany, he has travelled Italy and Greece, much of the United States, and Canada from end to end. His outlook is broad and serene. I venture to predict that in ten years' time the people of Canada will desire his judgment on great public questions.

Falconer's suavity and ease of manner may prove deceptive to any who oppose them. It is the velvet glove that covers the steel gauntlet. His antagonists will find arrayed against them reason, moderation, power in debate, disarming good temper and the swordsman's poise. He will solve—he is solving—the complex problem he was called to grapple with, the management of the second largest university in the Empire. As they come to know him, all loyal alumni of Toronto will be proud of their President.

You must not think him perfect. He has one grave fault and, in any complete estimate, it should not be concealed. I am sorry to record that he *will* talk when he plays golf, but I hasten to add my private opinion, which will shock Mr. Haultain and other good golfers—his talk is ample compensation for a bad round.

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

DESPITE the fact that the panoply of royalty which Great Britain maintains as a heritage of the ages has been present hourly in our minds since the night of Friday, May 6th, when tidings of the death of King Edward VII. were borne around the world, it is doubtful whether anyone of us readily realises how stupendous an institution the sovereignty of the British Empire is. In the days when the Roman Empire was at the height of its grandeur and influence Cæsar was regarded almost as a divinity; he had his multitude of magistrates, his tetrarchs and his men of war, who carried on the business of empire, but he was held as a being more sacred than all these, a demi-god in sooth. To-day in an empire vaster than the Roman Empire, though not enjoying the unrivalled isolation of that great foundation of western civilisation, the time-spirit has changed all things. Not only is the titular head of "a vaster Empire than has been," no longer sacred, but the tendency of the day even among those devoutly loyal to that Empire as an institution and an instrument of civilisation, is to depreciate the capacity of the sovereign. The tendency of Anglo-Saxon humanity has ever been to respect its kings most after they were dead. Ten years ago, when Edward VII. came to the throne, the man on the street was disposed to think that he could never be such a ruler as his sainted mother; and to-day the same note of depreciation is discernable in discussions on the personality of his successor,

George V. Nevertheless sovereignty is a great and wonderful thing. In 1901, when the present King was travelling through the Canadian Rockies, the writer saw a lonely woman come to the door of a little cabin on a patch of a ground which had been cleared upon a mountain side and strain her eyes toward the train which flew the Royal Standard, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her future King and Queen. In the clear light one could discern near her door the graves where her loved ones were buried. Her whole world was there, and everything expressed a terrible loneliness amid the most Titanic architecture of nature; yet as the woman stood with straining gaze until the flying train disappeared among the mighty rifts of the mountains, she became kindred with the thousands who had jostled each other in the streets of the crowded cities of the East with the same end—to gain a glimpse of the man in whose veins flowed the blood of Britain's kings. He was the son of their sovereign, the son of her sovereign, and the sovereign to be. The King is the one individual among the countless millions that constitute the British Empire who enters into the consciousness of every reasoning being within its vast domains. The Crown is, as it were, the governing key of the Empire and opens every door.

It is one of the privileges of the man on the street in the various democracies which constitute the Anglo-Saxon portions of the Empire that he may patronise the King in

talking of him, and of that privilege he amply avails himself. Listening to some of the discussions about the new sovereign and reading many of the editorials that have been written since his proclamation, one would imagine that the veriest lawyer's clerk was better equipped for severer-ignity than he, and that the average editor had infinitely greater grasp of the affairs of State. The answer to this is that if any prince of the Royal house of Britain, whether he be a man of large mental grasp or not, is not exceptionally equipped for the task of kingship, then our whole theory of education and discipline is wrong, and in turning out men, breeding, training and the forces of civilisation count for naught. No one wishes to controvert the actual saying of Robert Burns, which everybody misquotes:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,

The man's the gowd for a' that;

but if there is any logic whatever in spending the vast sums we do on educating the youth of this land with a view of perfecting them as instruments of civilisation, then a prince who undergoes a discipline in the way of education that would be appalling to our most eager students, must become a highly developed product. The writer, as a newspaper correspondent, had exceptional opportunities of viewing the new King on both his visits to Canada as Heir Apparent, and he came to the conclusion that in addition to the culture and training which we may take for granted, he was judged, on the basis of Burns' aphorism, a good deal of a man.

Despite the fact that this is the hey-day of democracy, public opportunities for judging of the man behind the monarch are very limited. The royal personage is so surrounded by discreet advisers and so enveloped by an elaborate etiquette that all attempts to learn what he really feels and thinks must be largely guess work. This accounts for the wild mis-statements with reference to George

V. which have appeared in many reliable newspapers. To give but one instance: The assertion has been widely published by journals that are the reverse of "yellow" that he speaks no language but his own. The writer himself heard him address the young ladies of Ville Marie convent at Montreal in French, and it was an extemporaneous speech at that. Moreover, it is generally known that German is as much in use by the Royal family in its intercourse with its innumerable relatives as English. There are times when one almost detects in the King himself a slightly Teutonic turn of speech, though this is an impression that might easily be exaggerated.

The outstanding fact about the King, which almost every observer has noted, is that he is a man of democratic tendencies with but little natural appetite for the show and panoply of kingship. Whether this quality will be modified as the years go on remains to be seen. On his visits to Canada his desire to get really in touch with the people has been marked. He is not by nature a "mixer" (to use a slang phrase for which there is no exact substitute) in the sense that his father was. His demeanour is by nature grave and rather formal, but it became very apparent to those who like the writer saw him closely throughout his tour of Canada in 1901 and were present at the Royal functions during the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec in 1908, that this attitude was dictated by no feeling of *hauteur*. He bore the reputation of being a man of democratic feeling during the years when he was an officer of the fleet and had no expectation of occupying a position more important than that which is held by the Duke of Connaught to-day or by the other subordinate princes of the Royal house. The tale of how he showed an American visitor through his ship at Halifax years ago and never revealed his identity, leaving the American to

learn with astonishment later that the being whom he had been anxious to view as from afar off had actually been in his company for two hours, seems to be very well authenticated. When, as a young man in the early 'eighties, he visited Toronto and was the guest of Honourable John Beverly Robinson at Government House he impressed those in daily association with him as a most kindly, genial and thoroughly straightforward youth. The sailor's calling, in which for long periods his world lies within the walls of his ship, tends to make a man democratic in feeling; his life would be unendurable were it otherwise. During the Royal tour of 1901 the only occasions when he seemed to be genuinely happy were those on which formalism was banished. One of these was when he spent the day with the lumber-jacks and rivermen at Ottawa in a typical spectacle arranged by the great timber barons of the Ottawa valley. By his express orders top hats, frock coats and all that they imply were banished, and, though he was physically ill at the time, he entered into the spirit of the thing and was especially delighted by the speech of a typical French-Canadian riverman who had apparently no conception of the exalted rank of the visitor. Never has one heard heartier laughter from any man or laughter that surpassed it for sheer spontaneity and abandon.

Another occasion when he genuinely enjoyed himself was during the tour of the mountains of British Columbia when there were no formal ceremonies and when he spent most of the time on the engine with the trainmen. His frank delight in the air and beauty of the mountains, the colossal majesty of the Rockies, the glorious emerald amphitheatre which opens before the eye at the entrance to the Selkirks and the fascinating outlines of the Coast range was unbounded. Another day when he really enjoyed himself was a Sunday on the Niagara Peninsula, when the only inconveni-

ence of his state was the presence of detectives. And, by the way, detectives like the new King, and he apparently has no dislike for them, if they are pleasant and interesting men, as many detectives are. There is a certain Pinkerton man on whom he has bestowed certain tokens of his regard and who, though an American, is a devoted Royalist so far as the present King of England is concerned.

During his visit to Canada His Majesty acquired an extreme fondness for the game of lacrosse. He had seen a game or two when as a sailor he visited Canada in an informal manner, and he was particularly pleased with a game arranged in his honour in 1910 between the Capitals of Ottawa and the Cornwalls. There was bad blood between the two teams, and when he set the ball for the game to begin he made a little impromptu speech to the line-up of players in which he asked them to avoid roughness. He gave his views about fair-play in sport. The effect was salutary. A swift game but a clean game, something rather infrequent in Ottawa at the time, was the outcome. When at Quebec, the year before last, he happened to learn that a lacrosse match was in progress in a certain part of the city. With a friend he dropped in informally during the game, and the officials at the club were chagrined because they did not know of his coming, and had arranged no reception. They were consoled by the intimation that this latter was what the then Prince wished expressly to avoid and that he had merely dropped in for love of the sport. Throughout this Quebec visit he showed the keenest desire to loosen so far as possible the bonds of formality and to get in touch with the people.

One fact which impressed the writer was that he was no militarist. Though he unquestionably realises the value of the army to the Empire (and military reviews have been important features of the entertainment provid-

ed for him), he has no liking for the spectacle of the man in uniform at all times and seasons. When he arrived for the Tercentenary celebration he found the streets lined with troops from the King's wharf to the citadel, which in the narrow streets of Quebec was a great inconvenience to the spectators. He at once gave orders that there should be no more of it. He even refused the usual guard of honour. One Canadian force for which, however, he has the keenest admiration is the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. They appeal to his sense of efficiency, of which as a very practical-minded man he is a devotee. He first saw them in any considerable number at Calgary in 1901, when he reviewed three squadrons of them. Their perfect horsemanship, brilliant charging in column and general fitness aroused his keenest admiration. He requested that a body-guard composed of these riders of the plains accompany him as far as Victoria, and it was at his personal request that a detail of four picked men came from the West to Quebec to act as his guard in 1908, a much-prized compliment from the military standpoint. With reference to his respect for efficiency, I learned from men closely in touch with the Heir Apparent of his taste and aptitude for mechanics. He was particularly pleased when H.M.S. *Indomitable*, a wonderful warship with the speed of the fastest cruiser and the firing power of a *Dreadnought*, was assigned to convey him across the Atlantic in 1908. Portraits were taken of him in stoker's garments aboard this mighty vessel, and this was not a mere pose. He takes the keenest possible interest in all that pertains to machinery and is credited with a very useful invention for use in the model houses for the poor which have been erected in London. This was a reversible fire grate whereby the same coals may be used to heat either kitchen or living-room. Only those who understand how precious coals are to the poor of England can

appreciate the utility of this invention.

On the Royal tour of 1901 he was surrounded by close personal friends like Sir Charles Cust, an old mate in the navy; Honourable Derek Keppel, his brother-in-law Prince Alexander of Teck, and Viscount Creighton. There were also many officials representing various branches of the Home administration, including Lord Wenbourne, the chancellor of the tour, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, assistant private secretary and official historiographer of the expedition. Sir Donald, who is an expert on foreign affairs, was at one time an instructor of the present Czar, and for a time was also in charge of the foreign department of the London *Times*. He wrote a book on the entire Imperial journey of 1901, and entitled it "The Web of Empire," which is an admirable record of the Royal visit to Canada and to the other great appanages of the British Crown.

Another man of great experience who was attached to the party was his private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge. Sir Arthur acted in a similar capacity for Queen Victoria in her latter years. On the accession of King Edward, the sovereign, of course, brought with him his faithful councillor, Lord Knollys, but suggested to his son that he retain the services of Sir Arthur. With the accession of George V., the latter finds himself once more in the most confidential relation to the supreme head of the British Empire. There was another and humbler friend of the present King who accompanied the Royal party in 1901 but had no official status. He was Mr. Jones, the schoolmaster of the village of Sandringham. His Royal Highness had known and liked him from boyhood, and thinking that a trip around the world would be a boon to a man of his humble means, contrived to have him travel with the secret service men. Mr. Jones performed a very charming personal service for the future King

and Queen. They are both passionately attached to their children, but owing to their multifarious engagements had no opportunity to write to them. Each day Mr. Jones would write out a lengthy description of everything that father and mother were doing and submit it to their royal highnesses, who would add a word or two of love and send it to Sandringham to the little ones. He also kept a great scrap book of newspaper accounts and pictures for the perusal of the royal youngsters. From Mr. Jones I learned much of the thorough democratic sympathies of the future King. In Sandringham it is not etiquette to treat Royalty with other obeisance than the cordial respect that the British villager feels for a kindly and well-intentioned squire, and it was the pleasure of both the future King and his consort to drop informally into the homes of the schoolmaster and the other villagers during an evening stroll and have a cup of tea on the most neighbourly terms. It is my surmise that Mr. Jones, who had previously accompanied the Royal couple on their trips abroad, also fulfilled another function. He was a keen observer, and he probably made an independent report on everything that happened during the tour. It is the custom of British Royalty to obtain information from other than merely official sources.

In the patronising comments on the new King one has read and heard it has been assumed that he was a mere man of straw incapable of writing his own speeches. That the King of England, just as does the Prime Minister of Canada or the President of the United States, avails himself of discreet assistance in preparing the matter of his addresses is probably true; but, as has been stated, he makes happy impromptu speeches, speaking with dignity and a judicious choice of words, though without any considerable degree of fluency or oratorical flourishes. The longest speech that

he ever delivered in Canada was one which he made at Calgary to the Indian tribes of the Northwest who were gathered from the reservations to render homage. It was full of natural images which would supposedly appeal to the poetic feelings of the red-man. Canadians who were present could not help thinking that he hardly understood the fallen position of the Indian to-day. His speech would have been more appropriate if addressed to the powerful native chiefs of savage lands or to some vital survival of savagery like the Maori, of New Zealand, who take an active part in the affairs of government. In all his addresses he is singularly judicious and terse. On his arrival in Canada in 1901 the rancour which had arisen in Canada over participation in the South African war and which had been promoted by short-sighted politicians of both Quebec and Ontario was still fresh. Speaking at Quebec, on the day of his arrival, to the clergy of the Province and to the students of Laval University, he said:

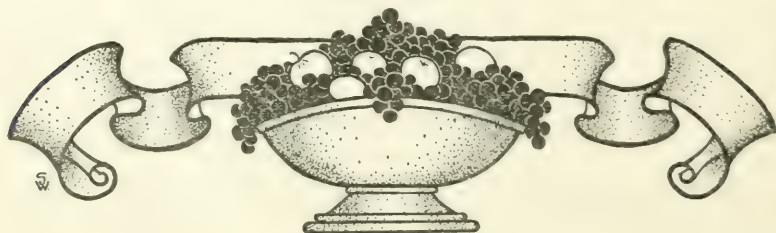
"I am glad to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history, the hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage, and in the great and beneficial work of education, and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire. Abundant proof of the success of your efforts has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have sprung to arms and shed their blood, not only in time long gone by, but also in the present day on behalf of their King and his Empire. If the Crown has faithfully and honourably fulfilled its engagement to protect and respect your faith, the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligations, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instill a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers."

Under the circumstances nothing could have been more tactful, and it was evidently written under advisement. There is, however, no reason to believe that His Majesty, seized of the circumstances, was not entirely capable of penning the words himself. Similarly his speech at the Guild Hall, London, on his return, beginning "Britons, Wake Up," which was an intimation to British manufacturers that they must reach out for Imperial trade or lose it altogether, was a genuinely appropriate utterance. George V. has seen more and knows more of the British Empire than any predecessor of his on the throne since an Empire existed. He impresses all who have come in contact with him as a thoughtful man with a taste for grave problems, and there is reason to believe that his reign will have important results in cementing Imperial ties. Any influence he may use should prove a sane and enlightened influence, for he is assuredly no military jingoist.

It was deeply to the regret of those who from close observation had come to have a great respect for the Heir Apparent that he did not make a better impression on the community at large in 1901. He came to Canada tired from a long sea voyage, at the close of an exhausting tour and with a great personal sorrow still fresh in his heart. The day after his arrival he contracted a severe cold in a manner which showed the tenacity of his nature. He insisted on sitting un-

covered in a most bitter rainstorm at a military review on the Plains of Abraham, when everyone of his staff had sought cover. This little incident had unhappy results, for he was sick with the grippe almost to the end of his tour in Canada, and this illness the tongue of slander attributed to more scandalous causes. The writer, who had him under fairly close observation for a month, has no hesitation in giving the lie to certain tales that have been uttered since. To-day he is a man of the most abstemious habits. At Quebec, in 1908, when he was in much finer physical trim, he made a very admirable impression on everyone and had gained much in ease and affability of manner.

One question suggests itself in conclusion: Will the people of Canada again see their sovereign face to face? Of a certainty the young Heir Apparent will visit us ere a decade has passed, and it seems possible that the Sovereign will reverse the policy of his predecessors and visit his overseas dominions. King Edward and Queen Victoria before him frequently visited European countries, but never cared to attempt a long ocean voyage. The new King is a man reared to follow the sea and one who loves it in all its moods. He will not be deterred by the considerations which actuated his sire, and therefore we may look to see him some day in the full glory of his rank as Sovereign Prince of our great world-girdling domain.



THE PYRAMIDS OF TEOTIHUACAN

BY G. E. KINGSFORD

Illustrations from photographs by C. B. Wade

ONE is so instinctively dubious about ever finding anything of truly old age in America, that even in Mexico one is influenced by the same doubt. For the city of Mexico is in many ways as advanced as some of those places in Europe and America which affect not to notice the great changes that have taken place there of late years. So modern, indeed, is it, with the splendid trams and electric lights, its magnificent buildings and wide well-paved streets, that one can hardly associate it, at first, with that older city made famous by the wondrous deeds of Cortez; and one has to live there some months before realising that beneath its smiling exterior still run the deep historic memories of bygone days, that the echoes of that terrible conquest still sound in the deadened hearts of the descendants of the Aztecs.

We had been in Mexico some time before we considered it worth our while to even look up any of the ruins still standing of those ancient races. But the ascending one day of Ajusco, an extinct volcano some seven leagues away, and the magnificent view of the valley of Mexico which was from there spread out before us: the knowledge that in former days these dusty fields had been covered

with a deep forest; that in happier days the ancient Aztec capital, fair Anhuac, had lain on the bosom of a lake where now stands the modern city, far miles from the sunken remnant of the same; in fact, the comparison with its present condition, bare of trees, and with lake so diminished in size as scarce to be seen, awakened in our minds queries; and thence on to wondering as to the height of the civilisation the ancient inhabitants had attained and as to what traces they had left which could still be seen.

We had often heard of the ruins of Mexico—of obelisks, of deserted Mitla, Palenque, cities of fabled Yucatan, pyramids, of ancient buried towns. So now was born in us the ardent wish to see some part of these strange things. The pyramids appealed most strongly. The name of pyramid conjures up the thought of forgotten races, of great human forces, and of mystery; and when we were told of their great size, one of them, Cholula,* being even greater than Cheops, we listened, even with disbelief, but yet straightway decided to see such wonders the very first chance we had.

About thirty miles to the northeast of the city of Mexico are the ruins of ancient Teotihuacan: but the remains

The Pyramid of Cholula (State of Puebla, Mexico) is about 1 044 feet square, and 165 feet high. Cheops (Egypt) is now 755 feet square and 481 feet high. Originally it is supposed to have been 775 feet square and 481 feet high.

now to be seen give one no idea of the important position the city must once have had. They extend over a space of about two miles in breadth, but two and a half miles in width, and lie to one side of a wide valley fifteen miles across. Directly to their south are the peaks of the sleeping volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtlaci-huatl, wrapped in their mantles of eternal snow and fronted by ever rising tiers of mountains of lesser size. To their southwest is the great valley of Mexico, mountain encompassed. Eastwards the valley expands into a wide plain, while behind rise bare and treeless hills. Although the country must have been once covered with trees (that is, before they were cut down by the Indians under the orders of the ruthless Spaniards), it is now almost barren, even though crops of Indian corn still grow, as well as the ubiquitous aloe of the Mexican plateau.

Readers of Prescott's fascinating "Conquest of Mexico" will recall the occasion when Cortez escaped with his force from the city of Mexico, but with such fearful loss that it is known in history as "*La Noche Triste*," or The Night of Sorrow. It was by these very ruins of Teotihuacan that he led his weary and weakened comrades, while on the road to rejoin his allies at Tlaxcala; and it was from them that he saw in the distance the army of the Toltecs drawn up in overwhelming numbers to oppose his passage. Even at that early date they would seem to have been covered up with the unkempt growth of shaggy bushes, with which they have been hidden for so many long years, for Cortez, so careful in his Cæsar-like reports, made no mention of them.

The traveller may now see two pyramids, one of which, the larger, is completely uncovered, and the foundations of several buildings near by, as well as innumerable mounds spreading out in all directions, beneath which the uncovered por-

tions of the city still lie buried. The whole appearance of the district resembles a gigantic ant-heap from the number of the hillocks with which it is strewn. These ancient Mexican cities were built very compactly, without the suburbs we are accustomed to see in Canada; so that the extent of ground covered by the ruins, large though it is, is not a point by which to judge their population. Like the modern Mexicans, they lived very close together.

The excavations of the ruins now being undertaken were begun three years ago by the Mexican Government. It is intended to have the larger pyramid completely uncovered before September, 1910, the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of Mexico. It is as fortunate that the present Government is liberal enough to preserve them as it is that they were so completely buried that they deterred the Spanish viceroys from unearthing them. There is a detachment of soldiers on guard now.

In the centre of their cities, the Aztecs and their kindred races erected these pyramids, called by them *teocallis* (temples). Besides the chief one, dedicated to the honour of Quetzalcoatl, their god of war, there usually were numbers of smaller ones surrounding it; and this general arrangement seems to have been followed at Teotihuacan, where we find a large one now called the Pyramid of the Sun, a secondary one the Pyramid of the Moon, and traces of the smaller ones. But there is this important difference to note: the Toltecs, whatever was their original object, *did* use them as temples upon which to offer up fruit and grain to their deities (so are the hieroglyphics read), whereas the Aztecs used them as places whereon to sacrifice their fellow creatures.

The Pyramid of the Sun is about 690 feet square at the base, and 185 feet high. It is built in five terraces, or storeys, which are connected by a



PYRAMID OF THE SUN PARTIALLY RESTORED. SMALL KNOBS ON FACE ARE ROCKS WHICH HELD THE OUTER LAYER IN PLACE

broad flight of steps on the southern slope, leading to the top. On the top, where was once probably a temple, it is now bare. The interior is composed of alternate layers of rubble, and adobe or sun-dried bricks.

The Government has removed the outer layer to the depth of about a metre, and has repaired the layer beneath with cement. The stairs are made of faced stone, and up their sides, and at the different storeys.



PYRAMID OF THE SUN, LOOKING FROM THE PYRAMID OF THE MOON, AND SHOWING "STREET OF THE DEAD"

idols were apparently at one time placed, but of which, however, only a broken column or two now stands to mark where they once had been. The stairway has been built over another beneath, which was sunk into the face, while the former is flush with it. Although only a portion of the older one has been uncovered, enough has been exposed to show how worn down are the steps, making the curious wonder how many countless thousands have passed up them in days gone by.

It is said that when the conquerors first came to Mexico, they found that the art of making tools of iron was not known to the natives; who had, instead, the knowledge of some secret process of hardening copper, which was so entirely successful as to take the place of the baser metal. It was with copper tools that all their carving was done.

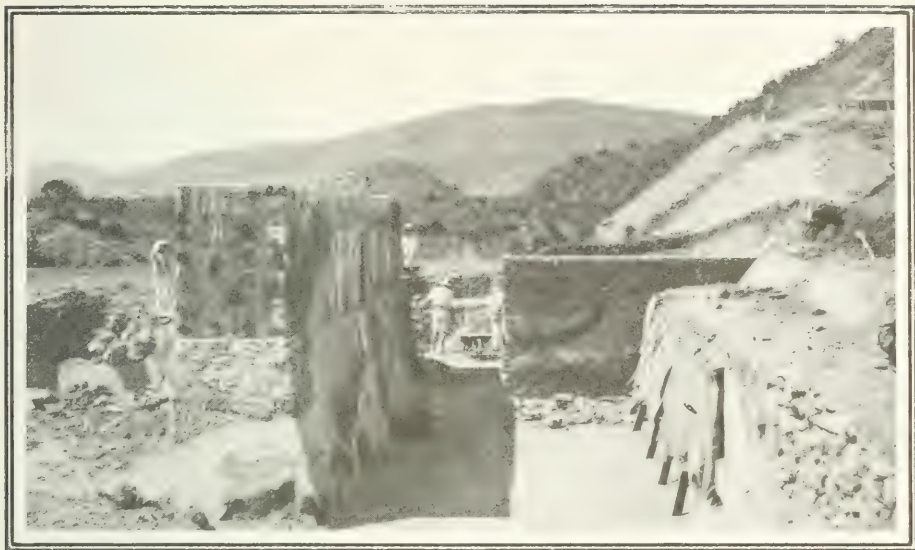
The spur to the endeavours of the Government has been the idea of some day recovering the lost treasure of Montezuma; and for that purpose the first thing done, after commencing operations, was to sink a shaft from the summit to the base—but without success. It was found, however, that the interior was composed of those alternate layers of stones and bricks, which we have already mentioned. The Pyramid of the Moon has not been touched as yet; but it is unlikely that anything in the way of treasure will be found in it, as it would seem reasonable to suppose that any treasure they had—if hidden there at all—would be buried in the larger and more important pile.

To the south of the Pyramid of the Sun is a large space—a sort of square—covered with concrete. The concrete is in an excellent state of preservation, being almost as good as when first laid down; and it is as firm and hard now as on many of the asphalt streets of the Canadian cities.

Beyond this space some buildings have been uncovered, which are built upon a great artificial terrace overlooking the square. Antiquarians claim that they were the houses of the priests, and the arrangement of the quarters lends colour to this idea. Outside these again are the innumerable mounds and hillocks, still covered with cacti and scrub bushes, still awaiting the pick and shovel of the scientist and excavator.

The houses which have already been exposed, were not built of solid masonry, but of small stones and pebbles joined together with mortar, and faced with concrete. This concrete had such lasting qualities that to this day the parts which were not exposed to the weather are still quite hard and fresh. On this point Senor Leopoldo Batres, in his monograph* on the pyramids, writes as follows: "The walls of the rooms and chapels are covered with a plaster of lime and earth. They are smooth and painted white. Around the bottom a 'base board' is painted, usually red but sometimes lead colour, and generally about fifty centimetres in height, about a foot and a half. The roofs were made of a cement of lava rock, gypsum and fine dust mixed. They were flat but of such durability that they resist to-day the blows of the crowbar. The builders understood brickwork. Each dwelling contained from six to twelve rooms, quadrangular and rectangular in form. The roof rested upon six pilasters with bases and capitals. Both cylindrical and quadrangular forms were employed in their columns. The bases of the pilasters were each formed of two inclined planes cut at right angles. The cornices as well as the walls were beautifully decorated with colours. On their ornamentation as many as twenty tints were used; and in lines of drawing, curves and concentric circles in combination with the

* Monograph "Teotihuacán, ó la Ciudad Sagrada de los Toltecos," by Leopoldo Batres, Inspector and Conservador of the Archaeological Monuments of the Mexican Republic.



PRIESTS' HOUSES. PYRAMID OF THE SUN ON RIGHT. PYRAMID OF THE MOON
IN MIDDLE DISTANCE

straight lines were used." Those parts of the walls which have been exposed to the wind and the rain are worn quite thin, just as, it is said, are the walls of the buildings of prehistoric Egyptian cities, which have

had to oppose the fierce sand-storms of the desert, whose sand-laden breath cuts like a knife into the hardest stone.

The original city seems to have been laid out on very generous lines;



RUINS OF PALENQUE. THE GREEK "Γ" IS A WINDOW COVERED SO AS TO PREVENT
DIFFUSION OF LIGHT WHILE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

for besides the square and buildings described, there is a broad avenue about one hundred feet wide—"The Road of the Dead"—connecting the two pyramids. Along its entire length, parallel to it on both sides, exist terraces, constructed of cement, clay and broken lava, faced with a coating of mortar or plaster highly polished and painted red and white. This avenue leads in a straight line to Texcoco on the west. Texcoco was a city of the Aztec Confederation second only in wealth and importance to Mexico City itself, and it is supposed to have had in the days of Cortez a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is now a village.

We made a careful examination of every building which has been uncovered to date. For some reason they have all been filled with stones and rubbish, making their desolation complete; but whether from the design of their last occupants themselves or their enemies, or from the falling in of the walls and roofs, caused by the frequent earthquakes there, or from old age, it is impossible now to say. Appearances, however, point to their having been covered by the hand of man; and this applies to the two large pyramids as well as the buildings of the city proper. To again quote Señor Batres: "It is truly wonderful and almost incomprehensible how the destruction of that grand city was accomplished. . . . The work of burying these temples was as great as that of constructing them. Only by personal visit to the place can one appreciate the gigantic nature of the task. I am inclined to the belief that the Toltec city was interred by the hand of man. I base my opinion upon the fact that in the excavations I made I found the roofs of the houses that I uncovered perfectly preserved; and my attention was called to the fact that the interior of the rooms was in every case filled with stones neatly fitting into the spaces, and joined one with another by a clayish

cement, forming thus a compact mass which I had to take to pieces and remove with much care in order to avoid injuring the mural decorations." No trace of any "arch" is to be seen throughout the entire structure.

There were apparently two races, who, at different times, lived on this site—the Toltecs, and the Aztecs, because under the floors of the later houses are found the ruins of the earlier. This can be plainly seen where roads have been cut through, leaving a cross section of the two exposed. The pottery of the earlier period is of much better execution than that of the later, which is found nearer the surface; and it is often made in beautiful designs, quite different from the cruder specimens on top. In a temple which has been discovered facing the "Road of the Dead" are seats or steps arranged just like a modern race-stand, behind which are some beautiful frescoes painted on a wall in front of which was probably the altar. These were all found built over by another lot of seats, which were also buried beneath a covering of stones and rubbish similar to that found on all the other buildings of the city. It is on account of these facts that authorities claim the presence of the two different peoples. There are also little heads of terra-cotta unearthed, which in the lower stratum, *i.e.*, the Toltec, have broad faces and flat noses, and in the upper, or Aztec, long faces and hooked noses, corresponding to the two types as they are known.

Many figures of idols, pieces of ancient pottery, and the little heads just spoken of have been unearthed during the progress of the excavations, and the observant tourist may pick up from the natives many unique specimens of prehistoric workmanship. Just at present, besides, most of it is genuine; although in a year or two—when the ground has been well gone over—the industrious Indians will be reaping a harvest, as now, but from articles of present day



CLEARING A CORNER OF THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN. CEMENT PAVEMENT IN LOWER
RIGHT-HAND CORNER

manufacture—from idols “Made in Manchester.”

The original object of these pyramids, the purpose for which they were built, is unknown, although they are believed to have been used for wor-

ship, as has been said before. They are not tombs; nor have any long shafts been discovered in them pointing to certain stars, as are found in those of Egypt. It is improbable, therefore, that the primary object was



PYRAMID OF THE SUN, SHOWING CEMENT PAVEMENT. PRIESTS' HOUSES ON RIGHT.
GOVERNMENT BARRACKS IN BACKGROUND

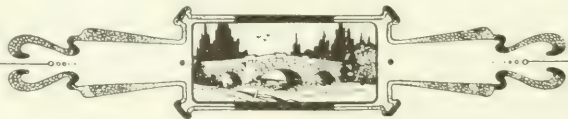
astronomical, even though they are built on the Egyptian plan, *i.e.*, with sides facing the cardinal points. The series of terraces would lead one to suppose that they were designed for the same purposes as were those of the Aztecs, to whom, apparently, the Toltecs taught this kind of building. The Aztecs were in the habit of leading their sacrificial victims to the top, by the circuitous method of encircling the edifice at each successive storey, a method which, while it doubtless added to the religious frenzy of the priests and the hungry spectators, did not probably have the same effect upon their ill-starred victims. But as we are told that the sinister arts of cannibalism and sacrifice were first practised by the Aztec priests only two centuries before the advent of the Spaniards, it could not have been for that purpose, even if, as is extremely likely, these pyramids had their full share of victims in their later days. They would then seem to have been built for religious purposes.

Who were they who built these colossal monuments? They are generally believed to have been the Toltecs, immediate predecessors to the Aztecs, but it is uncertain. When they first came to that high plateau, whoever they were, if not the first themselves, did they find some other indigenous people already on the scene — the "Pelasgians" of Mexico? How is it that in countries so far apart as Mexico and Egypt, the erection of such peculiar structures should have been so industriously carried on? For it must be remembered that when the country was first known to the Spaniards there were numbers of them in every city; and they would be still in existence, if the militant priests had not had the natives prove

their conversion to the Christian faith by pulling them down. Was this race of pyramid builders, who were to later give their knowledge to the Aztecs, an offshoot from fabled Atlantis? Or crossing from Europe by means of the Atlantic Islands, did they come from remote Egypt or yet more remote Babylonia? Perhaps, instead, their ancestors migrated from India—that cradle of the Aryan race, coming by way of China and the Behring Straits. Were they then the mound builders of Wyoming? Or were the immense irrigation ditches of Arizona and New Mexico and those tremendous mounds of the West built by some portion of that people, searching, even in that remote age, for some new world to conquer? Perhaps they disappeared to the south, to leave at Mitla and Palenque those wonderful ruins which still compel admiration; and then to wander farther southward, to Honduras and Nicaragua, to give there a final proof of their genius before being swept off by pestilence and plague.

Was their religion at one time an elevated one? Had they, in their migratory life, increased in wisdom; or were the traces which had clung to them the shell of some former belief more pure even than Christianity? For how strong, indeed, must have been that faith which could have made them build such colossal pyramids (to our ideas so aimlessly); and it would seem probable that the original intent had been so obscured in their onward struggles, that they finally became used for purposes so debased as the cannibal repasts of the Aztecs.

But these questions may never have a satisfactory answer, although they are but natural to all who visit these monuments of the past.



"THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN"*

AN APPRECIATION OF PROFESSOR OSBORNE'S ARRAIGNMENT
OF THE CHURCH

BY A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER

A BOOK has come out of the Canadian West that is likely to sting the ministers and church-members of this country into lively discussion. It is entitled "The Faith of a Layman," and its author is William F. Osborne, M.A., for some years Professor of English in Wesley College, Winnipeg. Written by a man still in his thirties, this book is dedicated to another young Canadian educator, Professor George J. Blewett of Victoria College, Toronto, author of a volume of essays in philosophy which has earned for him enviable fame in the world of scholarship. "The Faith of a Layman" is in reality a collection of essays dealing with various aspects of religious thought, and, judging by their tone-colour, subject-matter, and above all by their lavish illustrations, might well come from the pen of an alert, broad-minded preacher. Whether he treats of the theory of evolution or of the element of design in human history, Professor Osborne writes with directness, clearness, warmth. We must confess, however, that the style is too Macaulayesque, bristles with too many short sentences, parades too many metaphors, is in short breathless. We imagine that the author has caught this jerky, breathless, headlong style in the frosty air of one of the briskest cities in Canada. We can forgive a western Canadian, however, for a certain staccato quality of utterance

because he has much to say that must be said with the utmost directness and frankness.

This hammer-like force of style, this western frankness, is exhibited best of all in the opening chapter of the book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," which is based on Professor Rauschenbusch's remarkable book of the same name, and is an attempt to answer the question so often tolled out to-day from magazine, newspaper, and novel, "What is the matter with the Church?" While we have no patience with such a prejudiced argument as is to be found in the usual newspaper article, or in the distorted pages of "The Calling of Dan Matthews," or with Dawson's absurd plot in "A Prophet of Babylon," the modern minister, and all sincere lovers and defenders of the church, have need to read with prayerful attention and much searching of heart the great work of Rauschenbusch and the brief, compact, powerful pages of Osborne's diagnosis. Strange to tell, these latter critics are both professors in Christian institutions, the former a minister, the latter the son of a minister; this is probably the reason why their works are valuable, for they are criticisms from those inside the fold, from men who believe in the church, who pray for her progress, and who grieve over her spiritual apathy.

Passing over Osborne's comments on Rauschenbusch, let us see what

* "The Faith of a Layman," by W. T. Osborne. (Toronto: Cassell and Company.)

are the symptoms of decay which the Winnipeg doctor finds in the church of to-day. "Speaking in the mass," he says, "we have temporarily, at any rate, lost our sense of the great spiritual values and entities." He finds evidence of this spiritual torpor in the following conditions:

(1) Evangelistic work is the despair of ministers to-day. "The average man and the average minister knows that this is true; that conversion as a present and pervasive phenomenon has virtually disappeared." With a glance at Chapman's campaigns, he grants that a whole city can be attacked by a highly developed body of imported men, but the very elaborateness of these arrangements shows the mortal terror with which church-workers regard evangelistic effort. Men are really afraid to make the attempt to "convert" their fellows. The ministers are not to be blamed, because they are in the grip of a most depressing situation. Our time is "weighed upon by a vast religious torpor."

(2) In the grip of a deadly materialism, the church is to-day divided into two classes—the men that pay and the men that pray. "In almost every large city church there is a small group of men without whose givings the enterprises of the Church would languish, nay without whose givings the Church could not be maintained at all, who yet take little or no part in the devotional activities of the Church. These men have to be waited on privately for their money. At different types of church meetings you find altogether different types of men. At devotional meetings you see one class. At a business meeting you see another. Suppose there is a proposal on the part of a municipality to tax Church property. A meeting is called to agree on a policy. A group of men will gather who can practically not be got to attend a purely religious service. Men are not to be blamed for this; it is a characteristic

of the time; but it is a characteristic that threatens the whole vitality of the church." This spiritual deadness is also seen in the attitude of the majority of church members to the benevolences of the Church, especially to such great causes as temperance, missions, education, and the maintenance of the Sabbath in its quiet and sanctity. "A Lord's Day Alliance Sunday is apt to be a signal for a wholesale *sauve qui peut*." "There is not an educational institution of the Church in this country that would not immediately languish, were it not for the special skill of some particular man." And how squalid is the scramble "to raise missionary money." "The minister must go down on his knees to get collectors. And, in a multitude of cases, the collectors must go down on their knees to get the money. And this money, thus squalidly got, is the money that constitutes the sinews of war essential to the propagation of what should be a jubilantly militant faith. Surely one is not wrong in thinking and saying that it is in a far different spirit that Mohammedanism sets out with a determination to conquer the world.

(3) Ministers also as a class are becoming materialised. "These are days when it is tremendously difficult to be simply loyal to the higher voices. Ministers are paid beggarly salaries. It is doubtful whether the Church can go forward in any adequate manner until there is a sweeping readjustment in this regard." Ministers are not lusting for wealth, but it is natural that they should be discontented when they suffer from the pinch of poverty while their church members are in affluence. So lacking in enthusiasm are the preachers of to-day regarding the opportunities and attractions of their own profession that in twenty years Professor Osborne has never heard anything like a distinct advocacy of the claims of the pulpit. This attitude on their part is reflected in the shrinkage in the number of candidates for the ministry.

(4) The machine element in the Church is also a cause of its impotence. Some leaders of our denominations, he thinks, are schemers, intriguers, wire-pullers, so busy in managing men and things that they have no time to read, to sermonise freshly, or to pray. "In every one of our denominations there are outstanding executive leaders who, save for the newspapers, and what is absolutely necessary to keep them in touch with affairs, and with the exception of the really illiterate, read less than any group of men in the country. One unfortunate effect of this is that all openness of mind on their part is gone." If the Church knew what was good for it, some of these leaders, who, afflicted with dry-rot, go on preaching the same sermons from year to year, "mouthing platitudes in the very face of God," practising tortuous astuteness and Machiavelian subtlety, the very principle of whose lives is compromise, making and smashing careers of ministers who are in their power, would be removed from positions of prominence where they are rendering the Church such subtle and incalculable "dis-service."

(5) The vice Professor Osborne calls "Professionalism," is another very real foe to the efficiency of the Church. This is "the hack element in the ministry." When a minister has to be present at every meeting, to be "everlastingly radiant and conciliatory," to be constantly placating sensitive and censorious people, to be giving sermons and addresses in one ceaseless round, these routine tasks tempt him to take the easiest way, to lose his interest in the human heart and to use conventional language in public prayer and sermon. Too many prayers and sermons lack sincerity now-a-days because ministers have lost heart, or intellectual interest, and have become hacks.

(6) The lax discipline in the Church is also a source of weakness. It is

hard to distinguish between the Church and the world, because the Church allows any ordinary reputable citizen to become a member, and is afraid to discipline her members if they break the rules. "There is not a Church in the country that has the moral courage to apply its rules. Perhaps some of them are better not applied; nevertheless there they are. The net effect of this policy is lack of corporate self-respect. The challenge can be thrown down without fear: there is not a church in the country that dare weed out its membership on the basis of its standards."

After eight years' experience in the ministry, the present writer is able to read Professor Osborne's indictment of the Church with a sorrowful acquiescence. It would be a difficult matter to confute the majority of his statements. There is considerable apathy among the laity, and a reflex deadness in the pulpit. The average layman will not go to prayer-meeting, will not pray or talk in devotional meetings, is careless as to Bible study, private prayer and meditation, in country districts is disgracefully stingy, and yet with all his spiritual torpor, we believe there never was a time when the church member was so human, so sincere, so generous, or so lovable as he is to-day. We prefer him infinitely to a layman of the John Milton type, holy, austere, censorious, pig-headed, or even to our sanctimonious grandfather, solemn, fervent in prayer, but not a desirable man to live with, who wouldn't even allow the dishes to be washed on the Sabbath. He might be more earnest, more faithful in attending service, not so anxious to do good by proxy (the minister being the substitute), more interested in personal evangelism (the only kind that has any permanent effect), but at any rate he is not goody-goody, scorns to be a hypocrite, couldn't think of making a holy Willie prayer, and is joyously human. And the ministers of today (and we know

them from the inside when they are not wearing that everlastingly radiant smile) are a pretty fine class of men. Many of them do more driving than reading, great numbers of them are rusty-coated hacks, some of them might be more earnest, a few ought to stop hugging the machine, and brethren (of other denominations) ought to quit their strenuous wire-pulling. But, take him all in all, the minister of to-day is a far better sample in every respect than the fox-hunting parson of Wesley's time, or even the high-browed, straight-laced, long-winded, Zeal-of-the-Land busy type, the Puritan divine who flourished in the days of the Commonwealth. (We regret exceedingly that even our Presbyterian forefathers in 1645 would have condemned their schismatic opponents to death, if they had had the power). There can be no doubt about it that the Church has improved mightily in recent times. In spite of the fact that we cannot have any camp-meeting extravaganzas to-day, nor even the ranting of a rapid evangelist in a thinking community, we believe that we are in a healthier condition than if, from time to time, we were being galvanised into soul-winning, only to relapse again into the old devil-catch-the-hindmost rut.

Professor Osborne is not a pessimist; although he tells of the agony of raising church benevolences, he devotes a whole chapter to the sudden

wonder of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Christians have been reaching for money as never before during the last fifty years, but this new continental enthusiasm shows that they can be roused to action, and it appears as if we were now entering a glorious spending era in the Church of Christ, when those who have been busy accumulating will rally to the hearty financial support of all good causes, including ministers' "beggarly" salaries. Taking a large outlook, we feel sure that the Church was never in such good shape as to-day, never so sensitive to criticism (which is surely a healthy sign), never so anxious to mend the error of her ways, never so intelligent, and consequently tolerant, never so generous, never so rich in promise for the future.

Perhaps Professor Osborne would admit all this, and at the same time would insist upon the sources of weakness and need for self-introspection among ministers and laity. We hope his trenchant criticism will have widest circulation, especially among laymen who set themselves up for bosses in the church and try to put the minister in their pocket, and among our clerical engineers, who are so busy oiling the machinery that they have no time for the Higher Criticism. We have ventured to paint in a few bright streaks, however, to keep our poor, jaded, ministerial brethren from losing heart altogether.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL

BY G. H. READE

WE decided to go to Canada, to the land where trout and salmon and pike and bass are in plenty with none of the hedging difficulties of private waters, eagle-eyed keepers and much red tape.

So Sir Charles and I came, making Toronto our headquarters ere we started on our piscatorial expedition.

We were clearly sportsmen; even the Canadian who eyes all Britishers askance felt our influence, and in the corner of his eye I knew he envied us: he liked our appearance, our clothes, our manners. And we liked—I was about to say “our,” but politeness forbids—his country.

It was race week in Toronto, and to the races we would go. We didn’t expect Hurst Park, or Sandown, or Kempton, but we expected something quite different, yet just as good in a way.

“This money stumps me,” said Sir Charles; “it takes a year to get into it.”

“I hate these paper bills,” I remarked.

“Fiddling things,” returned my friend, “not a gold piece about the lot. I’ll have to get—let me see—five and ten dollar bills to go to the races.”

“Or fifties or hundreds,” I added.

“Oh, no; I go easy this time,” he retorted; “I leave the dash to you.” We were quietly conversing, arranging our programme of action, when several men, presumably residents at the hotel where we were staying, entered the front parlour, and one courteously remarked:

“Good afternoon, gentlemen.”

“Good afternoon, sir,” I replied. Sir Charles bowed.

“Over from the old country?”

“Yes,” laughed Sir Charles, “and find men and manners little changed by the Atlantic separating us.”

“That so?” remarked the Canadian stranger, taking a chair close to us, his companions likewise seating themselves on other chairs scattered about the parlour.

“Yes, that is so,” replied Sir Charles firmly, not caring about his statement being questioned. Sir Charles had yet to learn Americanisms, and know how closely allied Canadian folk were to their cousins in the States.

“Tell me,” I broke in questioningly: “there’s been a rumpus about betting here.”

“Oh, yes,” replied the stranger, a big square set man with furtive but kindly eyes, “any amount of talking, but no doing as yet. We’re waiting for Parliament.”

“The same in England,” I said, with a laugh; “the country will have to wait. As long as men are men they’ll bet, if not on horses, then on donkeys or snails.” The whole party laughed, and the dinner hour having arrived, broke up.

Sir Charles and I occupied a room to ourselves. The hotel was crowded, chiefly by American visitors, and not too gay or good a lot they looked.

When we were retiring to our rooms that night, our Canadian friend of the parlour met us on the stairs. Addressing himself to us both, he said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I think it is only right to tell you I'm a banker here in this city and reside here in this hotel. Most possibly you'll be going to the Woodbine races to-morrow. Take care if you do, for there are a lot of bad characters about, and in the old country they are better able, I reckon, to deal with them than out here. All is a rush this race week—we only get two such weeks, remember, in the year."

We thanked him cordially for his advice, although we gave him to understand that we were by no means chickens, but rather old stagers on life's hard battlefield, and real old 'uns at that.

II

Next morning we went to the bank to draw our requisite money (to make more or to lose what we drew), but there was no end of a delay in getting the cashier to do the requisite for us, as a long line of eager applicants were waiting before his grille. Sir Charles stood in front of me several places in the line, and between himself and myself were three men. They carried in their looks all the hot-air swank of the regular gambler: cold, cruel faces, set with penetrating eyes, tight lips, callous in their expression, and the one in particular who stood directly before me had a long narrow-shaped head, which a criminologist would have longed to examine. All three were men between thirty-five and forty-five years of age, presumably, and wore that type of loud sporting clothes, symbolical of the bookie or racing tout.

I would have thought no more of them than of anyone else had not the long wait to get my draft cashed made me examine my nearest neighbour to kill time.

"You bet your life," said the leading man in an undertone to the one behind him, "he's a bit of all right." By the backward glance of his eyes, I could see he alluded to Sir Charles.

"An English bloke," quoth the

second in the line; "I've seen him afore at Newmarket."

I pricked up my ears. Here, in the most respectable bank in Toronto, stood a howling, gambling Yankee swank who knew Sir Charles at Newmarket. Of course, Sir Charles regularly went there, I knew, when at home, but this man!

"One of the crowd that came over with the American invasion a few years ago," I thought to myself.

"You're right, too," said the one with the narrow head; "keep him in your gaze."

It was evident, therefore, that all three sports were friends, and oh! the luscious looks they gave at the fat roll of bills Sir Charles took from the cashier; and I saw that their own supply was extremely limited.

I told Sir Charles the gist of their remarks, but he was in one of his "moods," and pooh-poohed my fanciful ideas.

"Shouldn't think everybody's a rogue, Guy," he said. So I said nothing more; and I forgot all about them, too, for as the first were winning days both of us were on good terms with ourselves and each other.

The governor of one of the gaols had introduced himself to Sir Charles on the stand on the first day, and Sir Charles, having been in earlier life a deputy-governor of one of Her Majesty's prisons in England, when he had first retired from the army, the acquaintance was mutually agreeable. Of course, everybody who was anybody was at the races, and many who considered themselves somebody and were in reality nobody were there, too. The reserved lawns were crowded with Canada's fairest and best. The ring was full of spectators and bookies, the latter ever on the move, obedient to the letter of some strange law, or so it seemed to us strangers. The paddock had its quorum of horse devotees and race owners, and the weather was perfect.

"Where everything was pleasing, but only man (and woman, too,) was vile."

The second night Captain Revell, the prison governor, dined with us and brought a young friend, Dick Rogers by name. Mr. Rogers was an officer, the captain said, in the Canadian Field Artillery. He had certainly all the appearance and bearing of a military man, with an extensive knowledge of the world, and both Sir Charles and I took to him from the first.

I had a bad headache, and for a few minutes decided not to join the diners after the meal was over; but at the suggestion of a game of Canadian straight pool I bucked up and went downstairs to the pool-room.

Sir Charles and Rogers played; they had a side bet of one hundred dollars and no more. It was Sir Charles' maximum at a billiard-table.

The residents and visitors in the hotel who were present were much interested in the game, and excitement ran high, for the pair were, it seemed, evenly matched. The banker, who was present however, eyed our guests curiously — rather too curiously, I thought — and I distinctly heard him say to his next door neighbour on the couch, "The young man has any amount up his sleeve, ph-s-t," and he whistled this very softly. So it proved, for at the crucial moment Rogers won with consummate ease.

"Never mind, Sir Charles," he said, "to-morrow you'll have a splendid win."

We then adjourned to our bedroom and played cards. Here both Sir Charles and I were lucky. His loss of a hundred dollars was soon wiped off, and another hundred made.

Then our guests left, promising to meet us on the morrow at the races.

"Right good fellows, these Canadians are," my friend said.

"I agree," was my reply, "capital chaps."

III

"How did you get to know your friend Charles?" I asked, as we

stood on the stand prior to the first race of the day, awaiting the expected arrival of our friends. "It seems curious to ask you, but, then, I feel interested in them."

"Oh, he introduced himself to me. While you were collecting your winnings, he came forward and said, 'Sir Charles Sexton, I believe!'"

"'Yes,' I replied."

"'I'm Captain Revell, the governor of prisons here in this Province, and, if I think rightly, I met you in Ireland, when I was in the Constabulary there. Surely you were a cousin of Tickell and Mills, both of whom were with me at Athlone and Roscrea.'"

"I held out my hand. 'I'm a cousin of those gentlemen,' I replied, 'and am glad to meet you, though I forget your face.'"

"'Possibly,' he answered, 'but I recollect you well at Ballinrobe races. Let me see; fifteen years ago, it must be. I was staying with Tickell at Roscrea.'"

"That was sufficient introduction, wasn't it, Guy?" Sir Charles concluded.

"Ample," I rejoined, "and I'm glad we've all met."

It was not till the second race was over that I spotted the captain and Rogers. True, there was such a goodly crush, enough to miss many a friend one looked for, that it was small wonder they could see us at all.

The captain came up, however, a few minutes later, profuse with apologies. He had been detained officially and only arrived in time to see the second race, but not in time to have a bet.

"Never mind, Sir Charles," he said; "the next race, Rogers tells me, is a snip for *Velocipede*."

He went into facts and figures, oh, so different from our English system! Sir Charles and I at the end of his argument agreed with him thoroughly.

And our confidence was justified. Sir Charles put on one hundred dollars at four to one against. I put

on fifty at the same odds. We were both delighted. The fourth race was won by the favourite; again both of us, at Captain Revell's wish, played up our winnings on it; and we were doubly pleased.

It was more than Sir Charles or I could fairly stand when the captain then asked us to have a bottle of wine with him. We would not say no, so we had it, and Sir Charles insisted on our friends having another.

"With whom do you make your bets, Sir Charles?" asked the captain.

"Oh, with Peter O'Leary, I think his name is," replied Sir Charles. "Chose him because I fancied he was an Irishman."

The captain and Rogers laughed.

"Take my advice," said the former, "bet with McLaughlin. He's a Scotchman, but much better breeched for dollars than O'Leary. Rogers wants us all to have a thundering good win, the next race and the last, so I will introduce you two at once to him."

And he did.

The champagne had mounted into my head, and all I noticed was the fact that McLaughlin walked close to the course rails, and we had two hundred and fifty dollars each on the horse (*Princess May*) that Rogers told us to back. We lost, but were by no means disgraced, our fancy being a thundering good second.

Sir Charles and I counted up our winnings. On the three days we were nine hundred dollars to the good.

"Make the next a thousand bet, Charlie," I said.

"I was going to suggest the same myself," he replied quickly. "You

remember that bookie at the Curragh saying the time we backed *Theatre Royal*, 'you may as well die in July as September.'"

I laughed. How well I remembered that day.

We told Rogers our intention.

"Certain, sure," he said, "you're right; never speculate you'll never accumulate, only let me advise you not to make several bets with your money: you'll lose the price and frighten the ring. I'll fix it for you, or the captain will. So we handed Rogers each of us a thousand dollars, the price being eight to one against. The race was a splendid one and our mount, at the distance though to all appearance a loser, came out at the vital moment to win comfortably by a length.

We all four shook hands. "I'll draw the cash," said Rogers, "and bring you gentlemen up your share. Stay here, as the crowd will all be surging toward the turnstiles." With that he bounded down the steps of the stand to the ring.

The captain left us as well.

"I'll be back in a moment, Sir Charles," he said, "but I must be at the gate to see the Lieutenant-Governor drive away, if only for the sake of appearance."

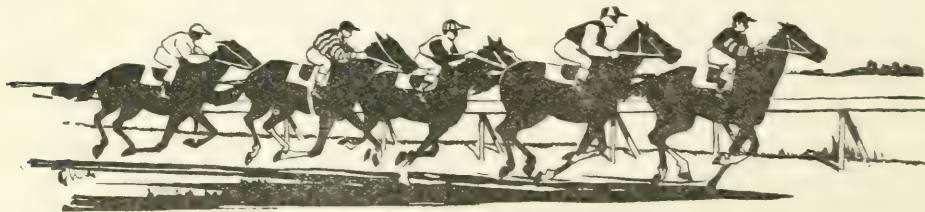
That seemed reasonable, for was he not a government official?


Rogers and the captain never returned.

After a quarter of an hour's waiting, by which time the place was almost deserted, we began to feel uneasy. We looked at each other.

"Well, I'm ———," we both said in unison.

And we felt so.





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

ALL events have paled into insignificance beside the death of the King. Coming as a bolt from the blue, with almost tragical suddenness, it has stunned British subjects the world over, and has brought down with a crash all conjectures and prophecies as to the immediate political future. The death of King Edward has removed a great personality from the realm of British affairs, removed it, moreover, at the precise moment when there seemed to be pressing need for it. Not since electricity has enabled the world to experience its emotion has there been so spontaneous and universal an outburst of genuine sorrow as that occasioned by the British monarch's decease. King Edward had succeeded to an almost incredible degree in securing the affections, not only of his own people but of many foreign nations, and notably of the kindred nation in the United States, where extraordinary marks of affection and respect have been paid his memory. The alternative terms of Edward the Peacemaker and Edward the Beloved, variously applied by the popular voice to the late sovereign, are magnificent titles to have won during his brief reign of nine years.

✱

The presence at the solemn and splendid funeral function of eight European rulers, including the man who is admittedly at the moment the master of Europe's destinies, was a tribute such as no monarch's death has ever before elicited. It would be

unwise to exaggerate the meaning or effect of such an incident, but such moments soften discords, whether national or international, and may well be the prelude to the harmony among nations which was the first wish and effort of the dead sovereign. The Kaiser was moved in a manly fashion; it was the second time within a decade that he had come to Britain to be a chief mourner at the burial of her sovereign. The people of England could not but appreciate the ready sympathy and tact that appear to have marked the German Emperor's every act on British soil, and in the account between the two nations the exhibition of these humble qualities will count greatly to his credit. The removal of the English King leaves the Emperor William without doubt the most distinguished and probably the most potent figure of the old world, just as Theodore Roosevelt is the most striking and influential man of the new world; and it was a strange conjunction of events that brought these men together at the bier of the one man who had outdistanced both in the highest qualities of statesman and ruler.

✱

In Britain's outlook over the world at the present time there is one portentous cloud, a cloud which shadowed more or less the whole reign of King Edward and grew darker in his later years, namely, the doubtful relations with Germany. It would be folly to deny that the seeds of war lurk in the terrible contest in shipbuilding

which has been for some years proceeding between the two nations, and it is natural to ask if an event which for the moment brought the British and German people into touch on terms of friendly sympathy, can have the effect of modifying these unhappy conditions. It is a sad commentary on human nature that it was the very efforts of King Edward to promote friendship between his country and the nations of Europe, that in part prompted Germany's movement for greater armaments, she believing herself, or so professing, ringed in by unfriendly nations as a result of England's manipulations and manœuvres. It is perhaps possible to hope that in the softened moments following the death of a King who had identified himself with the cause of peace, the best statesmen of both countries may see an opportunity for beginning a better understanding between the two peoples.

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The effect of the King's death on the British political situation is less remote. Already it has compelled the abandonment of the proposed summer election, and there seems a growing feeling that by some means the new King should be spared the hard experience of facing in his first years what promised to be one of the severest constitutional crises in Britain's experience, and one which has threatened to centre in a peculiarly unpleasant and unfortunate fashion around the person and prerogative of the sovereign. Here, therefore, at least the death of King Edward has brought something of a truce, and in the time afforded for reflection some of the elements of discord may disappear.

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Nothing could exceed the dignity and even the nobleness which characterised the formal proceedings in both houses of Parliament on the re-assembling after the King's death.

Mr. Asquith, in a speech of rare felicity, paid tribute to the public and private virtues of King Edward, showing great emotion as he spoke; the late Sovereign's keen sense of public duty was, said the Premier, his governing motive throughout his reign. Mr. Balfour in an exquisite phrase spoke of the incommunicable gift of personality possessed by the dead King. The Labour party added its tribute. None spoke on behalf of the Irish party, but this silence in Parliament was more than atoned for by the manifestations of deep sorrow on the part of the Irish people, as elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

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The reign of the new King starts almost simultaneously with the birth of the new Dominion of South Africa. In this direction at least the situation is far happier than at the outset of King Edward's reign, when what is now the new Dominion was devastated by war. What is still more remarkable, the then leader of the forces against Britain is now the Prime Minister of United South Africa, and has long since proved himself a loyal subject of the King. It is one of the happiest transformations in history. There was some speculation to the very last as to whether the choice of the first Governor-General of South Africa, Lord Gladstone, would fall on General Botha as Premier of the Transvaal, or on Mr. Merriman as Premier of Cape Colony. From the first there has been really no one else in sight, though gossip has given a third place in the list of possibilities to Doctor Jameson; it would manifestly, however, have been improper to select an opposition leader from any colony for the task of forming the first administration.

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What seemed at one time more practicable, and would have been from many points of view desirable, was the inclusion of Doctor Jameson

and others of his party in a coalition government, under which the new commonwealth might be launched free of the bias of partisanship. General Botha was believed personally to favour this method and there were the precedents of Canada and Australia to quote in its favour, though as to Canada it must be remembered that the coalition came into existence for the purpose of bringing about Confederation and not simply when Confederation had been accomplished. However, the coalition proposition had to be abandoned in South Africa, Mr. Merriman being violently opposed to it. The new Government will therefore be substantially a Boer government, its most prominent member of English name and origin, Mr. Merriman, being more vehemently Dutch in his leanings than his leader Botha. Indeed it is Botha's marked moderation and amenity in racial matters that have made him by no means unacceptable to the English-speaking people of South Africa, and will go far to make his government a success.

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One disadvantage of starting the new commonwealth under a party administration is the important fact that it will give a party tinge to the whole system of appointments, civil and judicial, which it will immediately become necessary to make, and there is no blinking the fact that the gravest issues may arise out of this condition. It will be remembered that the system of government devised for the new commonwealth is central rather than federal, and the Botha government will have in its gift all offices of importance in connection with the provincial councils. In common fairness, whether the Government be of a coalition character or not, the foundations of the new nation should be laid on broad lines if they are to endure, and the views of all parties in the state should be carefully considered in the initial steps now to be taken in connection with all

the various problems, social, racial, educational, and economic, of United South Africa.

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Colonel Roosevelt in his round of the nations of Europe reached Christiania early in May and delivered the address which is expected from every winner of a Nobel prize. It was not really possible to say anything very new or striking on the subject of peace and its general desirability, and Mr. Roosevelt is not to be blamed if he failed to attain a very lofty level in his remarks. War will always inspire greater eloquence than peace, for the very reason that in peace there is no crisis, no imminent danger, no need for strenuous and immediate self-sacrifice and heroic exertion. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the American newspapers which do not make it a practice to approve all that Mr. Roosevelt says and does declare that the speech fell very flat. The ex-President expressed the usual views as to the desirability of curbing armaments, but he must have felt that his remarks had a perfunctory flavour if he recalled while uttering them the vigorous efforts he had himself made while President to strengthen the navy of the United States.

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Mr. Roosevelt said such things as he had to say as the winner of a Peace Prize, but it must have been almost with his tongue in his cheek that he suggested the creation of an armed force to be placed at the disposal of The Hague arbitration court for the enforcement of its decrees. In another part of his address he had extolled "the stern and virile virtues" and had remarked that "no man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong." That is the practical side of the matter. It is so easy to induce people to believe they are being wronged and so difficult to pre-

vent them fighting rather than submitting. The nations of Europe found a verdict against France early in the revolutionary period and united to enforce it, with the result that France turned and almost annihilated them; and similarly to-day a nation will accept the judgment of a Hague tribunal only when its acceptance does not seriously interfere with its ambitions or designs.

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As for the question of enforcement, what kind of an armed force would The Hague require to enforce a decree, say, at the present time against Germany? As a practical man, Mr. Roosevelt is no doubt an earnest lover of peace, as a soldier he knows the horrors of war, and as a statesman he used his utmost influence, and not without effect, in bringing to a close the Russo-Japanese war; but in suggesting an armed force for The Hague, he was obviously making a concession to the sentimental. The Hague tribunal may frequently be enabled to do good work. Delicate questions which cannot be handled without growing heat between the nations directly concerned, may be amicably disposed of by its machinery; frequently a country will welcome such an opportunity of retreating from a difficult position and saving its face. But there are situations where The Hague can have no influence.

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Such a situation developed a few months ago when Russia had to decide practically in an instant whether she would fight Germany and Austria or would recognise the right of Austria to take from Turkey, regardless of treaty obligations, the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and annex them to her own territory. It might have been necessary for Great Britain to assist Russia had war followed, and all Europe would have been ablaze. Russia felt herself unprepared for so great an effort and

withdrew. Austria kept the Provinces. The compelling power of the German legions had been felt without the movement of a regiment. The world may be moving towards an era when a great nation will deny itself the right to the possession and exercise of such power, but the movement is at any rate slow, and marches, and can march, only with the growth in men and women individually of the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial—and no matter how much we may protest, we know when we look the facts in the face that mankind is not going with railway speed towards these ideals.

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It is to be hoped that the agitation for the removal from the King's test oath of the phrases objectionable to Roman Catholics is heard now for the last time. What may have been appropriate enough in the closing years of the seventeenth century is no longer necessary or desirable in the twentieth century. The Catholic population of the Empire, and particularly that of the United Kingdom, have a genuine grievance in the existing form of oath and there is every reason to believe the immense majority of people in the Christian portions of the Empire would favour the suggested change. While it is sometimes felt that Irish grievances against Great Britain are not very real, here is a case where a sense of injury and soreness may be legitimately felt. If only for the reason that the oath in its changed form would be offensive to none and would remove a cause of annoyance to the bulk of the Irish people, the change is desirable; but it is still more to be desired because the present oath is out of keeping with the spirit of the age. It is the great merit of the British constitution that it is easily adaptable to changing thought and circumstances, and Parliament should relieve George V. of the necessity of taking an oath which circumstances

may have rendered necessary in the case of the successor of James II.

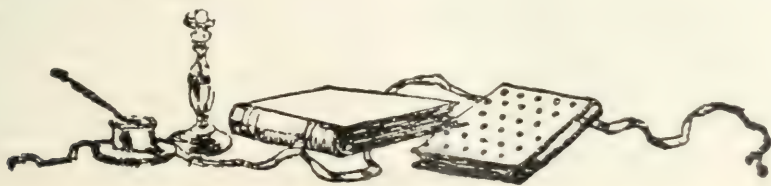
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The question of proportional representation continues to receive attention. It will be remembered that during the last Parliament the matter was made the subject of inquiry by a special committee of the House of Commons, the Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King being chairman; unfortunately the illness of Mr. Monk, the enthusiast for the cause, at whose instance the committee was appointed, prevented anything of importance being done for the time, but doubtless the matter will come up again. In the meantime a Royal commission which was appointed by the British Government in 1908 has reported on the subject and presented a mass of information and deductions. Proportional representation examined microscopically by the Commission would seem to be very much like Socialism, having a different meaning for every exponent, since the Commission reports having examined no less than 300 systems. The variations must be, however, infinitesimal, the same principle pervading the whole, that of minority representation.

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John Stuart Mill was one of the earliest exponents of the system, which in a restricted fashion was practised in the Imperial Parliament and occasionally elsewhere, as for instance in the case of Ontario, where under the Mowat Government a minority member was given for many years to the city of Toronto; it is hardly necessary to state, however,

that these partial results of minority representation did not entail any serious departure from the normal system of voting and counting. It may be added that Earl Grey, the present Governor-General, is an ardent advocate of proportional representation, and so far back as in 1884, when a member of the House of Commons, had an article in *The Nineteenth Century Review* discussing the subject. The British Commission has ruled out all the systems examined save three, the Belgian, the French, and the transferable vote plans, and of these three recommend the last as that securing the best results. The Commission, however, refrains from expressing a view as to the desirability or practicability of applying this method to Great Britain. The British press is divided, regardless of party. It is admitted that it would tend to place parties more on a numerical equality, but it is not all clear that this is an advantage, since it might easily lead to a succession of weak governments. In Canada the adoption of proportional representation would somewhat widen the outlook of the average voter; grouped constituencies would be an almost essential feature of any system and this would entail a departure from the principle of localism which is too apt to characterise our politics. On the other hand, it would permit the massing of votes from eccentrics or for eccentrics and might send to Parliament many a member who would not add to its value. It is a change which is no doubt destined to come in time, but it may be questioned whether it will bring, on the whole, more advantage than disadvantage.





At Five O'clock

England, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart
of a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt
isle

Where the heather blooms and the roses
smile

With the green isle under her lee;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our
coasts,

Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim

A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

—*Wilfred Campbell.*

*

THE month of May, usually so sunny in the British isles, when the verdure of the year is at its brightest, and all the country lanes are veiled in that mist of green of which Tennyson sings, was darkened this year by the death of the sovereign, whose kindly and genial nature had won for him first place in the hearts of the Empire. King Edward

had identified himself so completely with the social, as well as the political welfare of the country, that his sudden passing left the nation bereft of a personality which had always made for peace and goodwill.

But the old cry "The King is dead! Long live the King!" is the inexorable law of life, and we turn from the funeral pageantry at Windsor to the new household at Buckingham Palace. Yet, even here, one feels the continuity of British sovereignty, for it is son succeeding father, not the coming of a new order. Under the republican form of government, the household of the Chief Executive changes completely with the passing of a President, and the political association is the outstanding feature of the office. In a monarchy, such as that of Great Britain, the family at the head of the State preserves from reign to reign that sense of "An Habitation Enforced" which is the strongest bond of empire. The long reign of Queen Victoria gave to the British people a stronger personal interest than ever was known before in the sovereign's household. There was much that seemed typical of the British home in the royal nursery, where five daughters and four sons romped and studied and finally grew up with a sense of the responsibilities of their station. It is now a formidable task to number the descendants of Queen Victoria, or to give them their royal titles. It may be suggested by the

cynical that an extensive relationship among the royal families of Europe does not necessarily imply peace and comfort, since family quarrels are the most bitter of all dissensions. But slight family differences, after all, may be easily adjusted by those who know and understand the dispositions of those concerned.

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IT is more than forty-seven years since a Danish princess crossed the narrow seas to become the bride of the heir to the British throne. A royal position has its disadvantages, and eighteen-year-old Alexandra might not, like any ordinary girl, be "married from her own home." Since her bridegroom's position far outshone her own, the marriage must take place in his realm and the historic Saint George's chapel saw the plighting of their vows. Poetry which is written for such an occasion is usually of the trite and machine-made order, with little of the "first, fine, careless rapture" about it. But the "Welcome to Alexandra" which Tennyson wrote, in celebration of this event is an ode of genuine sympathy and beauty, with a rhythm as of the waves of a summer sea. It was a subject which might well inspire a poet—the wedding of a British prince with a daughter from the land of Canute and Sweyn — the peninsula kingdom which had played the part of historic enemy for centuries, along the very shores to which the bride was hastening. No wonder that whatever drop of Danish blood was in Alfred Tennyson's nature flowed to his pen as he wrote of the Princess Alexandra. In the many years which have followed since that royal wedding, Alexandra, whether as princess or Queen, has made for herself a home in the hearts of the British people. Her gentleness and graciousness have shown the best qualities of queen and woman and, in her present bereavement, she has the warm sympathy of a world-wide Empire. To appreciate what such a consort

means to the British sovereign, one need only review mentally the history of the early Hanoverian kings. The unfortunate Sophia, bustling Caroline; lachrymose Charlotte and the ill-fated spouse of George IV. present a somewhat different type of *chatelaine* from the gracious lady who, either at Sandringham or Windsor, has been a queen indeed.

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THERE is naturally much popular interest manifest just now in the new royal household. Queen Mary, like Queen Alexandra and Queen Victoria, has a happy household of small persons. When she was in India, it is said, she was regarded with peculiar veneration as the mother of five sons.

The marriage of those of royal rank is not always the fancy-free choice which is made by those whose humbler and happier position gives them a wider freedom, so far as "affairs of the heart" are concerned. Princess May, as she was called in her early days, was a great favourite with Queen Victoria, whose affection for her kinswoman Duchess of Teck, mother of the princess, was well known. The Teck household was not rich, as wealth goes in this modern world of millionaires, and the ends refused to meet with a most provoking frequency. On such occasions, Queen Victoria is said to have come royally to the rescue, paid the bills of the Teck household and — perhaps — given a mild address on the virtue of living within one's means. The Duchess of Teck was an eminently popular, laughter-loving woman who took life gaily and had little thought for the morrow or the importunate tradesmen. Her daughter, on the contrary, displayed the contrast from the maternal temperament which we often see in everyday life.

Consequently, it was not singular that an alliance should be arranged between the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and this admirable princess. The death of the Duke of Clarence in 1892, left

George, the Duke of York, the only son of the heir to the throne. More than a year after the death of his brother, Prince George and the Princess May were married, with the full approval of Queen Victoria and with all the state which a royal wedding demands. A rumour as to a prior "marriage" on the part of the Prince (circulated chiefly by anarchistic papers) led to a denial by the Archbishop of Canterbury as to any legal "obstacle" to the nuptials. This rumour has lately been revived by certain United States papers of the yellow class. The writers of such tales show such an absurd ignorance of the Royal Marriage Act that their idle fancies hardly deserve notice by Canadian editors, some of whom have seriously republished the story.

The life of Prince George and Princess May, up to the time of Queen Victoria's death, was decidedly domestic and secluded for those in high position. The nursery claimed the attention of the Princess, who showed a keen interest in the early training and guidance of the "princelings" in whom she delighted. The children are—Prince Edward, now called the Duke of Cornwall, who was born in 1894; Prince Albert, a year younger; Princess Mary, in her fourteenth year; Prince Henry, Prince George and Prince John. Thus the succession appears to be fairly secured to the household of George V.

The colonies (or shall we say the British dominions beyond the seas?) became acquainted, by sight at least, with Prince George and his consort, when, in the latter part of the year, 1901, they visited Australia, Canada, Newfoundland and other British territories.

Princess May, or the Duchess of Cornwall and York, as she was called on her visit, won general liking for her excellent judgment and kindness, as shown in her brief sojourn. It must have meant a trial to the anxious mother to leave her small family in charge of others, while the pleasure

and interest she showed in the small persons who greeted her along the way were evidence of her womanly appreciation of their songs and smiles. The visit to Toronto extended over two days and must have been an exacting period for Their Royal Highnesses, as every available moment was used in street parade, military review, dinner, state concert and reception. The last-named was democratic enough to please the most republican soul, as all sorts and conditions of citizens, in all manner of attire, were presented and politely greeted. To anyone who watched that procession of thousands, the royal responsibilities appeared in anything but an enviable light. The first day of the Toronto visit was cold and damp, with the citizens a-shiver as the royal carriage passed along its route, while the curious observer remarked: "Why, they're just like their photographs." But the second afternoon was one of scarlet and blue and gold, when October ceased from sulking and gave us such *largesse* of sunshine as only a Canadian autumn can bestow. 'Varsity and the campus of emerald velvet never looked more radiant and stately, and we shall not soon forget the cheering crowds which greeted the grandson of Queen Victoria and his consort with such enthusiasm as our fathers showed his sire in the 'sixties. The tragedy of the war just over probably deepened the occasion into something more than mere shouting and acclaim. Its shadow had rested on our young country, the sovereign in whose name Canadian troops had gone forth was buried at historic Windsor; but the outlook was toward To-morrow as we greeted with hearty cheers the representatives of that British authority and might for which we had been proud to make a sacrifice.

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FOR many a day it will seem strange to see new faces as pictures of King and Queen, for the late

King Edward's long "minority" made us familiar with his pleasant smile and gracious ways long before he was called to royal duties. The genuine friendship and tenderness which seemed to exist between King Edward and his son form another welcome contrast to conditions which existed in Georgian days, when the sovereign was seldom on speaking terms with his heir.

Queen Mary is said to possess many of the characteristics of Queen Victoria—her appreciation of the domestic virtues and her stern sense of obligation. Her amusement, or rather relaxation, has been of the serious order, and her taste in both music and drama is declared excellent by those who have reached an exalted place in these professions. She has the practical good-sense of the typical Teutonic housewife, as she showed more than once during her Canadian visit, especially in the West, where the flour claimed her attention by its surpassing quality.

Queen Alexandra retires from the public scene, but not from England; for, in her widowhood, she is true to her adopted country. Princess Victoria, her only unmarried daughter, remains to be her companion. A young figure, towards which many eyes will turn with interest, is the Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King, who is only thirteen years of age, and who looks like a bright, wholesome English girl, and is credited with the possession of a strong will and a fondness for out-door sports. In her isolated position, as the only daughter of a royal house, she has a sympathiser in her cousin, the sole daughter of the Kaiser, who is said to rule the Emperor of Germany in his own household. The old song of "God Save the King!" means much to the British dominions beyond the seas, where the best wishes for the royal household are fervent and sincere.

JEAN GRAHAM.



PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE V
AND THEREFORE THE FIRST PRINCESS
OF ENGLAND



The WAY of LETTERS

THE question of most interest about some books is, How did they ever find publishers? It arises with unusual insistence in the case of "The Arch-Satirist," by Frances de Wolfe Fenwick. This is a book full of trite sentences, inconsequential chit-chat and verbose inanities. Apart from one or two aphorisms, there is nothing arresting in the volume. Montreal is the location, and there is a pretense at giving a picture of social life in that city. But the most that can be said for it is that it presents a contrast between two feminine characters—one, the worldly-wise, marry-for-money type; the other, a young woman whose scruples are sufficiently rigid and annoying to keep the plot, such as it is, together. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

THE public should be able to take it for granted that the publishers stand between the readers and the writers, that if irredeemably poor material is offered for publication as literature it will be refused. But, alas! the publishers sometimes fail lamentably. There is an instance in the volume of rhymed truisms entitled "The Veteran and Other Poems," by the Reverend Hamilton Wigle. The publishers should have known that no matter how successful Mr. Wigle is as a preacher and pastor in the city of Winnipeg, the

material he wished to have published under their imprint is not poetry. Whether they knew it or not, the volume goes out as a sample of Canadian versification. It is attractively bound, nicely decorated and well printed. But surely as much consideration should have been given to the contents. We shall quote a stanza from "The Flowers":

The sun is climbing up the hill;
The ice-fields soon will he distill;
And all the sunny slopes he'll fill
With flowers.

and the first and last stanzas of "Halley's Comet":

A comet's coming right this way,
About ten million miles a day,
And it will reach us, so they say,
Sometime in June.

* * * * *

Its trip, in years, takes most four score;
Its course must touch some far-off shore;
We'll see it once and then no more,
Sometime in June.

The colour of the book is light mauve, with the lamp of knowledge conventionalised and stamped on the front cover in gold. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

"FRAGMENTS OF SAM SLICK" is the title of a praiseworthy little volume of selections from the humorous writings of Thomas Chandler Haliburton. While credit is due to Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee for the

idea that prompted him to make the selections and secure their publication, it is to be regretted that some note was not made of the books from which they were made. The reader unfamiliar with the works of Haliburton will in this volume find no clue to the precise source, and should he wish to know from which volume "The Philosophy of Kisses" was taken, it will be necessary for him to make a search through the original volumes themselves. As Mr. Burpee observes, many persons will find in Sam Slick's writings many sayings that have become familiar to us even if we have not known their origin, and from "Wilmot Springs," which is an account of a "cure-all" water, we take the following:

"Folks believed everything they heard of it. They actilly swallowed a story that a British officer that had a cork leg bathed there, and the flesh growed on it, so that no soul could tell the difference atween it and the natural one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a fellow took a dead pig and throw'd it in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog?"

But it is a pity that the editor does not tell from which book his selections are taken. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

THERE is an old fairy tale about a magic mill which ground out all the bad and left nothing but the good. If "Nathan Burk," by Mary S. Watts, had been submitted to this mill a very fine book would probably have been the result. There is plenty of splendid material in the book, well handled, too, but the really interesting parts are so interwoven and overlaid with masses of padding that the whole effect is conducive to repose. It is all very well to call such a book "leisurely" and "comprehensive" and to compare it to Thackeray; the fact is that the modern reader doesn't want to go to sleep over a novel. There are some first-rate characters



MISS FRANCES DE WOLFFE FENWICK.
AUTHOR OF "THE ARCH-SATIRIST"

in "Nathan Burk." Mrs. Ducey is delightful as a fast vanishing type of the eternal feminine; Nance is appealing and Francie is sweet and true—all the women, in fact, are well done. Nathan Burk himself suffers a little by the reminiscent style of the story, but he is a character well worth our interest. The other men-folk are clear-cut and admirable—but oh, the interminable pages which must be read to follow their fortunes; the by-ways, and the side tracks and the no-thoroughfares! It shows an exhaustive knowledge on the part of the author of little American happenings in the days of Mexican troubles before the Civil War broke out, but the unnecessary obtruding of such knowledge has certainly ruined the book as a work of fiction. And yet perhaps not that, for nothing could really ruin a book containing so much that is first-class. We are glad to have known the Duceys and Old George, the Sharpless family, Nathan Burk himself, and the adorable Francie; and our only quarrel with



MR. ARTHUR SPURGEON, J.P.,
GENERAL-MANAGER OF CASSELL AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, LONDON, WHO RECENTLY
MADE A TOUR OF CANADA

their historian is that we are continually being dragged away from these delightful people to be introduced to a procession of others about whom we care nothing at all! (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

DOCTOR L. E. HORNING, professor of Teutonic Philology, University of Toronto (Victoria College) has done a valuable work in translating from the second German edition, a critical work, "The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century," by Doctor Georg Witkowski. The book is divided into five headings, representing chronologically the distinct periods which marked German dramatic literature during the last century. Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbell, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann. Hauptmann and lesser dramatists are treated with a discrimination which gives that much-discussed character, "the general reader," an opportunity to become acquainted with the recent

history of a great art in the most scholarly country of modern times. Doctor Horning is so sincere a student of German literature that the labour of translation has evidently been much to his liking, and the result is a treatise which is clear, terse and illuminating. In view of much current disparagement of the American stage, the following quotation from Doctor Witkowski's concluding chapter, regarding drama, may not be without interest.

"The complaint that the public of to-day takes less pleasure in the good than the public of the past is refuted by an impartial test of the facts. At no time have the works of the classic writers of more modern and most modern times enjoyed such eager appreciation as at present. Under Goethe's managership of the Weimar theatre two to three evenings in a year on the average were given to the plays of Shakespeare, which may well be considered a reliable standard. a number now often increased tenfold."

*

"THE PRODIGAL FATHER," by J. Storer Clouston, is a book which shows a pleasant twist of humour, a pleasant touch of wisdom, and a yet more pleasant hint of tenderness. Mr. *Walkinshaw* is undoubtedly very funny in his return to youth and folly, and that, I suppose, is the chief part of the story. But there is so much charm in the few pages devoted to Mr. *Walkinshaw's* daughter *Jean* and the painter *Lucas*, that one could wish for a whole volume devoted to the affairs of these nice young folk. It would be an enjoyable sort of book. The career of the young gentleman who made such "a remarkable contrast to Mr. *Walkinshaw's* sedate upholstery," and of the girl in the golden-brown dress would be worth following for 300-odd pages of a summer's afternoon, when problems are dull and epigrams tedious; and humanity, incurably old-fashioned.



MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, THE ACCOMPLISHED CANADIAN WRITER
THE FIRST ACT OF HIS PLAY ENTITLED "THE BLOT"
APPEARS IN THIS NUMBER

returns to its old gods of simple love and simple fun. As for the present volume, the conclusion is rather disturbing; the author leaves the redoubtable *Walkinshaw* at a boys' school; the logical sequence would be in a baby-carriage. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

JAPAN has provided for Hallie Erminie Rives the setting for a pretty love story involving a comingling of American, European and Japanese characteristics. The volume is resplendent with descriptions of Japanese life and scenery, and the play on local colour is impressive. Apart from one or two chapters that might be regarded as crowded with

non-essentials, the book is readable and entertaining. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

NOTES.

—"Sweet Forget-Me-Not" is the title of a pleasing song by a young Canadian, Mr. Peter Johnson, with musical arrangement by Mr. Alexander Spencer.

—"Kilmeny of the Orchard" is the title of a new story by Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea." The publishers, L. C. Page and Company, of Boston, have also published a new book entitled "A Cavalier or Virginia," by Theodore Roberts.



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



HITTING IT UP

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a passing de Big Fo' depot."—*The Herald and Presbyter*.

A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly.

"Nussah," said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawtuh perculia dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', suh."—*Central Law Journal*.

*

WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT

A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer.

The boy was dull and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night.

"You are discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged."

On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work.

"Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you Saturday night."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."—*Saturday Evening Post*.



CALLER: "Is Mrs. Brown at home?"

ARTLESS PARLOURMAID (smiling confidentially): "No. Ma'am—she really is out this afternoon."

—Punch



OWNER (practically unscathed): "Smart man, my chauffeur. Got down to his work already."

—Punch

THE STRAWS THAT SHOWED

Mother—"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?"

Daughter—"I certainly do, mama. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one."—*Scraps*.

*

A BARGAIN

A well-dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross Road, closely examining one of Balzac's works, illustrated by Gustave Doré. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm, and asked what he would give for it.

"Seven shillings, highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted—the man took his money, and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for seven shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

*

THOSE LITTLE ANGELS

Neighbour—"How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt?"

Ditto—"That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a brick."—*Jewish Ledger*.

*

CHANGED HIS MIND

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."—*Catholic News*.



THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST
"OTHER DOOR!"

CARLTON HENRY GARDNER - A.C.

—Life

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES

One of the late Mark Twain's best-remembered speeches was made at a banquet held in Chicago in honour of General Grant shortly after his return from his tour around the world. To this company, met in honour of a great soldier, and largely composed of Civil War veterans, Mark Twain talked of "The Babies." The Atlanta *Georgian* reprints part of his speech as follows:

We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not been generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toasts work down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body-servant—and you had to stand around, too.

He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect—and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair and twisted your nose you had to take it.

When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your face toward the batteries, and advanced with a steady tread, but when he turned on the ter-

rors of his war-whoop—you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing-syrup, did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book much, that it was the very thing you were about to propose yourself?

Oh, you were under good discipline—and as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform you not only prattled baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rock-a-by Baby in the Tree Top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee—and what an affliction for the neighbours, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at 3 in the morning.

✱

TRANSMIGRATION

One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbour:

"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said. "I'm just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.



Drawing by J. W. Batty

"I'M LUCKY TO FIND YOU IN"

Illustration for "The Red"

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STORIED HALIFAX

"THE WARDEN OF THE HONOUR OF THE NORTH"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

OF course, if history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet: you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. You must take time to study and learn her past before her special charm becomes apparent, but your patience will be rewarded in the end. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of twenty years may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse upon those attractions of our old gray city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the setting. "Beautiful for situation"—the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great, land-locked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand extends

the long picturesque fiord we call the "Arm"; on her left is a second, inner haven, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre is the hill crowned with a citadel. From this point of vantage, you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the protecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands. No town in Canada has a finer park or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, such ample accessible playgrounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will, to whatever point of the compass, at whatever season of the year from the walk around the citadel walls, and

Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures,

While the landscape round it measures.

Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the world are sky and water more deliciously blue than over and about their beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbour was bluer than Dublin Bay, perhaps they are not so far wrong.

This much any one, even the way-faring man, though a fool, can see for himself. My task is to reveal what

remains a secret to the eye of sense. That blue harbour once saw the remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in to the last act of its tragedy. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every kind of craft from eighteenth-century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Past Thrum Cap, the sand-spit at the harbour mouth, came slowly two frigates on Sunday

seem to the historic sense more real and living than those who tread the pavements to-day. Halifax owed its existence to a military necessity. It was built and first settled by men from disbanded regiments and paid-off ships, which had just been fighting the nation's chivalrous battles in defence of Maria Theresa's queenly right. For a century and a half it was a garrison town and a naval station, and on its history the pageantry of war has left its ineffaceable mark.



HALIFAX HARBOUR AND TOWN, AS SEEN FROM DARTMOUTH
From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760

the sixth of June, 1813, with their scuppers running red, as the sailors swabbed the decks. They were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, after their historic battle six days before. Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century, an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, soldiers, sailors, citizens great and small, empire-builders in their way; they did their work and took their wages. Sometimes they

It does not matter where you turn. The suggestion of the place begins to work at once. Here in the centre of the town is the square called "The Grand Parade," just where it has always been since the pig-tailed axemen of Cornwallis hewed it out of the spruce wood in the year of grace 1749. Halifax was then a rude encampment of log-huts, ruled by a British colonel, and defended against the French and Indians by a line of palisades and abattis of felled trees



LOOKING UP GEORGE STREET, SHOWING SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH AND CITADEL HILL
From the original drawing by R. Short, *circa* 1760

running between five block-houses. For ten years and more, it was as much as a man's life was worth to stray outside the pickets. A decade later, Short's drawing shows that the parish church had been built as well as substantial houses. The Parade is clear, if not level, and four companies are drilling on it with halberdiers, field-guns and bells of arms. Almost every marching regiment on the army list has lain in Halifax barracks at one time or another and has been put through its facings on this small plot of ground. In the olden days, the impressive ceremonial of guard mounting took place here every morning with the salute and troop before relieving. Now the band of the "Royal Canadians" plays for an hour on Saturday mornings, the last flash of the ancient military ritual which once brightened this historic spot with the bravery of martial scarlet and gold.

Along Argyle street there, sedan-

chairs could once be had for hire. Sedan-chairs! the whole eighteenth century is in the word.

At the southern end of the Parade stands the old parish church of Saint Paul's, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, just where it has stood for a century and a half. The entrance has been changed about, the steeple has been rebuilt, wings and a chancel have been added, but the original frame and design remain unaltered. It is essentially a London church of the eighteenth century, such as Sir Roger de Coverley rejoiced to see rising outside the city and such as Hogarth used to draw. It boasts a Royal foundation. Its walls are covered with marbles and brasses inscribed with the history of our old families. Two monuments came from the studios of Gibson and Chantrey. Here lies Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek. The old church has seen strange sights in its time—a congregation of Miamee Indians



LOOKING DOWN PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX
From the original drawing by R. Short, *circa* 1760



PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX
From the original drawing by R. Short, *circa* 1760



HALIFAX FROM SAINT GEORGE'S ISLAND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NARROWS
From the original drawing by R. Short, *circa* 1760



LOOKING DOWN GEORGE STREET TO DARTMOUTH
From the original drawing by R. Short, *circa* 1760



THE DUKE OF KENT

From the original painting by J. Weaver, in the library of the Legislative Building at Halifax

hearing service in their own wild tongue, a whole battalion of Hessians receiving the communion at one time, pompous funerals, weddings, christenings, processions. In the entry hang the hatchments of forgotten worthies, rich in armorial devices. The communion plate dates from Queen Anne.

Once upon a time, the church was balanced by a college at the other end of the Parade. It was a plain, solid, dignified structure like the Province Building and Government House, and belonging to the same architectural era. Many were the scenes the old college witnessed before it moved away and gave place to our present Guildhall, which I refuse to characterise. Few institutions of learning began more auspiciously. The corner-stone was laid by a Royal governor with most imposing ceremony. With colours flying and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed the stately procession—His Excellency and his glittering staff, the civic magistrate, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, citizens. The Grand-Master of the Free Masons had his part. Prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. Symbolic oil and corn and wine were poured out in pagan libation, speeches were spoken and so was Dalhousie College publicly instituted on May 22nd, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes, save the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating-club, a Mechanics' Institute, a post-office, an infant school, a painting club, a cholera hospital and a pastry-cook's shop all found shelter at different times under this complaisantly hospitable roof. It was used for its proper purpose also; and the early collegians are believed to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now only to be seen at Saint Andrew's.

Looking west towards the Citadel, from the Parade, I see half-way up the steep hill, the clock-tower built

by the Duke of Kent, to remind Hali-gonians, saith Dame Rumour, of the exact time of day. His office at headquarters, reporteth the same trusty gossip, was full of all varieties of clocks, watches, time-pieces, chronometers, horologes, sun-dials and hour-glasses, for the encouragement of punctuality in all and sundry with whom he had to do, military and civilians. In truth, His Royal Highness was a martinet formed in the hard old Prussian school, and a rigorous enforcer of discipline. When he took final leave of Halifax in 1800, he left eleven poor fellows under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion. Eight were reprieved under the gallows and three were hanged on it by the neck until they were dead. Altogether, he lived in Halifax for six years as commander of the forces; and this period, when we had a Prince of the Blood resident among us, is justly regarded as our Age of Gold. Those were very splendid and jolly days, but I am afraid that they were exceedingly improper. Why pretend or blink the facts? Old Halifax was an eighteenth century city with morals to match. In those high and far-off times, the army and navy were not exactly convent schools, and the city itself was perilously rich. The invincible fleet swept the merchantmen of our enemies off the seas; lawful prizes came in almost daily, and streams of guineas flowed like water. Privateering was a profitable speculation. Fortunes were made rapidly and kept as well as made. The generous hospitality of the old-time Halifax merchants was famous. In such a community, the Prince was the social centre and set the example. In the address of welcome, he was hailed as a second Cæsar. He arrived with a very beautiful French lady in his train from Martinique, where he had been campaigning, who was known as Madame de Saint Laurent. I have heard her described quite seriously as his morganatic wife; but the French have the exact term, *maitresse en*

titre. Over his household she presided and respectable Halifax, with the Bishop's lady at their head, had to recognise and call upon her. The Duke lived for the greater part of his reign at Friar Lawrence's Cell, the fine place of Sir John Wentworth on the shores of the Basin, now known as Prince's Lodge. All that remains of its ancient splendour is the rotunda where the band used to play on gala days: but the ruins inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Years before the Duke's time, good Mr. MacGregor and saintly Henry Alleyne gave their testimony as to the moral condition of the city. To them it was the City of Destruction. No doubt the moralist had cause to shake his head. At the same time, the balls, parties, levees, dinners, the Sunday reviews on the Common, the illuminations for great victories by sea and land, the feasting, the fighting, the raids of the press-gang, the constant military bustle in the streets, the coming and going of ships in the harbour, the prizes sold at the wharf had made life in this demure old town a brilliant, stirring spectacle down to the dramatic close of the great Napoleonic wars. ~

At the bee-hive-like portal of the Citadel stand two muzzled mortars that were used at the siege of Louisbourg, when it fell before the genius of Wolfe. Though mute now for ever, they speak by their silence of the great deeds done in days of old. Another reminder of that feat of arms is the little hotel beside Saint Paul's. When Pitt's sappers and miners blew the great rampart of Louisbourg into the moat, Mr. Secretary Bulkeley, Irish gentleman, ex-dragoon officer and King's messenger procured him a shipload of the good cut stone to build this mansion. Bulkeley was a character, a little man of many accomplishments, an excellent chess-player, a fine horseman, and a draughtsman of no mean skill. He was the right-hand of Cornwallis in founding the city, and for years he managed it and

the Province and the successive governors as they came, a quiet tactful power behind the throne. His hospitality was famous; the present hotel dining-room with its black marble mantel-piece from Louisbourg has seen Royal Princes and foreign potentates entertained with by-gone ceremony and splendour.

George street traverses the Parade and runs down to the market wharf. A fanciful view of Halifax "from ye topmast head" published in London in 1750, six months after its foundation, shows the waterside decorated with a gallows and a pillory. I have talked to an old lady who remembered as a child being hurried by her nurse past the pillory, where an old man stood to be pelted by the ragamuffins of the town. When the poor-house was built, the estimate included a whipping-post. Criminals were hanged in chains beside the harbour. Soldiers were flogged in the barrack square, and sailors, round the fleet. Thieves were branded with hot irons. These were the usual punishments of those hard old times.

When Cornwallis came first, he held council in the cabin of the *Beaufort* transport, round the long oak table still to be seen in the ante-room of the Council Chamber. By the middle of October, 1749, there was ready for him a small, low building of one storey, the frame of which came from Boston. Eight or nine years later, it had given place to the rather fine two-storey building to be seen in Short's plate with a sentry-box at the gate and an original British Grenadier mounting guard. It was the official residence of the Governor and often the scene of high wassail in the olden time. The present House of Parliament dates from 1811 and cost £52,000. Government House was begun in 1800 but it was not "rendered habitable" until about five years later.

Perhaps some readers may remember Hawthorne's sketch of the old Province House and the old Tory and

how gloomy he makes both. Our Province House has no such associations. Ours has ever been the honoured centre of the life of the community; and the "Tories," whom we call Loyalists, played a great part on this stage. Here are found many relics of provincial history; and here is the home of our legislature. The House still opens with imposing ceremony. The gravelled court-yard within the tall iron railings is filled with the guard of honour with the colours and the band. The Governor drives up under the thunder of a salute from the guns on the Citadel. Before entering, our ruler pauses on the low platform before the door, the band plays the opening bars of the National Anthem, and the soldiery present arms. In January, 1842, no less a personage than Charles Dickens, passenger on the Cunarder the *America*, was present at the ceremony and has recorded that it was "like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope."

Our local House of Lords is housed in the Council Chamber, a magnificent room which happily remains in its original state, unspoiled by modern improvements. Here danced the Prince of Wales in 1860; and here Sir John Thompson lay in state in a wilderness of flowers and greenery one day of January, 1901. This room is our local Valhalla or Westminster Abbey, containing portraits of the most distinguished sons of the Province: Sir Fenwick Williams, whose brilliant defence of Kars redeems Britain's part in the Crimea; Colonel John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who held Lucknow throughout the darkest days of the Mutiny, and Haliburton, who first brought Nova Scotia into literature. The portrait of Chief Justice Strange is by Benjamin West. There are also full-length portraits of George II. and George III. in royal robes, and their resplendent queens.

The library is another quaint room with its alcoves and gallery and tall

windows facing the east. Here is preserved the "North Atlantic Neptune," the very charts that were once owned and used by Nelson himself. It was once the court-room and the scene of many trials. The first man to be tried in it was Richard John Uniacke for the fatal duel in which he shot William Bowie at the north government farm near the Lady Hammond Road. An old lady of my acquaintance remembered the seconds coming in the early morning to her father's house for pillows to put in the carriage which was to convey the wounded man to his home. Uniacke entered the court-room leaning on the arm of the father, the attorney-general of the Province, an aged giant of a man dressed in a snuff-coloured suit and carrying a seven-foot staff in his hand. He made a little speech to the judge and jury; it was in the days of the code; and his son was acquitted. Howe fought a duel near the Martello Tower, but no one was hurt. Here, too, were tried the wretched pirates of the *Saladin* for their stupid crime. A small full-length panel of the Duke of Kent in uniform decorates this room together with portraits of distinguished Nova Scotians like Sir Samuel Cunard and Sir Provo Wallis, Admiral of the Fleet.

All this does not begin to exhaust the historic significance of old Halifax. I have only walked in fancy down one short street and pointed to three or four old buildings closely bound up with our civic life. The associations of the other churches, the cemeteries, the forts, the environs, the streets, the public buildings, the dockyard, the personalities and achievements of distinguished citizens, the share of Halifax in the great wars, the civic jests and legends and anecdotes I am forced to leave untouched. My subject is almost inexhaustible; I have barely stirred the surface; I have merely hinted at the mines of interest in the past of Halifax.

WHEN DONALD'S SHIP CAME HOME

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

THE little body of Big Donald McDonald stood leaning against the gate-post. It had come in and shut the gate with a vague feeling that its master had intended calling upon pretty Maggie Morrison; but the atmosphere of the garden, redolent of the lilacs which bordered the walk, had soothed it into a quiet contentment. And yet, through the deserted brain ran a troubled feeling that the cows had not been milked that evening, while it dutifully tried to recall its master from his absent wanderings.

For Big Donald was an anomaly: his body was as distinct from his personality as is a house from its owner. The mind might roam at will through the realms of imagination and vague memories while the body stood or sat or lay, dimly seeking to comprehend its master's eccentricities.

His very name was contradictory: Big Donald, little Big Donald. His brother, Little Donald, was by far the larger of the two; but upon the birth of this younger brother, their parents, being unable to think of another name, had called the baby Little Donald; and, of course, the other little fellow, wearing trousers now, became Big Donald. Thus it remained, though in after years, the younger had far outgrown the older—bodily as well as mentally; that is, mental capacity, for Big Donald's brain was a fairly good one. Its incapacity came from its owner's roving

habits, while the poor brain did its best to keep up a semblance of appearance during its master's absence.

Click, click. Was that Maggie opening the window? The master instantly reëntered his habitation, the eyes blinked, the body responded with a violent start, and strode, with its master, quickly up the walk.

Maggie, trim, neat, pretty Maggie, with her sweet smile, met him at the door.

"I knew you would come to-night, Don," she said as she placed her soft warm hand in his in a firm welcome handshake. "It's so cosy in there in the alcove this evening with the half-moon shining through the windows. I have been sewing, but as it is growing dark, I'll just put it away, and we'll have such a pleasant evening together."

He looked at her with a faint, surprised smile as, still holding his hand, she led him where the moonlight, half filling the alcove, bathed it in a fascinating, soothing light.

She was so sweetly gracious to-night. It was sweet, yes, far sweeter than watching the everlasting needle at work; and the hurrying back of his absent personality to answer the odd questions which, at regular intervals but in the most inopportune moments, she would never fail to ask.

The light which shone in her eyes, as he looked into their deep blue depths, was so plainly love that his heart thrilled, and it was with an

effort he remembered that his steamer was not yet paid for, that he was not yet an independent man.

The silence was golden. Maggie was dreamily wondering if she would not be justified in telling him of her love; to ask *him* to marry *her*. She knew all the inmost workings of that simple, loving heart, of that strange, affectionate nature. She loved the long silences and his strange absent wanderings; she loved the half pathetic expression of that noble face, his manner of playing with a cushion in his lap was sweet to her eyes; his way of shuffling his feet along the floor was (strange maiden) music to her ear.

She loved all these peculiarities because she loved him as he was, because he loved her as she was, because he was honest, sincere, simple, undefiled. But one thing she did not love, his reticence in asking her to marry him. All his life he had loved her, she was sure; more than three years, perhaps always, she had loved him, and yet no word—and, why?

Oh, well she knew that too! He wanted first to be independent; to own, without debt, his third of the little regular freighter which plied between Alcroft and the towns along the coast.

It was for her he wanted all this. And he could not realise—here is where the shoe pinched!—he could not realise that she loved him as he was. She did not want to see him one of those many money-mad demons, to have his simple nature spoiled and turned into a money-grasping capitalist. She did not want him mixing with all the sordid temptations of the cruel world. And yet, more and more, she could see his all-absorbing interest in money matters. Even now she could see slight dark circles under those dear eyes.

And had she not enough for both in *her* little farm? Had he not enough for both in *his* little farm? Then why should this steamer come

between them? What right had he to set his whole heart, almost his life ambition, on the free owning of a miserable steamer when it came between them in this manner? It was the one thing he owned which she came to hate. She could not hate his ambitions, for were they not, she fancied, however deplorable, part of his own sweet peculiarities?

But this steamer seemed to be apart, distinct, a thing luring him on, a wedge forcing its way, harder and harder, into their happiness. "Oh, I hate it!" her passion spoke aloud.

"What? You hate what, Maggie?"

"Did I speak, Don? I didn't know, but I was thinking of something unpleasant, though I know I shouldn't on such a lovely night."

"I think I'll do it next fall, Maggie, if freights come in good."

She knew he was speaking of that horrid steamboat, and, strange to say, the prospect of paying off this debt was not at all pleasing to her. She wished this thief to their happiness. This thing luring him on to a sordid life, wiped out of existence. Her little foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"What do you think you'll do next fall?" she asked petulantly.

Big Donald, having departed for a moment, came back with a start. "Next fall? Why, no, to-morrow, I think I'll have to put a new bulkhead in the barn to keep the calves separate somehow, and—I forgot to milk the cows to-night, Maggie; I never thought of it till now!"

He picked up his hat hurriedly.

Maggie was laughing. "Oh, you blessed innocent, do you really have to go?"

"Yes, yes."

She gave him again that soft, firm hand-shake, and he started down the walk, caught sight of his horse and carriage at the gate and turned back hurriedly.

"Maggie!"

"Yes, Don."

"I—I came over to take you for a

drive but I—well, I guess I forgot.” He looked crest-fallen.

“It’s all right, Don. I’ll go with you now and help milk the cows,” and, as she tripped away with him in the moonlight, the world seemed brighter for those two fond hearts.

As a bright thought flashed through Big Donald’s brain, it always went down in a little note-book to be compiled and used later to advantage. Thus, the next spring, approaching on his bicycle the bridge that spanned the little brook which divided his farm from Maggie’s, a brilliant idea flashed. One hand left the handle bars to get the note-book, the other to reach for the pencil. The front wheel, of course, turned, and all fell into the brook.

When he crawled out Maggie stood there laughing and yet with a troubled look in her pretty eyes, for was not this caused, indirectly it may be, by that horrid steamer? What business had Don’s body to be riding into town on a bicycle when his personality was following his steamer on her precarious journeyings? She saw with vexation the ever deepening shadows under those ever sharpening eyes, the ever increasing hollowness of those cheeks, and her heart sighed in her impotency.

“You look cross, Maggie, for all your laughing. What is it?”

“Don, why don’t you sell your share in that steamer?” She smiled, for the thought was a happy one.

“Sell it! Why I haven’t paid for it yet, but I’ll have it paid this fall, and then, Maggie, and then!” his eyes shone with a divine light.

“Then what?” craftily she led him on.

“Then!” he looked at her so tenderly, so lovingly, that she hadn’t the heart to press him and yet, in that moment, she might have won all had she tried.

She walked slowly back to the house and went into the little alcove where his presence always seemed to linger. She sat sideways on a chair and fold-

ed her arms on the back. She looked through the window at the harbour in the distance, then laid her head on her hands, and from her young heart came two tears that filled her eyes and flowed over. That fall! No, it might be five years, perhaps never. What chance had her Don against all those money sharks from whom he was being infected by that terrible disease called “lust of wealth”? What was it that brought those dark circles under his eyes? Was it not that nervous attention to his steamer and the eager greed of gain which, more and more, was beginning to possess him? And was it not taking her own lofty place in his heart? Oh, how she hated the whole thing! How happy she’d be if he’d give it all up! How much more suited to his simple nature would be the life on the farm where he need not change; where he might throw off that money lust and continue his own dear self!

That summer a new industry came to the little town. Business was brisk for the little steamer; freight piled up, money piled up, far surpassing all expectations, and Big Donald saw, in truth, his debts would be paid. But ambition held him in its iron grip. He would go on earning money! He would have a whole fleet of boats! He would be a power in the land and all this he would lay an offering at the feet of his beloved.

He thought of her sitting with her sewing in the cosy alcove off her sitting room; he thought of her, his wife, and of coming home to meals and being met by her glad smile and the firm pressure of her soft warm hand. Ah, he had dreams! They were rosy as he contemplated them.

Then he noticed his hands, thin and emaciated. He knew his health was failing; he knew he was becoming, save for his dreams, more and more miserable. Yes, this also he must lay before his beloved. He had an indistinct feeling that she would prefer him strong and well to all his wealth. Yet he must push on, there

was no other way—work and succeed!

One evening, down in the bare office where the steamer landed, his partner, George Nealon, sat with him going over accounts. The door opened sharply and Kenneth Townsend, the strong master partner, laid a paper on the desk.

"The last receipt; we have a clear title to her now, boys!"

The tone, sharp, clear, failed to send that thrill through Big Donald which he had anticipated. He was pleased, but not happy. He could bring Maggie wealth, but he must also bring a constitution on the verge of bankruptcy; yet he must speak, for that was the logical sequence.

There, where he had so sedulously worked for this stepping-stone to the consummation of his hopes, he sat, with his two partners and a friend, celebrating the event by playing "king pedro." This was the one thing which could have kept him from going straight to Maggie, as it was likewise the one thing which could keep his personality and his body together with certainty for any length of time.

The night was dark and still: no moon, no stars. On the wharf a dim light flashed here and there. In the office a kerosene lamp stood on the card-table. The luck had been against Big Donald and his partner, but it was changing; their opponents had bid and still held the king, the all-important card, but it was the last round, and Big Donald held the ace. His face was intensely serious, yet a

smile of coming victory hovered over the lips.

Rudely the door crashed open. A man burst in, then stopped, panting, while his lips quivered excitedly.

"What's the matter?" The two partners were on their feet in an instant.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh," panted the man.

"It's your play, Kenneth!" Big Donald hadn't lost his interest in the card game.

"She's wrecked! Sheer Cliff Point! Rocks!" he panted. "She's lying on the rocks with a bad list to starboard—going down."

The two partners made for the door. The murmur of excited voices grew dimmer and dimmer as they sped down the wharf for the boats and the wreck.

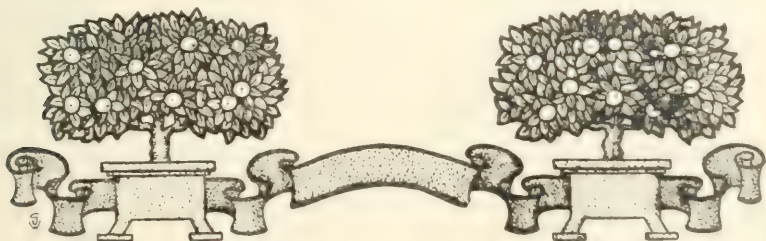
Big Donald, slowly realising the catastrophe, rose and wandered aimlessly out into the still night and the faint light of the scattered lamps. A soft warm hand slid silently into his, grasped it firmly, and drew him over to a packing case upon which they sat. Then slowly, silently, but with an inevitable force, there pervaded him an intense happiness.

"Do you think she is a total loss?" she asked.

"Yes, for the other fellows, but not for me, if— Will you marry me, Maggie?"

She placed her arms about his neck as he passed his about her waist; she laid her face to his while her tears wet his cheek.

"Yes, Don, and isn't it sweet to be poor again?"



GOLDWIN SMITH AT OXFORD

BY W. L. GRANT,

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OF OXFORD

FORTY-FOUR years ago Goldwin Smith resigned the Regius Professorship of Modern History in the University of Oxford; two years later he left England for the United States; though he has revisited and lectured in his old University, he has never since been in residence; yet Oxford memories of him are still vivid; he lives as Jowett and Newman live; as Stanley and Mansel do not. Of his Oxford life Canadians know little; he has been the stormy petrel of so many Canadian controversies that we have had scant leisure to consider his former days. That he was a prominent figure in the Oxford of the 'sixties we know; but of himself and of the Oxford in which he played his part our ideas are vague.

Goldwin Smith was born at Reading, in 1823, went to Eton, and in 1841, at the age of eighteen, came up to Christ Church, whence the offer of a Demyship, as the Scholarships at that College are called, soon took him to Magdalen. In 1845 he graduated as B.A. and two years later was made Stowell Fellow of University College. At that time classics and mathematics were the only subjects of study leading to a degree, and in classics he won great distinction. In 1842 he gained the Hertford Scholarship for proficiency in writing Latin prose, verse and translation. To this in 1845 he added the Ireland, still the blue ribbon of Oxford scholarship. In the same year he won the Chancel-

lor's prize for Latin verse, in 1846 the Chancellor's prize for a Latin essay, and in 1847 the same for an English essay, of which the subject was "The Political and Social Benefits of the Reformation in England," which ran into a second edition within the year.

From the first he made an impression. As a recent writer of memoirs says: "'Vastiest Goldwin,' as Rolleston always called him, towered above his fellows as undergraduate and bachelor. We all saw in him the coming man." As early as 1848, discussing a movement for improving the standard of lecturing within the University, Jowett mentions his attempt to induce Smith to give lectures, apparently in "Scholarship and Moral Philosophy." (Abbott and Campbell. *Life of Jowett*, Vol. 1, p. 193). Thus it was not remarkable that when in 1850 her many abuses compelled the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the University of Oxford he was appointed Assistant Secretary.

What was the state of the University in which he had passed his undergraduate days, which he loved so well, but which he was so zealous to reform? The intellectual ferment of the early Nineteenth Century had not left Oxford unaffected. The days were past, of which Gibbon tell in his autobiography, when the Fellows of Magdalen, refusing to take any interest in the undergradu-

ates, dozed over their port, and "by their deep but dull potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth." It was no longer possible to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts as John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, had done, as the result of a *viva voce* examination, on which the two questions asked him were, What is the meaning of the Hebrew word *Golgotha*? and Who was the founder of University College?

Early in the Nineteenth Century the Honour Schools of Classics and of Mathematics had been organised, and a degree with honours in these subjects implied real knowledge. But universities, unlike individuals, are rarely reformed from within, and such reforms as might have been effected were soon thrown into a corner by the rush and swirl of a great religious reaction. That the Oxford Movement did much for the Church of England even its bitterest opponents admit; but on secular education its influence was evil. "Newman's poetic version of mediæval religion, together with the spiritual graces of his style and his personal influence, for a time filled the imaginations and carried away the hearts of youth, while the seniors were absorbed in the theological controversy, renounced lay studies, and disdained educational duty except as it might afford opportunities of winning youthful souls to the Neo-Catholic faith." (G. Smith: Oxford and her Colleges, 1894). This reactionary tendency in matters academic was intensified when the collapse of the movement, at the secession of Newman, "cast the wrecks of her most gifted intellects on every shore." "When the head of Tractarianism, having gone over to Rome, was waiting anxiously, but in vain, for the tail to join it" (G. Smith: Essay on Pattison's Milton, p. 322), the control of Oxford religion, and with it of the University, swung over, not as might have been expected, either to the Liberals, the Evangelicals, or the Agnostics, but

to Doctor Pusey, who had held the rank and file of the Church to their allegiance in face of the shock of the apostasy of Newman; and Pusey was firm in his belief that the University must be maintained as a close preserve of the Establishment. Writing in 1894, Goldwin Smith conceives the whole later movement for reform to have grown out of Newmanism through a reaction:

"Newman's romantic picture of the mediæval Church carried away the young, who had before seen nothing but high and dry Anglicanism, with its social and political accompaniments. But Newmanism, though ecclesiastical and reactionary, was at the same time revolutionary in its way. It was a revolt against the old high and dry régime. It cut active minds loose from their traditional moorings and launched them on a sea of speculation over which they at last floated to a great diversity of havens. Nor was Newmanism politically conservative. On the contrary it sneered at conservatism, which was closely connected with Protestant orthodoxy, and a particular object of its hatred and contempt was Peel. Ward, if I remember rightly, professed himself a Radical. Then came the crisis, brought on by the condemnation of Ward, which was followed by the secession of Newman. Those who refused to leap recoiled more or less from the brink. Some of them, such as Mark Pattison, recoiled, as you know, the whole length of thorough-going Liberalism. They by degrees tacitly coalesced with the knot of original Liberals, though they were rather liable to mental irresolution, and to recurrences of ascetism in a new form.

"In some of us Liberalism soon took the practical shape of an effort to reform and emancipate the University, to strike off the fetters of mediæval statutes from it and from its Colleges, set it free from the predominance of ecclesiasticism, recall it to its proper work, and restore it to the nation.—(Life of Jowett, Vol. I., pp. 176-7).

Religious narrowness was not the only defect. The whole structure of the University was mediæval. Latin was the regular language of debate in Convocation, the Parliament of the University; English could be used only by grace of the audience, a grace sometimes denied by clerical reactionaries to the advocates of reform. Of

clerical and academic obscurantism the Colleges were the stronghold. Oxford is a federation of Colleges, which, though supposedly under the control of the University, had ever since the reorganisation by Archbishop Laud had complete control of Oxford teaching and of Oxford administration. The days of non-collegiate students were not yet, and no one could reside in either Oxford or Cambridge without belonging to a college. The University officials did little save draw their salaries and exact fees. The professors held their appointments as sinecures, or occasionally devoted themselves to research. "How often do you lecture?" one of them was asked by the Commission of 1877. "Once a term, but not every term," was the reply. Even if they wished to lecture, their lectures were of profit to no examinee, and an audience was often wanting.

College reform was even more needed than University reform. Most of the Fellows were in Holy Orders, and vowed to a celibacy from which they finally took refuge in a country living; no dissenter or agnostic could hold any position; as late as 1864 Goldwin Smith wrote that "many of the Fellows, a large majority of them indeed, are habitually non-resident, and merely draw their income." (A plea for the abolition of tests, p. 80). A few non-resident fellowships for a short term of years are not a bad thing in a university. Offered as prizes, they stimulate the enthusiasm of the undergraduate; carefully given, they may be used to further research, or to keep the university in touch with other classes in the community than pedants and school-masters. It is not without value to Oxford that Gladstone was a Fellow of All Souls. But no one can defend a system in which the fellowships were so numerous and so awarded that the greater part of the college revenue went to maintain third-rate absentees in idleness. The effects of this régime still remain. One Oxford College has since

1827 paid £200 a year to an absentee fellow whose existence has no justification outside itself. Another still suffers under the burden of a loan of over \$100,000, contracted in the agricultural depression of the 'sixties by the absentee fellows to keep their own salaries up to the proper level, for it must not be forgotten that absentees had the same right to vote in the College meetings as the residents. Nor were these positions awarded after open competition. Many were restricted to the descendants of the founder; others to boys from a particular school, or to the inhabitants of a particular English county, or even village. Others were coöpted or were in the gift of one or other College or University official, who was careful to look after his own. "I came here to vote for my old friend's son, and vote for him I shall, whatever the examiners may say," said a sturdy supporter of the old régime, when more modern methods were beginning to creep in. "I don't know what we are coming to," said Barnes, the Senior Canon of Christ Church. "I've given studentships to my sons, and to my nephews, and to my nephew's children, and there are no more of my family left. I shall have to give them by merit one of these days." [Tuckwell, p. 134.] Social gradations were strictly maintained, and what with Noblemen, Gentlemen Commoners, Commoners, Scholars, Grand Compounders, Sizars, Servitors, and I know not what beside, snobbishness was rife. The very poker-bearers, who still amuse the Canadian visitor as they strut in front of the Vice-Chancellor, were divided into Esquire Bedells and Yeoman Bedells. The three Esquire Bedells were Masters of Arts, and took the same pride in their office as do to-day Gold Stick in Waiting and Silver Stick in Waiting. They represented the three senior faculties of Law, Medicine, and Theology, and for some symbolic reason were paid different salaries for doing the same work. The office was

abolished by Doctor Pusey, who, however narrow his views on University organisation, was a stout foe of nepotism and jobbery. Loud were the wails of the last holder of the office, who saw in this "plan for getting a few hundreds a year to endow a professorship or two" a step "towards Americanising our Alma Mater." (G. V. Cox, *Reminiscences*, pp. 419, 421.)

Doubtless there is another side to the question. If most of the Common Rooms were filled with gentlemen who tarried long over their port, and veiled with a thin veneer of scholarship their ignorance of true education, Oriel can hardly have been a dull place when Arnold and Newman, or Balliol when Tait and Ward were the protagonists. These two colleges owed their superiority to having thrown their fellowships open to competition. Even in the others, a few tutors, and those usually the most brilliant, did their duty. Living before the days of organised athletics, the reading men probably worked harder, walked and talked more than they do now. The college system throws young men into such close contact that there can hardly be absolute torpor. As Carlyle says in his "Life of Sterling": "One benefit, not to be dissevered from the most obsolete university still frequented by young ingenuous living souls, is that of manifold collision and communication with the said young souls; which, to every one of these coevals, is undoubtedly the most important branch of breeding for him." Socially Oxford is probably less agreeable now than then. At its best the Common Room of the 'forties approached the ideal depicted by Tennyson:

"To take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life,"

—Lucretius.

An Oxford Common Room to-day is but a dull place, wherein over-worked tutors discuss the merits of

their pupils, or prattle scandal picked up from their wives. Then dinner was the event of the day; anecdotes were carefully treasured, epigrams carefully furbished; much as Oxford has gained since then as a seat of learning, she has lost something as a club.

From about 1834 on, the cry for reform grew loud. The dissenter clamoured for admission, science claimed to be recognised. The wise tutors, such as Jowett and Stanley, longed to make the University not the training ground for the faction of a sect, but the possession of the nation. This the High Church party resisted in the name of the sacredness of religion, and the still greater sacredness of the wishes of the pious founders. Their leader was Pusey, their guerilla chief Mansel, wit and metaphysician, fellow of Saint John's and Magdalen, afterwards Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Dean of Saint Paul's, who in 1850, in *Phrontisterion*, satirised the claims of the professors:

"Professors we,
From over the sea,
From the land where professors in plenty
be;
And we thrive and flourish, as well we
may,
In the land that produced one Kant with
a K
And many Cants with a C.
Where Hegel taught, to his profit and
fame,
That something and nothing were one and
the same;
The absolute difference never a jot being
'Twixt having and not having, being and
not being,
But wisely declined to extend his notion
To the finite relations of thalers and
groschen."

But the fact remained that close foundations had made Oxford education the laughing stock of Europe, and that the despised professor was one, if not the chief, element in the regeneration of Germany, and in 1850 a Royal Commission of investigation was appointed with A. P. Stanley, already well-known as an advocate of

reform, as its secretary, and with the more polemical Goldwin Smith as his assistant. The Commission left much undone; but it did much, and it gave the impulse to more. It did not make a university; but it made the colleges efficient, and paved the way for inter-collegiate coöperation. Close fellowships and local restrictions were almost wholly swept away, fellowships and scholarships were thrown open to public competition, professorships were revived, and colleges compelled to contribute to their maintenance. Science was introduced, and though long looked on with suspicion, has now grown to portentous size. While never abandoning the classics, Goldwin Smith had turned the main current of his thought to history, and his "statement on colleges and halls" which occupies eight pages of the report, is a model of lucid condensation.

What qualities had made this young man of twenty-seven already a leader in Oxford thought and life? Of striking personal appearance, of some independent means, a brilliant classic in a society in which the classics were still the indispensable outfit of a gentleman, he was already known when he took his degree. Of especial importance in the Oxford of that day were his gifts as a talker. Those who knew him then still tell of the urbanity of his conversation, an urbanity not without a grain of vinegar. His wonderful style, whether as writer or talker, which has been the envy of so many of us, he seems to have had from the first. "Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist" we may say of his earliest prize essay. He was a born phrase-maker. Early in his career came his description of the Hebdomadal Board which at that time controlled the University executive, as "an organised torpor," a description which extreme reformers apply to-day to its successor, the Hebdomadal Council. Though not robust, he was wiry, and very fond of riding. We may picture him to ourselves as Car-

lyle described the Cambridge Liberal of twenty years before: "A young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new, which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning without delay, and sweeping into their native chaos out of such a cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him could be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, to the gallant operator, in his part of it." (Carlyle, "John Sterling, chap. iv.) Goldwin Smith was always "a bonny fighter;" and he never concealed his opinion, or hesitated to take the unpopular side; but in his Oxford days he had a hope of victory, a buoyant confidence which he afterwards lost. To the last he had been the unwearied foe of sham and injustice; but in his later years we missed the trust in the result, the confidence that once made him feel that with free and unwearied allegiance to the God of truth a man might even in his own day bring the ideal within reach.

In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, an appointment to which the Commission had attached a fellowship at Oriel. His inaugural was a masterpiece, delivered with all his wonted elegance and urbanity. It is full of striking phrases, many of them as true and as needful for the Canada of to-day as for the Oxford of 1858. Yet his conception of the rôle of history in education is curiously humble. Doubtless he felt it incumbent on him to go delicately at a time when old-established classics and newly-admitted science alike looked askance at the

experiment of giving a degree in history alone. He describes his subject as well fitted to give some, if not the best, mental training to the wealthy and high-born, whose wealth and birth will make them the natural leaders of the country, but who shrink from the discipline of classics and philosophy. "History and its cognate subjects may not prove of as much intellectual power as the mixed philosophical and philological culture of the old classical school. If in them, as compared with severer studies, some concession is made to the comparative feebleness of the principle of industry in those who are not compelled to work for their bread with brain or hand, it is only a reasonable recognition of the facts of the case, to which all ideals of education, as of politics, must bend." But Goldwin Smith touches nothing from which he does not strike fire, and later on, when he pleads for the cause of religious and political liberty, he strikes a higher note. "True religion there cannot be where there is not free allegiance to the truth" is a lesson which some in Canada have yet to learn.

Though the Commission had revived the professorships, and though history had been made in 1853 a subject of examination leading to a degree, entire control of the undergraduate, and almost entire control of the teaching and lecturing, was still in the hands of the colleges. To this day the Oxford colleges tend to go on the principle of "keeping their ain guts for their ain sea-maws," and professors of European reputation are **much less sure of an audience** than is the college tutor who can be depended upon "to lecture for the schools," i.e., to give only such teaching as can be reproduced in tabloid form at examinations. Goldwin Smith's lectures often had an audience of no more than three or four, even though among his fellow professors his reputation was so great that one of them, finding that his own

lectures clashed with those of Smith, walked over to those of the Regius Professor at the head of his pupils. For one term at least he had a larger audience. Though no man has said harder things of the two senior estates of the realm, few have taken more pleasure in their society, and the following extract from Thompson's life of Dean Liddell of Christ Church, to which college the Prince of Wales, afterwards His Majesty King Edward, came up as an undergraduate in 1859, is interesting in more ways than one:

"He did not read for a degree, but he attended courses of lectures in history and kindred subjects. It may be permitted to describe one of these; a scene still imprinted on the memory. It was a private course given to the Prince by the Regius Professor of Modern History, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was then residing at New Inn Hall; and the lectures took place in the dining-room there. Nearly opposite to the Hall was an ancient gateway, belonging originally to Saint Mary's College, and at this time forming the carriage entrance to the Prince's residence. Through this gateway he would pass at the hour of lecture, and quickly cross over the street. He always wore a nobleman's cap and gown, and was attended by his tutor, Mr. Herbert Fisher, and by an equerry or sometimes his Governor, Colonel Bruce. He took a seat at one end of the room, with his tutor and equerry on either hand; and at the other end, nearest the fire, sat the professor. On the side by the windows was gathered a small and specially selected group of four or five Christ Church undergraduates, who had been invited to make an audience, and afford the Prince a sense of companionship. All took notes, as the lectures went on; and they were well deserving of the compliment. The text-book was the 'Annals of England,' and the professor began with the earliest times; and he would sit with one leg folded over the other, and talk delightfully, in his brilliant, epigrammatic style, about the various subjects which were suggested as page after page was turned." H. L. Thompson: "Life of H. G. Liddell." 1899, pp. 178-9).

Soon afterwards he moved from New Inn Hall to a house in Norham Gardens, just north of the parks. The only other house near was that of Commander Burrows, and the two

were known as Pass and Class (Pass and Honours). Here the timid professor, with a somewhat exaggerated sense of solitude, is said to have slept with a pistol beneath his pillow.

Many of his lectures were promptly printed, and so increased his fame throughout England that when he lectured in London or in Liverpool his audiences were large and enthusiastic; only by undergraduate Oxford, intent on degrees, was he not always appreciated. Of a lecture on Lord Chatham, delivered to a handful at Oxford and to a crowd at London, one of the handful thus recalls the beginning: "Burke tells us somewhere that even in the eighteenth century the Church of Rome upreared her mitred head in the palaces of kings. 'I was on the Lord's Day at Versailles,' says Horace Walpole, 'and there sat the King, leaning upon the shoulder of Du Barry. At her feet were gathered fifteen Bishops and Archbishops.' Thus it was that the Church of Rome upreared her mitred head at the Court of Louis XV." However well-fitted to attract attention, we cannot but feel that the mother of vinegar, borrowed from Swift, is beginning to spread somewhat dangerously. The spirit of truth is less manifest than the desire to score a point at all hazards.

But if never a scientific historian, always picturing history as the record of an Armageddon between clericalism and liberty, the acute, piercing, restless intellect, to which the work of rummaging amid dusty manuscripts was so distasteful, made him the prince of controversialists and of pamphleteers. In 1861 he got into a quarrel with his old opponent Mansel, who in 1858, in his Bampton lectures, delivered in the University Church, had sought to base Christianity on the philosophy of the unconditioned, which he had learned from Sir William Hamilton. The provinces of the human and Divine reason and morality are separate; knowledge of God can come only from His revela-

tion of Himself; therefore the arguments of the sceptic are vain; such was in effect the argument of Mansel. Smith showed that on such reasoning all religious argumentation was vain, and the lectures themselves superfluous. Mansel had undertaken to defend some of the actions imputed by the Old Testament to the Almighty by saying that "It is one thing to condemn a religion on account of the habitual observance of licentious or inhuman acts of worship, and another to pronounce judgment on isolated facts, historically recorded as having been done by Divine command, but not perpetuated in precepts for the imitation of posterity." "How," asks Smith, "but by transcending what he lays down as the limits of human thought, can he be assured that the difference between the Divine and the diabolical nature is this, that whereas the diabolical nature is habitually criminal, the Divine nature commits only isolated crimes?" Mansel, himself a wit and a pamphleteer, must have chuckled over this almost as much as its author.

In 1862-3 he engaged in a violent controversy with *The Times* and the Colonial Secretary on the subject of the colonies. His own letters, published in *The Daily News*, and afterwards reprinted under the title of "The Empire," may still be read with interest and profit, though his prophecies are as invariably wrong as his criticisms are pointed and just. A little later on he defended with splendid success the cause of the North in the American Civil War, in which the hardships of the Lancashire cotton-spinners, and the natural tendencies of a society still largely feudal, had tended to make England Southern in sympathy. Here the moral elevation of his character shone out; his pamphlets on the American Civil War show Goldwin Smith at his purest and his best. In 1867, just after resigning his professorship, he fell foul of Disraeli, with whom he had frequently tiffed, and apropos of the Treaty

of Utrecht went a little out of his way to say that "The natural alliance between politicians of easy virtue and intriguing ecclesiastics did not begin or end with Bolingbroke and Atterbury." Disraeli bided his time, and in due course took a terrible revenge.

But his greatest controversy was with the Oxford clericals. Whether because they felt that the time was not ripe, or because most of them were ecclesiastics, the Commissioners of 1850 had left the question of tests pretty much alone. The Act of 1854, passed on their recommendation, had indeed done away with tests at matriculation, and for the degree of B.A. in arts, law and medicine. But fellowships, professorships, the higher degrees, and thereby all share in college or university government were still restricted to those who had signed both the thirty-nine articles, and the three articles of the thirty-sixth canon. To many this did not seem unfair. In 1863 Gladstone said in the House of Commons that "it was a fair and just demand of the Church of England that the governing body in her university and her colleges should be composed of her members." But the exclusion of Non-Conformists was perhaps the least of the evils of the test. To all thinking young men there comes a time when the old formulas prove inadequate, when the soul is thrown back upon itself, a time of questioning and striving and agony of soul, a time from which many emerge with faith purified and strengthened, but which for the moment leaves them struggling on what seems a shoreless sea. In most of us this time coincides roughly with the age at which we take our B.A. degree. Thus just when the soul of the student was in its deepest perplexity, just when all formulas seemed to him false and

vain, he was forced, if he wished academic preferment, to sign articles drawn up at a time of bitter ecclesiastical strife, and containing hundreds of positive statements on all the most disputed points of religion. Small wonder that, as Osborne Morgan said in the House of Commons in 1869, the tests "excluded conscientious and high-minded men, and were disregarded by those who preferred their prospects to their principles." What was more, the tests were used by the still triumphant clerical party as weapons against their opponents. In 1855 the heresy-hunters forced the Vice-Chancellor to compel Jowett to re-sign the articles, and though he did it with a characteristic jest, saying merely: "Oh, yes, if you'll give me a little ink," none the less the insult rankled. Three years later Jowett wrote bitterly to his friend Stanley of "this abominable system of terrorism, which prevents the statement of the plainest facts, and makes true theology or theological education impossible." (Life, p. 114).

Of this system, "exterminating as Islam," as he wrote in 1866, Goldwin Smith was the unwearied foe. The final abolition of the tests did not come till 1871, when Mr. Gladstone extemporised a life-long conviction in its favour; but no one did more to make it a living issue than did Smith.* In 1864 the question was discussed at large public meetings in Liverpool and in London. Among the chief speakers were Smith and Mr. (now the Right Honourable) James Bryce. In the same year Smith published his "Plea for the Abolition of Tests," from which I have already quoted. On the iniquity of the system he heaps mingled scorn, indignation and ridicule. "If we were not made callous by official custom and party casuistry, should we fail to perceive that no

*The abolition of tests, and the general increase in efficiency, has led to a corresponding increase in the number of the undergraduates. In 1860 there were about 1,600; in 1874 about 2,500; there are now about 3,500. Magdalen, when Goldwin Smith came up, had forty undergraduates, "mostly prefligates," he has been heard to say; it has now over 140.

imaginable sin against the God of truth can be greater or more deadly than that of deliberately corrupting the spirit of truth in a young heart?" Of the forcing of Jowett to re-sign the articles he says: "Nobody supposes that the suspected person is at all better affected to the doctrines of the articles after repeating his subscription than he was before. Nobody feels that any further assurance of his orthodoxy has really been given to any human being. Persecution, and attempts to drive the supposed heretic from the University by insult and prejudice, go on after the pretended act of satisfaction, just as they did before. One object only has been attained, the open humiliation of an opponent. This interpretation, and this interpretation alone, is put upon the proceeding on all hands; and whether the feeling produced in the minds of the beholders is that of malignant exultation, or of disgust, the effect on the interests of religion is the same. . . .

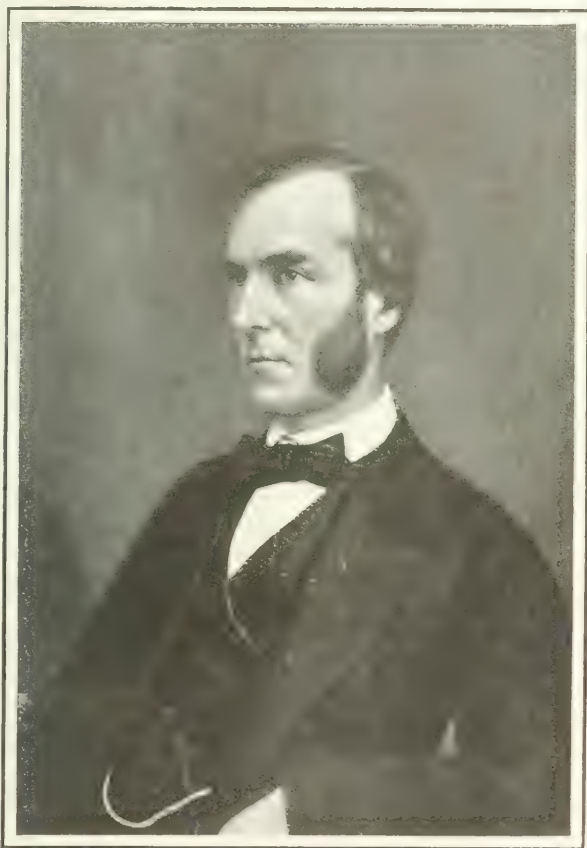
Oxford, with her closed degrees, and her open libraries and book-shops, is a city with strongly fortified gates, but with no walls." Here and there the passion of the rhetorician masters him. In cold blood he would not have described Charles II. as "a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of a superstition." With all his faults Charles II. died like a gentleman. It is the vice of the pamphleteer to read into the facts just a little more than they will bear, and from this vice Goldwin Smith has never been wholly free. But his pamphlet remains a noble piece of rhetoric, a nineteenth century Areopagitica. In the very year in which he wrote, the acquittal by Lord Westbury of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" marked the turn of the tide, an acquittal which so angered the saintly Pusey that he declared his only consolation to be that the

Lord Chancellor would one day feel what was meant by eternal punishment.

In 1866 Smith suddenly resigned his professorship, and two years later accepted a position at Cornell. His last official act before leaving Oxford was an act of mercy. The undergraduates of University College were at the time a riotous set, whose career of indiscipline had culminated in screwing up in his rooms an unpopular fellow of the College. The work was done with coffin-screws, and so effectually that the prisoner had to call in the local locksmith to effect his release. The culprits refused to confess, and the fellows took the drastic step of "sending down," *i.e.*, of expelling, the whole college. In consternation, a deputation of the undergraduates waited on Goldwin Smith and urged him to plead their cause. This he did, and in deference to the parting genius the penalty was remitted.

The reasons which led to his resignation have never been divulged. He may have longed for a country not encumbered by tests and aristocracies; may have longed to see the young democracy at close hand, perhaps not without a hope that he might mould its education to his will. To his brilliant, hectic, impulsive mind such a thought was likely to come. Whatever his reasons, it was a great mistake. The happiest years of his life were spent in Oxford. He had understood her, and she had understood him. The crude, raw, strenuous democracy of the United States and of Canada he never wholly understood. He came to us a great Oxford Don, and a great Oxford Don he has remained.

One reason which I have heard given for his retirement to the United States may be set aside. It is that he was driven out of England by the attack of Disraeli in "Lothair." Disraeli had been biding his time, and with Semitic malice introduced into "Lothair" an Oxford professor, de-



From an engraving by George E. P.

GOLDWIN SMITH,
AS HE APPEARED WHEN
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

scribed in words full of those half-truths which bite like an acid:

"The Oxford Professor, who was the guest of the American Colonel, was quite a young man, of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social and political. He was clever, extremely well-informed, so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by that limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person one would have expected to recognise in an Oxford professor; but we live in an age of transition.

"A Parisian man of science, who had passed his life in alternately fighting at barricades and discovering planets, had given Colonel Campian, who had lived much in the French capital, a letter of introduction to the Professor, whose invectives against the principles of English society were hailed by foreigners as representative of the sentiments of venerable Oxford. The Professor, who was not satisfied with his home career, and, like many men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity which the New World, they think, can alone realise, was very glad to make the Colonel's acquaintance, which might facilitate his future movements. So he had lionised the distinguished visitors during the last few days over the University; and had availed himself of plenteous opportunities for exhibiting to them his celebrated powers of exposition, his talent for sar-

casm, which he deemed peerless, and several highly finished picturesque passages, which were introduced with extemporary art.

"The Professor was much surprised when he saw Lothair enter the saloon at the hotel. He was the last person in Oxford whom he expected to encounter. Like sedentary men of extreme opinions, he was a social parasite, and instead of indulging in his usual invectives against peers and princes, finding himself unexpectedly about to dine with one of that class, he was content to dazzle and amuse him." (Disraeli, "Lothair," chap. XXIV.)

Goldwin Smith, who had all the sensitiveness of a man bred in the Common Room, must have felt a sting in every word. Only the master of satire can feel its full force in the hand of an opponent. But the attack cannot have driven him out of England, for the good reason that while he left England in 1868. "Lothair" was not published till 1870.

But we must not leave Goldwin Smith with the arrow of the bravo in his side. One who sees how much he did for Oxford at a time when her freedom was in peril will rather apply to him the words in which a greater Jew than Disraeli wrote his own epitaph. He was, like Heine, "a noble soldier in the liberation-war of humanity."





MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AT HIS DESK

GOLDWIN SMITH IN CANADA

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

BEING once asked by a newspaper interviewer if the report were true that he had promised to bequeath his brain to a Cornell professor, Mr. Goldwin Smith replied smilingly that he had no objection to the University acquiring it "when I am done with it." This wonderful mechanism worked unceasingly for nearly three-quarters of a century. Its vitality scarcely flagged until the very last. Mental powers of unusual vividness and tenacity devoted themselves, almost exclusively, to literary work. In youth delicate, he built up his constitution by out-door exercise. He avoided over-study, and the brain re-

warded its possessor for the care by a long period of productivity.

When he arrived in Canada the new Dominion was in the early and troubled stage of its childhood. Political conditions were unstable. It was the era of experiment. Canadians themselves were uncertain of the future. The idea of a state of independence within the Empire was scarcely grasped even by British statesmen. Such a situation appealed to a mind with a natural bent toward journalism. Goldwin Smith's literary gifts had as yet produced little of a permanent character. The Oxford lectures and the controversial pamphlets

and letters respecting the American Civil War sufficiently indicated the possession of intellectual insight and brilliancy of style. Candid friends had urged him to write books. Addressing the Canadian Press Association, he replied, with gentle satire, to this proposal: "It is perfectly true that the works of a journalist are ephemeral: they go into the nether world of old files and are forgotten. But does not the same fate befall a good many books? Look at the back

graphical vein, he dealt also with his own ambitions: "I suppose it may be true that as a student I did set out in life to write a book. I suppose that was my manifest destiny, but like other manifest destinies it was not fulfilled. I was taken away from my college early in life, became mixed up with public men, and was at length drawn into the press. So I became a journalist, and a journalist I have remained; though I came to Canada not with the slightest intention of going



MR. GOLDWIN SMITH. ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF "THE GRANGE"

shelves of any great library. What a necropolis of the immortals is there. There, amidst inviolate dust and cobwebs which are never disturbed, sleep great masters of the civil law who were once as gods for their wisdom. There sleep the authors of many a system of philosophy which now has no disciples. There sleep the authors of many a system of science which has been superseded a hundred times by the advance of modern thought."

On this occasion, in an autobio-

on the press, least of all on the political press, which for some time, in fact, I then steadfastly eschewed. I thought only of making a home for myself among my relatives; but I was drawn in by the current of national life which began to flow after Confederation in the intellectual as well as in the political sphere." The temptation being too strong to resist, Goldwin Smith joined the school of honest doubters who questioned the permanence of the new



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF "THE GRANDE"



THE HALLWAY OF "THE GRANDE"

constitution. Like Sir Alexander Galt he advocated independence at first and thus drew upon himself the wrath of George Brown and other fathers of Confederation who resented an effort to destroy a movement which they had carried to success after immense personal sacrifice. He was one of the writers for *The Nation*, the independent Liberal paper which looked to

donald, who, being in Opposition, welcomed recruits from any quarter. About this time he wrote for *The Fortnightly Review* the famous article on "manifest destiny" which created such a stir. If his independence views aroused criticism, the prediction that Canada was bound in time to join the American Republic evoked a stronger feeling. At the outset, no



MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AT THE ENTRANCE TO "THE GRANGE"

Mr. Blake as its leader rather than to the somewhat rigid domination of Mr. Brown and *The Globe*. He wrote also many articles for *The Canadian Monthly*, and kept up his connection with the periodical press of England and the United States.

As the years went on, he drifted away from the Liberals, and began to associate himself with Sir John Mac-

doubt, he intended his opinions to be considered in the academic sense, with the realisation remote. But bitter opposition strengthens the beliefs of an independent man. These views were not uncommon. They had been widely held in England prior to Confederation. The Colonial Office, when the Union measure was being framed in London, wondered why the colonial



"THE GRANGE": A SIDE VIEW



THE LIBRARY OF "THE GRANGE"



THE DINING-ROOM OF "THE GRANGE"



THE GOLDWIN SMITH HALL, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

statesmen wanted to make two bites of the cherry. Gladstone had written to Mr. Smith, at the close of the American war, suggesting the cession of Canada as the price of peace. The letter was prudently suppressed, but to suppose that Goldwin Smith originated the policy of annexation, or even that he was its chief protagonist, is an error. For the time being his relations with the Canadian Conservatives continued unimpaired. Although never what is termed an active party politician, he came, on this occasion, very near to being one. He appeared on the hustings in a constituency close to Toronto, in support of a Conservative candidate and defended proposals to raise the tariff. Later on in *The Bystander* he pronounced upon the National Policy, not a benediction, but at least a very charitable judgment. That he modified this opinion later on is well known.

From this period of his life to its close he wrote fearlessly on every political question, always with the air of authority and with the distinction of style that commanded attention. It became necessary for a

student of affairs to read his writings, enriched as they were with a wealth of knowledge and experience. Whether you agreed by his conclusions or not, he represented journalistic criticism upon current events in its most telling and valuable form. A Canadian felt obliged to keep a vigilant eye upon all his comments. The aloofness of his point of view was of importance. No one bent upon honest investigation in the domain of political thought would dream of tossing aside an essay from his pen simply because the arguments were unacceptable or the treatment partisan. You had to read him or you were not fully informed in contemporary controversy. To keep abreast of his literary activities was a tax in itself. A London editor, Sir Robertson Nicoll, declared a few years ago that no writer of note was so hard to track down. He wrote in newspapers, in magazines, and in reviews—English, Canadian, and American. He wrote books and republished, in book form, fugitive essays and lectures. The place of publication would be London one year, New York the year after, and

adverted before." Because the future necessary for the
 adoption of any policy is not possible with a government the
 members of which hold their office by the brief tenure and
 must be always thinking of re-election. The occurrence of
 the present crisis in our fortunes may be salutary if
 it practically impresses on us the necessity of exchanging
 the present ^{expert, stable,} liberal system for an expert, stable and really
 responsible government.

Goldwin Smith

Toronto the next. No special effort to have his literary product widely noticed in the press seems to have been made. If the reviewers happened to be indifferent, the author seemed equally so. He seldom referred in one article to previous assertions of his own. His style was almost uniformly impersonal. He possessed also the journalistic habit of considering the day's programme complete in itself. In consequence, if you desired to pursue him through the mazes of his literary meanderings you were forced to follow faithfully the periodical press and certain leading newspapers of three countries. I missed for some time—because it appeared in an unexpected quarter—one of the most interesting of his many articles, the defence of England's attitude toward the North in the Civil War.

Debarred by his own inclinations from party politics in Canada, Mr. Smith began to take up the more serious tasks of authorship. It is probable that no one except Mr. Arnold Haultain, his secretary and literary executor, could furnish a complete bibliography. The difficulty of tracing all his publications would, for the reasons already given, be enormous. He had sixty years of active literary life, and the range of subjects covered was large. As is inevitable in journalism, many matters dealt with were ephemeral and soon dropped out of sight. Without my having made any special effort to collect his books, there are on the table beside me thirteen volumes and some pamphlets. During his residence in England he published his lectures on history, a little book on Ireland (which he expanded in 1905 into "Irish History and the Irish Question"), the "Three English Statesmen," and the contributions, in the form of booklets or pamphlets, to the defence of the North in the Civil War. The Peel papers were entrusted to him in the hope that he would write the biography. This task he unfor-

tunately declined, and we have no adequate life of Peel to this day.

Mr. Goldwin Smith became Professor of History at Cornell in 1869 and for two years held that post, removing to Toronto in 1871. During the ensuing years he devoted himself to Canadian problems, helped to found the old *Canadian Monthly*, and wrote for the second number (March, 1872) an article on the downfall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government in the Ontario Legislature. This was signed "A Bystander" and was, as far as I know, the first use of the literary pseudonym which he maintained to the end of his days. He was a regular contributor to the *Monthly*, while it lasted, and in 1880 produced *The Bystander*, a periodical written entirely by himself. In 1884 he founded *The Week*, and in recent years had been the mainstay of *The Weekly Sun*. In 1881 there appeared a volume of his essays and lectures selected from various quarters and exhibiting the diversity of talent and intellectual energy which indicate how impossible it is to make a full chronicle of his writings. This was printed for private circulation only, as were several other works of his. He was the author of three biographies, "Cowper" (in the English Men of Letters series), "Jane Austen," and "William Lloyd Garrison." "Canada and the Canadian Question," published in 1891, was one outcome of active participation in the movement known as Commercial Union, a highly controversial subject, and one which aroused much of the criticism that centred about him for several years. It was mainly a narrative of political events, a form of effort which seems to have been peculiarly congenial, for his histories of the United States and Great Britain are similar in character. "The United States; An Outline of Political History" was published in 1893 and is, from some points of view, considered the most valuable, as it is the most attractive, of his books. Certainly no Canadian who desires to

have on this theme the judgment of a competent critic, who was at least not prejudiced against the Republic, can afford to leave it unread.

Of "The United Kingdom; a Political History" produced in 1899 he himself said that it was "performed by the hand of extreme old age," although it betrays no sign of failing powers. It is a striking proof of vigorous intellect at the age of seventy-six. Mr. Smith was fond of small books, embodying in a condensed form the conclusions he had reached after years of reflection and experience. To this partiality were due: "A Trip to England," "A Memory of Gladstone," "In the Court of History," "Revolution or Progress," "Commonwealth or Empire," "Labour and Capital" and several others. A word must be said upon his share in religious controversy. This seems to have begun in 1861 when he wrote "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections" and in recent years "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" drew him into the stormy sea of theological polemics. Many of his disquisitions on this matter were contributed to the *New York Sun*.

That he desired to do for education in Canada what ripe scholarship and an Oxford experience could do was shown from the first years of his residence here. He became a member of the old advisory committee which aided the Government in administering the state system of schools, and was once, I believe, elected by the teachers to be the President of their Provincial Association. He delivered a course of lectures at McGill University, Montreal, but his chief interest lay always with the Ontario system, especially with the colleges. The pages of *The Bystander* exhibit his keenness for university consolidation. If he did not originate federation, he was a pioneer in the movement. First in an address at Trinity

and afterwards in frequent discussions with the promoters of union he urged a combination of forces in order to give the Province one really strong university. But he was not a member of the original conference summoned by the Ontario Government, and there is ground to suppose that he felt the omission to enlist his services in behalf of a cause which he had deeply at heart. In 1905 when Sir James Whitney appointed the Commission to re-cast the constitution of the University of Toronto, Goldwin Smith was eighty. On the score of declining health he refused the chairmanship, but displayed great energy in attending the meetings and taking part in the discussions. By his invitation the Commission held all its regular meetings at *The Grange*. In the dining-room of the historical mansion the findings of the Commission were drawn up, and in the library the final report was signed. The report bears evidence, in more than one place, of his literary skill and the concluding paragraph, at the request of his fellow-members, was written by himself. In the lucid and direct style of which he was a master, a statement of the spirit and work of the Commission does not occupy more than a few sentences.

What place, some will ask, may we expect posterity to assign to the labours of Goldwin Smith? It would be presumptuous in me to attempt a reply. In his historical writings there is no ground which he made exclusively his own, and to his comments on current events the future students of our history, more than any other persons, will be apt to refer. This is the fate of even the best journalistic writings, which, to quote again his own phrase, "go into the nether world of old files." There we may be sure they will often be consulted by those who write the history of our times.

THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

ACT II.

"MAN MADE THE CITY."

Time: In the afternoon—two years later.

Scene: Library of Mrs. Tupper's Fifth Avenue home. The room is a beautiful one, but obviously overfurnished. A heavily carved rosewood writing table standing in the centre. On this a desk telephone, metal desk ornaments, statuettes and French silver vases of cut flowers increase the impression of overlavish and over-luxurious environment. Mr. Slater and Mrs. Tupper are discovered, facing each other.

Slater. It's not often I find my authors in such gilded cages.

Mrs. T. [*Shaking box of chocolates.*] This had to be a gilded cage, or the bird wouldn't have come to it. We actually fought over Helen Rider like hens over a worm.

Slater. She came to very beautiful surroundings.

Mrs. T. Yes; and took to 'em like a duck to water. Poor Ezra fitted this study up for me after the Coffee Importers' Annual printed my poem on Motherhood. [*Slater coughs.*] No, Ezra wasn't literary. He said most literary people made him nutty. But he was always so proud of my creating. He'd always ask for that little thing of mine on Motherhood as soon as he'd got into his house-coat. Then he'd sit and read it by the hour, over

and over; and say it was our child, our Soul Child.

Slater. [*Wincing.*] I never thought of you as an author, Mrs. Tupper.

Mrs. T. I've found I can write only at the rare moment. I must have orchids in front of me; and my thoughts come so much clearer if I've eaten a *café parfait*.

Slater. I wish orchids and *café parfaits* would have the same effect on Miss Rider. Has she never intimated when I'm to get that second book of hers?

Mrs. T. She always seems to be working on that second book, and worrying over it, and never getting it done. But she tells me precious little about her work. She hates to talk about it. When I had her come here I thought she'd be such a help to me in my creating. But I certainly picked a lemon. I might as well have given my rooms to a crystal-gazer. [*Wistfully.*] And poor dear Ezra did want me to restore the spirit of the French *salon*.

Slater. Yes, I find the world divided into two classes: those who *can* write, and won't, and those who *can't* write, and want to. Candidly, what's been the trouble with Miss Rider?

Mrs. T. Don't ask *me!* But the way that woman rides my horses when she gets one of her blue days is enough to drive me back to Spirit-Rapping. She's always on the go, as though she's

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afraid to stop long enough to remember things. It's teas here and receptions there, and chocolataires and invitation-lectures somewhere else, and patroness for this and that, until I feel I was housekeeper for a canary-bird with St. Vitus dance.

Slater. Ah, but don't you find her rather bright?

Mrs. T. Yes, she's bright enough. That's why I've got to take her to Florida with me. Those Palm Beach snobs won't even bite at a good dinner, nowadays, unless you can bait it with a celebrity or two. Oh, she's clever enough; but I must say I always felt her best things were rehashed from that book of hers. And it doesn't thrill me any more to see a real novelist wearing my Worth opera cloak to the Metropolitan.

Slater. I remember when she came to me with her first book two years ago. I couldn't say she was exactly a country girl, not exactly awkward, you know. But she was different, very different. She actually begged me to put a man's name on her title-page. Nothing but shyness—dread of publicity.

Mrs. T. [*Sniffs.*] Most people say its startlingly like a man's book.

Slater. Precisely. That's the point. It's so virile, so strong. With a man's name it would have been—well, not commonplace; no one could call *Smoking Torches* commonplace, but I saw from the first how the combination of that book and Helen Rider herself, with her youth, her freshness, would be a seven days' wonder, a novelty.

Mrs. T. Yes, I've seen her pictures on everything from the cobblestones to the magazine covers.

Slater. [*Ignoring interruption.*] That's what struck me when I first went through those wonderful pages of hers, so mature, so mordant, so vigorous! [*Slyly.*] I actually tried to trip her up on the text, as it were. But she knew it, every chapter, every line, word for word. [*Wilson enters and announces "Mr. Whitgreave."*

Paul enters, dreamily abstracted, carrying book-mss. wrapped up, under his arm. He shakes hands with Mrs. Tupper, absently.

Paul. Is Helen in? [*His directness is almost child-like.*]

Mrs. T. This is one of her blue days again. That means she's been out all day—riding in the Park all morning, lunching at the Plaza, and giving a reading this afternoon for the Bide-a-Wee Home. Mr. Slater, this is Mr. Whitgreave, Paul Whitgreave. [*Confidentially.*] He's the nephew of the Earl of Aburthnott, you know. [*Aloud.*] The laziest boy who ever came over from Oxford, but he writes beautifully, just beautifully.

Slater. Glad to know you, Mr. Whitgreave. I suppose you're one of us—one of the two hundred thousand who've read Helen Rider?

Paul. [*Diffidently.*] Like all lazy men, I have a great admiration for people who do things; so I must be one of you.

Slater. Ah, then you've read *Smoking Torches*?

Paul. [*Examining book-shelves.*] Three times, in fact.

Tupper. [*At window.*] That's the car now.

Slater. By the way, I'd like to get a photo of Miss Rider and the car. Good advertising! And our house always pushes its authors. The imprint of Slater & Slater means success. And before we get through we intend to make the name of Rider a household word.

Paul. Like Sapolio? [*Enter Helen Rider, Buoyant, yet forces gaiety; handsomely gowned.*]

Helen. Oh, here you all are, clever people trying to kill the worm of ennui. [*She nods to Mrs. Tupper, shakes hands with Paul. As she turns to Slater her face changes. Forces laugh.*] I broke the speed law to get here from the Astor. They say the way of the transgressor's hard, but he gets even by being able to afford pneumatic tires. [*To Paul, who*

always eagerly watches her.] And Paul, we were talking about you. When the Princess Trubetskii asked if you were a genius, somebody said genius was the faculty of having faith in everything, *especially oneself.*

Slater. [Pompously.] Genius, I understood, was the capacity of taking pains.

Helen. After meeting so many of them I'm beginning to think it's the capacity of *giving pains.* [*Laughs.*] That doesn't mean you, Paul; you're too nice to be a genius. But what do you suppose? John Burke's come back to New York. He was in line with all those delightful queer people who insist on shaking hands with you because your picture's been pasted on the ash-barrels. He said he'd been scouring New York to get trace of me—and me a celebrity!

Paul. [Disturbed.] Who's John Burke?

Helen [More seriously.] He used to be a friend of mine out West—a very good friend, a very close friend. [*Facetious again.*] But dear-o-dear-o-me, how old friends drift apart in this world! And don't you hate to have old friends come and tell you that you've changed? That means I've got to have all the pink shades on before he comes.

Slater. [Who has been fidgetting.] Really, I must be off. I'll drop in later, Miss Rider, when I can see you alone. [*Solemnly.*] We've only three weeks left, three weeks.

Helen. Is it that bad?

Slater. I don't want to crowd you, but this second book of yours is already announced.

Helen. Yes—I must get at it.

Slater. [Sadly.] This will make the third postponement, you know.

Helen. A book in the hand's worth two in the head, isn't it? I suppose authors are really as hard to handle as melons and bananas and things; they have to be picked green and humored and kept warm and marketed at just the right moment.

Slater. [Taking up hat.] Well, the moment's ripe, you know. Good afternoon.

Mrs. T. To think of having a publisher begging you for a book. That'd be the millennium to me. It'd seem like heaven. [*Exit Mrs. Tupper with Slater.*]

Helen. Like heaven! Then, as my uncle Daniel used to say, I'll choose heaven for climate and—er—hell for society. Paul, do you know what my idea of Paradise really is? It's a big open fire where you can watch publishers broiling and toasting to the sound of trumpets.

Paul. You are awfully clever.

Helen. I'm only frightened. Every woman's clever when she's frightened. She has to be. Ugh! I feel exactly like Cinderella waiting for that awful stroke of twelve.

Paul. But you see how we'd all like to be in your shoes.

Helen. They're not very comfortable shoes, I'm afraid. Blue-stockings never do get into very comfortable shoes.

Paul. But I could never imagine a blue- stocking wearing a Paquin gown.

Helen. [Unwrapping parcel he has handed her.] Is this your novel at last?

Paul. It was mine once, before I chucked it.

Helen. Chucked it, why?

Paul. It turned out so confoundedly yellow. I was ashamed of it.

Helen. [Examining pages.] The Chain Gall—A Novel. Why, it hasn't got your name on it!

Paul. I'd be ashamed to put my name to such a thing. I've grown past it. You must read it now as though it were written by somebody that's dead.

Helen. [With a start.] By somebody that's dead!

Paul. One of my dead selves, if you can call it that. And I'm jolly well glad that part of me is dead.

Helen. Parts of us *can* die, can't they? I feel exactly as this city would

if somebody came and carried off its Central Park—all asphalt and stone and brick?

Paul. Don't you know what you need, Helen? You need love. You can't live without love. You were made for it. Every glance of your eye, every line of your face, is a pleading for love. Every smile of your lips, every rise and fall of your bosom, is a call for love. You can't escape it if you want to. You can't steal it out of your heart. You are love-hungry. You must love and be loved, whether you want to or not. You are only the torch-bearer of a passion that is as old as the world.

Helen. [*Studying him.*] You see you're going back to your poetry again.. My dear boy, you might as well try to melt a glacier with the flame of a wax candle as turn the head woman.

Helen. That's what Mr. Slater's just been insinuating!

Paul. I love you—I—

Helen. Paul, I always want to be honest and open with you, because I think you're honest and open by nature. It's your honesty that's always appealed to me, that's made me trust you, that's almost made me depend on you.

Paul. That's all I want—your trust. Let me help you: let me work for you. Then the rest will come—I know it will. Here's Slater bullying you for this book. If we're going to be a month in Florida with Mrs. Tupper, why can't we spend that month working on your book?

Helen. But that's exactly what I'm running away from—from books and worry and everything this place of stone and steel has made of me. I think that's why John Burke said I'd changed so much.

Paul. But why couldn't you let me do your fighting for you? You weren't made for fighting. You were made for love, to be loved.

Helen. And lie like a seed-oyster in a river-bed and have some watery

emotion bring me everything—food and drink and air and life?

Paul. No; that's not like you. That sounds *hard*.

Helen. Life makes us hard.

Paul. Then we need love more than ever to redeem it. And you know I love you.

Helen. Foolish boy!

Paul. Love is never foolish.

Helen. Yes, it is, Paul. I've caught sight of it in the parks. It's terribly foolish, sometimes. [*Seriously.*] Have you ever thought you were in love, Paul?

Paul. I thought I was, once, with a girl at home. But when I met you I knew it wasn't love, real love. Not a man's love.

Helen. You dear foolish boy.

Paul. Boy?

Helen. Yes, boy. But even boys mustn't talk that way to a woman when she's tired and lonely—and desperate.

Paul. But I have a right to, just as I've a right to protect you.

Helen. Paul, how old are you?

Paul. Twenty-two.

Helen. And I am twenty-five.

Paul. What difference does that make—three years?

Helen. The difference is on the wrong side, that's all. And now I'm in "Who's Who," they'll never never let me drop a year out.

Paul. But that doesn't count. All I know is that I love you. [*She shrinks back a little as he draws nearer.*]

Helen. I shouldn't let you say that.

Paul. Helen, you're tired of books and authors and all that. Why can't you marry me—why can't we go home to England and be happy together?

Helen. And live on Devonshire cream and kisses!

Paul. I've two hundred pounds a year.

Helen. My dear boy, one gown like this would gobble up half your income and my cab bills would take the rest. No, you'll go back to England and

marry that nice girl and be happy ever afterwards.

Paul. I couldn't go back. I love you.

Helen. It's a wonderful thing, Paul, to have a good man, a truthful man, say he loves you. It's a wonderful thing to a woman.

Paul. Then you could learn to care? [*Noticing her flinch.*] Helen, is there anyone who stands between us?

Helen. [*After pause.*] No.

Paul. Then why are you almost afraid of me, like this?

Helen. I'm not afraid of you. I'm afraid of your ideals. How would you feel if I wasn't what you'd taken me for? If I'd done things that would hurt and disappoint you?

Paul. I'd be glad of it—glad of something for a test. Yes, a test. That's why I want you to let me help you on this book, help you always, in everything, in all your work.

Helen. And we'll go on and on, year after year, writing big books and growing old and illustrious and trying to live up to our early photographs—for a photograph's harder to live up to, with a woman, than a reputation. Ugh!

Paul. But don't you glory in your work—aren't you proud of it?

Helen. [*With sudden bitterness.*] No! I hate it! I hate everything it's brought.

Paul. [*Studying her, in amazement.*] But don't you intend to finish this second book of yours?

Helen. Yes, I've promised Mr. Slater. I'm under obligations to him—he's even advanced me money on it. It must be written, in some way. [*Rebelligiously.*] But it only gets harder and harder. Oh, I feel as though I were being crowded and cramped up into a corner, closer and closer. [*Desperately.*] I feel that I've got to have open spaces again, air and room to breathe in, to move about in!

Paul. I'm glad you say that—I'm glad. It shows you need help—that I can help you. You say it's all up-hill

work, that you can't advance. But two together, in double harness, that would make it easy.

Helen. But Paul, I couldn't use you. I couldn't—

Paul. [*Quickly.*] But I'd be glad to do it—I'd glory in it.

Helen. [*Studying him detached.*] And you think it would be fair to you?

Paul. But if we were partners in this, surely in time we could be partners in—in other things. Work and love—they're the only two big things in life.

Helen. But this would be tying me to you. I'd feel, then, that I ought— [*Wilson enters and announces "Mr. Burke to see you, Miss."*]

Helen. [*After pause.*] Show him up, please. [*Exit Wilson.*]

Paul. Helen, you can't draw back now. And we'll have a month in Florida to prove it's right.

Helen. [*Looking away.*] I'm not sure I'm going to Florida.

Paul. [*With almost boyish petulance.*] Then if you don't I shan't. I—I don't think I could stand for Mrs. Tupper alone. That woman actually fibbed to me, twice.

Helen. [*Unhappily.*] All women fib, Paul, when they have to.

Paul. [*Admiringly.*] You never would. [*She draws back as he crosses.*]

Helen. Paul,—

Paul. [*Divining her wish.*] You want me to go?

Helen. No—not that. But— [*Wilson announces "Mr. Burke." Burke enters. His quietness implies a sense of power. The earnestness with which, from time to time, he studies Helen's face shows solicitude and uncertainty.*]

Burke. [*As he shakes hands.*] I'm lucky to find you in.

Helen. [*Meeting his gaze.*] I'm always at home to old friends. This is Mr. Whitgreave, Mr. Burke. [*Paul bows coldly. Burke puts out his hand. Paul finally shakes it without enthusiasm, instinctively depressed by the larger man's intrusion.*]

Burke. [*To Helen.*] But they tell me you're going to Florida to-morrow. [*Turning to Paul.*] And you, Mr. Whitgreave, are to be one of the party.

Helen. [*Ill at ease.*] Yes, Mrs. Tupper has a villa there—at Lake Worth, I think it is. I'm going South to work on my new book.

Paul. [*Constrainedly, to Helen.*] I really must go. Good-bye. Please don't ring. [*Paul bows coldly and withdraws.*]

Burke. [*After a silence.*] I wonder why you are always surprising me?

Helen. [*Forcing a smile.*] Oh, I can see from your face you're going to ask, "Do you unfeignedly repent?" or something or other like that out of the Catechism. And so, on advice of counsel, I decline to answer.

Burke. No; I was going to make a confession.

Helen. [*Speaking rapidly in her nervousness.*] Do you know, I've been thinking all afternoon about my letters not reaching you. You must have thought me very forgetful of—of people I cared for.

Burke. They reached me to-day, from the Department at Washington. You see, I was seven months in Costa Rica, at San Jose, after my touch of fever.

Helen. Fever?

Burke. I recuperated by building a railway bridge up in the mountains.

Helen. And I never knew it!

Burke. And I never knew you'd grown famous, that you were so successful, so happy.

Helen. [*With a quaver she cannot conceal.*] Oh, not too dangerously happy! Believe me, it's all much worse than your fever could have been. I think it is only a kind of fever, after all.

Burke. But why no word about it in any of your letters?

Helen. [*Temporising.*] What was the confession you were going to make?

Burke. [*Laughing.*] That I'd never so much as seen your book.

Helen. [*Also laughing.*] Oh, that seems such terribly ancient history now.

Burke. Then I must read it to catch up with you. I never want to think of anything you do as ancient history.

Helen. [*Laughing as she hands him Smoking Torches.*] Then, there's the bridge between my ancient world and this, the modern one.

Burke. [*Riffling through pages.*] And here's something about bridges now; and railway bridges, too. [*He stops, reads, starts and looks up in amazement.*]

Helen. What is it?

Burke. [*Reading.*] "And in this human souls are like railway bridges, for they can be rebuilt even while the trains of temptation are creeping over them." [*Looking at her.*] How did that thought ever come to you?

Helen. [*Smiling.*] Straight from heaven, I suppose, since it's not a wicked one.

Burke. Isn't that a coincidence?

Helen. That we should be speaking of bridges and the first thing you see in my book is something about them? It is, isn't it?

Burke. No; I didn't mean that altogether. [*Turning to last page and reading slowly.*] "And we grope on, dreaming To-morrow to be the threshold of a new life, only to find it thronged with the ghosts of Yesterday, the ghosts who whisper that the future is still the Past, peered at from a narrower door."

Helen. [*Rising quickly, after silence, and taking the novel from him.*] Please don't. That book gives me the blues, nowadays.

Burke. Then I'll read it and see what it does to me. [*He quietly takes up the book and retains it.*]

Helen. [*Restlessly, turning back to him.*] You're disappointed in me, in some way.

Burke. [*With grave kindness.*] I was wondering if you weren't in some way disappointed with your life.

Helen. No, I'm only afraid of it.

[*She laughs.*] But I'm not going to show the white feather. You know a woman never shows that until she's quite sure about white being her color. [*Sobbing again.*] Er—why were you so surprised when I compared human souls to railway bridges?

Burke. Only because I happened to say the same thing.

Helen. When?

Burke. Years ago.

Helen. [*Laughing, relieved.*] Which goes to show there's nothing new under the sun.

Burke. [*Tenderly, as he stands over her.*] Nothing new? Yet, I see new light in your eyes every time I look into them.

Helen. [*Arrested by this more intimate tone.*] I wonder if you'd—you'd rather I didn't go to Florida?

Burke. But are you still free to choose?

Helen. [*With increasing vehemence.*] Yes, I'm still free—I'll make myself free. If you don't want me to go, I won't go. I've been driven and driven, always driven, it seems to me. And now I'm going to take the reins of my own life in my own hands! [*Burke's look of surprise at this outburst is interrupted by the entrance of Wilson, who waits, tentatively, before speaking.*]

Wilson. A young man, Miss, to see you. And Mr. Slater is below, waiting.

Helen. Please ask them to wait. [*Turning to Burke.*] You see, this isn't like Colorado—we can't say nothing ever happens here.

Wilson. But the young man insists on seeing you. He's here. [*As Wilson turns to door Syd Rider steps quickly in. He stands furtive, yet determined, close to door, eyeing his sister, who starts at the sight of him.*]

Helen. Why, Syd, is it you?

Syd. [*Ignoring Burke.*] Yes, it's me. And I had a hell of a time getting here, too.

Helen. [*In alarm.*] What has happened?

Syd. I want to see you alone.

Helen. But this is Mr. Burke; you remember Mr. Burke, of the Gunnison Camp. [*Syd nods curtly, but he is still turned towards Helen. Burke sees her predicament and advances and holds out his hand.*]

Burke. This is not going to be good-bye. You won't let it be that, will you?

Helen. [*As their eyes meet.*] No; it's not good-bye. [*She watches him as he goes out; then she turns again to Syd, her face distressed.*]

Helen. Syd, what has happened?

Syd. I'm up against it—I've got to have help.

Helen. What have you done?

Syd. I've put the kibosh on my career.

Helen. Syd, what is it?

Syd. Oh, I haven't done such a much—but they think they've got me in bad.

Helen. Who?

Syd. The Whole United States and then some.

Helen. Here, sit down. Now tell me everything, everything. Begin at the first.

Syd. It began when you quit sending me out that allowance. I got to figgering on it coming, right along.

Helen. But I had no more to send; I thought it'd make you more of a man not to take a woman's money. I wanted you to be manly—honest and manly. I wanted to see if we couldn't both be straight, if we couldn't do the right thing just because it was the right thing.

Syd. That wasn't buying me any meal tickets.

Helen. But I thought you'd work again, that you'd earn your own way.

Syd. Well, I tried to. I got a job braking on the D. & R. G., but the work was too heavy for me.

Helen. Go on!

Syd. I quit the road and got into the Victor Smelter offices. It was easy enough—doing the pigeon-stool act. After I'd been there three or four

weeks a man named Tiernan opened up and said he'd got on to the combination of the vault. He said it was rotten the way those smelter people lambasted the union and underpaid their men. He said he could prove it if he got a good look through their books. He said if I'd just leave the doors so he could get at the vault and skim through their ledgers he'd make it worth a cold two hundred to me.

Helen. Oh, Syd, I should have been watching over you!

Syd. He made me dizzy, talking about his troubles and how he'd never been able to get even and how it was no special risk to me.

Helen. And you did it?

Syd. All he wanted was coin. And he got everything that was lying round loose. Only twenty-two hundred dollars, but it was my finish. Then he got a bullet in the leg from Doogan, the watchman, as he was handing his haul outside to his partner. And when they nabbed him he began to lie and squeal and say I was in on the job from the first. And Lorimer, the Smelter boss, says he's going to pound me until he gets that twenty-two hundred back or gets me behind the bars. He's drummed up that old Opdyke shooting-business and tried to hitch it on to me. That shows how square he's acting!

Helen. [Anxiously.] But how'd you get here?

Syd. I cut and run soon's I heard of Tiernan getting plugged—hit the trail for St. Louis. And when I heard the Pinkerton people were getting busy I worked my way East with a Phillie freight-jumper. I got cold feet. I guess I lost me nerve.

Helen. Oh, Syd, I haven't watched over you enough!

Syd. The only thing that will keep me out of the pen is twenty-two hundred. [Amazed.] Why, what's that to you?

Helen. I have no money.

Syd. Where's all the dough from that book of yours?

Helen. I never took that money.

Syd. Where'd it go?

Helen. Where I thought it would do some good—to a hospital.

Syd. And me almost down to pan-handlin' to get me three squares. We're a fine bunch of business folks, we are! [Turning.] But you've got friends here, big folks!

Helen. [Forlornly.] Very few friends.

Syd. You don't mean you can't keep me out o' stir?

Helen. Wait; I'm trying to think.

Syd. Good Gawd, you've been mixing with these high-rollers for nearly two years. You're living with a woman worth a million, and you can't put your hands on twenty-two hundred? Why, look at the stuff around you here. There's two hundred dollars' worth of stuff on that desk.

Helen. None of it's mine.

Syd. Whose is it?

Helen. Mrs. Tupper's. Everything of my own is gone. I'm nothing but a visitor here, a visitor on sufferance. I'm not even that. I'm a sort of court fool who's forgotten how to be amusing.

Syd. But look at those clothes you've got on.

Helen. These are part of the show, too. They're not even paid for. You're not the only one who's been making a mess of things.

Syd. Well, you needn't rub it in.

Helen. Oh, we both went wrong.

Syd. Went wrong? How'd you go wrong? I thought you'd this graft cinched for life.

Helen. You can't cinch anything that isn't straight. I've found that out.

Syd. Well, the money's the only thing that'll turn the trick with me. Aren't you making money? Aren't you writing things?

Helen. I've never finished my book. I can't get money that way until it's finished.

Syd. But couldn't you get an advance on it?

Helen. I've had two advances already. I can't get more. I've even had to sponge here. I've had to scheme and plan. I've had to endure humiliations, just because I couldn't afford to go somewhere else, to pay my own way. I've had to do things I've hated, that were detestable to me, just to keep up the farce.

Syd. Then why don't you finish your book and get your money out of it?

Helen. I can't.

Syd. You can't! Why can't you?

Helen. I haven't the power. I haven't the gift. I can't create. [*Bitterly.*] Oh, I envy those people who can sit and build a world up all about them, out of their own brain. I envy them! I'm not one of them.

Syd. Then why t' hell don't you get someone to help you, the same as you got that lunger Opdyke to help you with your first book?

Helen. There's no one to help me! I think I've reached the end of my rope.

Syd. Then what're you goin' to do about it?? I'll look fine in stripes, won't I? Worse than I do now. And I thought you had Laura Jean Libby lashed to the mast—all New York beaten to a frazzle.

Helen. This money—must you have it all at once?

Syd. In a lump sum, sure. I've got to make good, first move, or get me curls cut. And if I can't hand them the money I've got to have four or five hundred to get out of the country.

Helen. No, Syd, no! You mustn't run away. You must stay and fight it out. You must put it right from the first. That's the only way. I've found that out. Running away won't end it—you can't end things by being afraid of them. I know what *that* means. No, Syd, we must fight it out. We ought to be glad we've still got a chance to fight it out. Sometimes we don't have that kind of chance.

Syd. Be a great fight, won't it? Me

against Uncle Sam, and Lorimer and the Pinks thrown in for good measure.

Helen. We must get that money, we must.

Syd. Course we must—but how? [*With sudden turn.*] What's the matter with this man Burke? He's—

Helen. No, Syd—don't even say it.

Syd. But speakin' of him, did you ever think he knew Opdyke?

Helen. John Burke knew Opdyke?

Syd. Sure he did. He must have. I heard 'em chewin' and talkin' about something or other, that same night Opdyke plugged himself.

Helen. It's impossible. You're mistaken.

Syd. I may've been wuzzy, but it kind of came back to me, soon as I saw Burke's face. But hell, what's that now? I'm in a hole and I've got to get out of it.

Helen. Are you sure Burke knew Opdyke?

Syd. I dunno. That ain't the trouble we're up against. What're you going to do about the money?

Helen. [*With sudden decision as she crosses and rings.*] I'll get it for you. Where can I meet you to-night?

Syd. What's the matter with that fountain in Madison Square?

Helen. Yes; at eight. [*As Wilson enters.*] Now, you must go. [*To Wilson.*] Will you please ask Mr. Slater to come up? [*To Syd.*] Good-bye, Syd.

Syd. H'h, you're not crying, to see me go.

Helen. I can't cry. I wish I could.

Syd. But you're not going to throw me down?

Helen. No; I won't disappoint you. [*Exit Syd and Wilson. Helen ponders, crosses to desk, makes gestures of helplessness, etc. Enter Slater.*]

Helen. [*Pointing to chair.*] I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

Slater. I've waited over six months, so what does an extra hour matter? Miss Rider, I've never wanted to be hard. Genius is erratic and all that. But before we go any further I

want some assurance I'm going to get what I've been paying for, that you're putting a second book in shape for us.

Helen. [After pause.] I'm working on a second book, of course.

Slater. Then where is that book?

Helen. Where should it be?

Slater. To be frank, it should be here, in my hands! [More bluntly.] Doing this social game is all right in its way. But I don't see how pink teas and Panhard touring cars is going to turn out a novel.

Helen. You yourself insisted that I should keep up appearances. You said nothing succeeded like success; you warned me to get my heel on the neck of this town or it would plant its heel on mine.

Slater. Of course, I did. Advertising counts. You've done well; you've got yourself talked about. But what's the good of it all, without the book? It's like giving a circus parade and not stopping to take in tickets for the tent-performance.

Helen. For months and months I've had to keep up a false front. I was led into it all, against my will. It seemed to engulf me, inch by inch, like a quicksand, until I couldn't get away from it. It's left me helpless—worse than helpless.

Slater. You mean you haven't been free to work as you wanted to?

Helen. Yes, I mean that. I haven't been free. It's foolish for me to beat about the bush. I'm compelled to come to you for help—for the last time.

Slater. [Guardedly.] What kind of help?

Helen. I've got to ask you for twenty-two hundred dollars.

Slater. It's impossible.

Helen. Why impossible?

Slater. Because it's pouring money into a rat-hole without any signs of the hole filling up. I'm from Missouri. I've got to see the goods. You're asking me to subsidise a mine without even showing me ore-samples. We may as well get down to pan-rock,

right away. We're only wasting time, until I see this second book of yours.

Helen. It's not finished.

Slater. Well, how near finished is it? [Looking about, he sees Paul's mss. on desk and laughs.] Ah, this looks suspiciously like a book manuscript.

Helen. [With a start.] But it's not that.

Slater. [Beaming.] Such modesty! [Again views mss.] Ah, now we're getting somewhere. Now I begin to understand why you've been able to ask for this advance.

Helen. [Watching him as he takes up Paul's mss.] It's—it's not what I want it to be—it's not finished.

Slater. We've a dozen hacks who can sandpaper it into shape. It's the originators, like yourself, who count. [He reads mss.]

Helen. But if somebody else finished a book like this, it couldn't be called mine. It couldn't honestly bear my name, unless I did everything.

Slater. H'm, then a good many lies get off the presses nowadays. But, gad, madam, you've struck a new vein in this, a new vein. It's as crisp as lettuce. [He reads on.]

Helen. [Desperately.] If you advanced me this money, you'd merely hold the book, as a kind of security, until I got someone to help me, until I worked out what I wanted to give you?

Slater. [Still engrossed.] Yes, of course, if you insisted. Ah, this is excellent, excellent! [Sinks back in chair, still reading.]

Helen. You'll wait, you'll wait until I do my work?

Slater. If you, in turn, are willing to wait.

Helen. I can't.

Slater. But look how you held back on Smoking Torches. And things would have been different if I'd never brought that book out for you.

Helen. Yes; things would have been different.

Slater. [Writing in check-book.] Then I can't see any need of our quibbling over the case. If you've anything to supersede this book, of course we'll bend to your wishes.

Helen. Oh, it's all wrong, wrong!

Slater. [Triumphantly, without seeing her gesture of despair.] On the contrary, it's excellent, most excellent. So different, so buoyant and youthful! [Taking hat and gloves.] And I hope it brings us all success.

Helen. [Bitterly, and without looking at him.] Success! [She has taken up Paul's mss. from table, as though to draw back with it. Slater holds out the check as she still looks down at the written sheets. He coughs; she looks up, peers at the check in his hand; wavers and then slowly hands him the mss. She does not look at the check as she takes it from him; her attitude is one of unhappiness and utter despair.]

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAY ANGEL

BY KATHARINE HALE

THEY wings are close, O Sorrow,
When other loves brush by,
For they would laughter borrow,
But you a sigh.

The lighter loves remind me
That joy is fleet and vain:
Then in the dark behind me
You stir again.

And when bright youth and laughter
Sing songs and blow them high,
Like some sonorous rafter
Where echoes lie.

You chant the consummation
Of suffering's ancient worth:
The high gods' full libation
To gray-winged birth;

Till, groping for to-morrow,
Amid the joys that die
On thy dark wings, O Sorrow,
I reach the sky

MARTYRS' HILL AND ITS SHRINE

BY MARGARET LILLIS HART

TO the shrines visited by modern-day pilgrims and of which the best known to Canadians are perhaps those of Lourdes in France and Sainte Anne de Beaupre in the Province of Quebec, another has lately been added which to the people of Canada should be of peculiar interest, as it is the first that marks a locality or event purely Canadian in its colouring and history.

On the seventh concession of the Township of Tay, in the County of Simcoe, Ontario, is a spot now known as the Martyrs' Hill but once the site of the old Huron mission of Saint Ignace. Here on March the sixteenth and seventeenth, in the year 1649, were put to a barbarous and excruciating death, the heroic Jesuit missionaries De Brébeuf and Lalement. The exact point at which the atrocities of the martyrdom took place was for a long time a matter of conjecture, but recently all doubts were set at rest through the untiring research of the well-known archivist and archæologist, Reverend Father Jones, of the Society of Jesus, Montreal, and by his *confrères* in the Order, the spot is now marked by a shrine that bids fair to be a future rendezvous for visitors not alone from Canada but from all parts of the American continent.

As a resort for pilgrims the Martyrs' Hill is already over two years in existence. It was on August the fifteenth, 1907, that the first pilgrimage took place. Among those who took part were Archbishop O'Connor, then Metropolitan of the archdiocese

of Toronto, a goodly number of the local clergy, many Jesuit representatives of the northern missions, and hundreds of laymen from the vicinity and outside points, including Toronto. On that occasion the shrine was publicly dedicated, and this credential of the Church placed the final authority on the work of those whose research had at length been rewarded by the satisfactory location of the object upon which so much time and labour had been expended.

To wander over the place where history or tradition asserts a great conflict to have taken place, is always accompanied by certain feelings of wonderment. The peaceful Plains of Abraham stretching out, silent and green under the blaze of a noonday sun, give no hint of themselves of the grim contest in which the Lilies of France vied with the Rose of England for supremacy or that the fate of half a continent was there sealed forever. And yet one almost expects the stones lying by the wayside to rise and give testimony of the past, with all its tragedy. But the stones and grass are alike silent and unresponsive, and one is forced into the area of retrospective thought for sentiment in keeping with the place.

So it was at Martyrs' Shrine. On that bright August day that saw the first important concourse that had visited its summit in modern days the peaceful landscape of field and tree, the workmen busily engaged on laying the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which passes the very slope of the hill, the crowd of pil-

grims which covered its surface, and the general air of twentieth-century life gave no clue to the story, which, written in the blood of heroes, shall remain indelible till the extinction of time itself.

Civilised humanity shrinks from opening the book which reveals to us in all its horror the story of the cruelties emanating from the tortuous and, to us, unthinkable labyrinth of the savage mind. Yet the missionaries de Brébeuf and Lalement were amongst the most cultured and refined of their time, and the events of their lives, which in the dim distance seem to us something not to be grasped in all their fullness by the senses, were for them realities with an ending environed on the one hand by evidences of the most barbarous cruelty of invention and on the other by a sublime endurance seldom equalled in the entire annals of the human race.

Jean de Brébeuf, one of the two whose names are inseparably connected with Martyrs' Hill, is from his very entrance into the story of Canadian life a picturesque character with a nobility of mind and person which catch the eye and intellect, holding them fast in the powerful grasp of their fascination. Even amongst the six earnest and, as circumstances proved, extraordinary men who formed the Jesuit Colony at Quebec in 1634, Brébeuf was conspicuous. Of stalwart frame and magnificent physique, he was the son of a noble family of Normandy, France. Early in the career of the community at Quebec it was seen that hope for success amongst the Algonquins of the region was but slight, and the chief expectation of fruitful soil lay with the Huron tribes, clustered about Georgian Bay. In the Huron country Brébeuf had spent three years previously (his first mission), of which unfortunately there are few details. This period ended with the English occupation of Quebec.

The return of Champlain witnessed the return of the dauntless missionaries, and Brébeuf, in preparation for the work which he knew would again be his, set himself to a renewal of the study of the Huron tongue. He was also the teacher of his companions in the language. After some delays they set out on their journey northward. The nine hundred miles that lay between them and the point for which they were destined, were covered by canoes and portage. Brébeuf and his companions, Fathers Daniel and Davost, were for the most part obliged to discard their shoes, for fear of injuring their frail craft. Each, too, tried his unpracticed hand in assisting to propel the canoe, and all were subjected to the unfathomable caprice of their changeable Indian companions. Despite his great strength, Brébeuf was often exhausted after a portage of several miles, when the baggage had to be carried on the shoulders of the party, and when perhaps four or five trips were necessary to convey the entire belongings of the enterprise. On the road, the Indians having the canoes of Daniel and Davost landed their passengers at different points, having first divested them of the greater part of their property. Brébeuf was thrown in nearer proximity to the place he sought, but, himself and his luggage being landed, the Hurons who had brought him so far took themselves off to their villages some miles distant and left him to his own resources. Hiding the things he had brought with him in the bushes, he set out to reconnoitre, and after some hours' search, in which he was guided somewhat by the knowledge of his former stay, he came upon an open clearing, and soon the bark wigwams of the Indian town of Ihonatiria stood before him. The black-robed figure coming out into the open was recognised and the cry "Echom has come again! Echom has come again!" was heard throughout the entire settlement. Brébeuf had



THE SHRINE AT MARTYRS' HILL

previously won his way into the hearts of the Hurons, and his return was eagerly welcomed. By and by his missionary companions, weakened by hunger and many other hardships, joined him, and the Huron mission was started afresh. For some years its road was a peaceful one. Christianity flourished, and the seeds of civilisation were successfully sown. But the end had a colouring so lurid that its flame is still felt in the atmosphere that envelops the scene of its action, the now noted soil crowning the grass-covered summit of Martyrs' Hill.

Gabriel Lalement, the second of those whose memories now cluster about the holy hill, was only like his companion Brébeuf in the things that come to one by means other than nature. Of a delicate constitution, he was refined and sensitive to so remarkable a degree that it is mentioned in the annals of his life. A hard and rough career amongst the savages of North America, was seemingly the last to be connected with one of his constitution and temperament, but the tragedy of 1649, which terminated the Huron missions, found Lalement amongst those whose lives were passing in devoted service for the Indians, and he suffered a cruel death, when refusing to leave his

Huron people he fell with them in the Iroquois attack on that fatal sixteenth of March which saw the ruin of the peaceful missions that Jesuit effort had raised, a monument to the development of Christianity and civilisation its labours had effected.

It was a band of one thousand Iroquois who, after some months on the war-path, attacked the mission of Saint Ignace on March 16th, 1649, and, finding it an easy prey to their onslaught, enveloped it entirely in ruin and desolation. Three fugitives escaped and made their way to Saint Louis, where Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalement were stationed. Warned of what had taken place, the converts urged their faithful missionaries to flee, but their entreaties were unheeded, and when a few hours after Saint Louis was also attacked the priests ministering to the dead and dying were taken prisoners, stripped, bound and hurried to Saint Ignace. The Iroquois population come out to meet them and evinced their fury by administering blows with sticks and clubs.

For the sake of our readers the scenes that followed will be but briefly recorded. Brébeuf was tied to a stake and scorched from head to foot, but as he continued to speak of God and eternity his lower lip was cut away

and a hot iron thrust down his throat. As he uttered no complaint his companion Lalement was led out covered with pitch and tortured by fire in his presence. Poor Lalement, seeing his superior in such plight and frenzied by his own tortures, threw himself at the feet of Brébeuf, crying out, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and men." This angered the ferocious Iroquois and Lalement too was bound to a stake. A collar of red-hot hatchets was put about the neck of Brébeuf, boiling water was poured on his head in mockery of baptism; he was scalped, and lastly his breast laid open, his blood drunk and his heart literally eaten by a savage chief who thought in this way to imbibe some of the courage of the heroic victim. These were among the things endured by the heroic Jesuit in a silence which amazed even the Indians, inured as they were to suffering beyond our understanding. Poor Lalement endured the persecutions of his tormentors throughout the entire night, often offering aloud his sufferings to Heaven as a sacrifice. His life was finally ended by a blow from a hatchet.

Thus did these two, Brébeuf the lion-hearted and Lalement the gentle, equally noble in their death met while carrying on the work of Christ's ambassadors, win for themselves a glorious place among the martyrs and make the ground upon which they fell hallowed to the present generation.

The shrine that crowns the summit of Martyrs' Hill is but a small chapel, plainly built of wood. The chancel is neat and tasteful, and the solemn religious ceremonies that accompany the pilgrimages give the place the impressiveness its character demands. A large shed for the protection of visitors in case of rain is a recent and necessary adjunct. The genial and capable Reverend J. B. Nolin, S.J., pastor of Saint John's church and rectory at the town of Waubesaushene, three miles distant, is in charge of the shrine. He is known both in

Eastern and Western Canada and for some years has been a worker in Northern Ontario. "Father Nolin has built the railway in these parts," said a well-known contractor, whose meaning we afterwards found in the fact that many little chapels had been built by the hardworking priest along the tracks of the iron roads of the north.

During the summer months of 1908 and 1909 pilgrimages took place to the Hill every Thursday, pilgrims coming from the nearby parishes and from Toronto, Peterborough, Hamilton and elsewhere. As a result, special favours have already been received and recorded. Owing to the uncompleted condition of the Canadian Pacific Railway large pilgrimages were heretofore considered too burdensome, but last month a great many persons went there from the American "Soo," and were joined by bands of pilgrims on the "Soo" and Sudbury and Toronto branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Every Thursday from now until the end of September there will be a mass at the shrine. The Eucharistic Congress to take place in September at Montreal, sets aside until next year plans for a great pilgrimage from Canada's commercial capital.

As yet many relics of cures effected are not visible at Martyrs' Hill as at the older shrines, nor are the magnificent basilica, paintings, statuary and other works of art present to please the eye and attest the faith of those who have visited its precincts. In matters like this both church and public move slowly. Still, as at Lourdes and Beaupré, there have been cures at which science has been forced to shake its head, acknowledging results to be far outside its ken: so the hope of those interested in this shrine is that history may repeat itself as with Peter of old and that the perishing ones of this day may find succour in the spot hallowed by the martyrdom of the hero missionaries Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalement.



MR. HAMILTON REVELLE

CANADIANS take a special interest in the distinguished young English actor Mr. Hamilton Revelle, as several of his boyhood's most delightful and impressionable years were spent in Toronto. Mr. Revelle often refers to Canada as a second home. He was born at Moorish Castle, Gibraltar, and is the second son of an English army officer, who, after having served in India, came with his family to Canada. Hamilton Revelle early showed histrionic talent, and when he was about fifteen years old, by Sir Charles Wyndham's influence, he entered Daly's Company.

His career has been one of marked success, for, besides being richly equipped for his calling, he has a talent for the hardest of hard work. After being six seasons with Daly, he played an important rôle in Klaw and Erlanger's "Great Metropolis." Then he was with John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles," and later joined H. B. Irving's company.

His work with Mr. Cyril Maude in "Under the Red Robe" is well remembered; and following this he was

leading man for several seasons with Olga Nethersole. On leaving Miss Nethersole's company, David Belasco engaged him to play the rôle of *Cosse-Brissac* in "Du Barry."

Mr. Revelle played *Don José* in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the old Academy of Music, New York. The critics spoke of him through those two seasons as the most resplendent figure upon the New York stage—the central figure in some of the most exquisite stage pictures that David Belasco, the wizard of the stage, had ever made to pass before the eye.

Last winter Hamilton Revelle was starred by Frohman in a new play, entitled, "Fires of Fate," which opened early in December at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Those who know him, his kindliness of heart, honesty of purpose, and charm of voice and manner, as well as all Canadians who take an interest in true art, will undoubtedly watch with pleasure the earnest work of one they can almost claim as their own countryman.

V. S.

THE PASSENGER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Illustrations by Estelle M. Kerr

"MR. KILLIGREW, we're in for carryin' a passenger," said Captain Tukes to his mate. Killigrew took his pipe from his mouth and stared blankly at his commander. He was an old man, with more the looks of a fisherman than a sailor.

"A passenger!" he exclaimed. "Well, sir, I'd not take him if I was skipper."

"Twiddle-dee-dee," retorted Tukes, irritably. He took five steps forward, a twirl of his heels and five steps back again, with his hands clasped in the small of his back and his shore-going hat tilted over his eyes. "That is all very fine," he cried, halting close in front of his ancient mate. "The captain o' a Newfoundland barkentine is a great man, I'll admit. Rules everything in sight, he does—in yer eye! Let me tell ye, Mr. Killigrew, that if ever ye command a vessel, and the owners want ye to take a passenger into yer bosom, the quicker ye take him the better."

"I don't hold with ye there," replied the mate. "If I was master o' a vessel, by Garge I'd be master."

"Not for long. Ye'd soon be on the beach," said Tukes, with a chuckle.

Mr. Killigrew scratched his whiskers with the stem of his pipe.

"Did ye say he was a friend o' the owners, sir?" he enquired.

"Aye, some sort o' no-account relative. I take it," replied the captain. "He is fresh out from England, anyhow. 'Not very rugged' says old Prowt — so, like as not, I'll have to feed him his meals out of a spoon.

'Nerves a trifle fagged,' says Mr. Harry—so ye'll have to sing him to sleep every night, Mr. Killigrew. He'll wear silk pyjamas, and turn up his nose at the grub, and ask where the hot water tap is."

The mate sighed dismally; and the captain stepped over the rail to the wharf, and strode away to find out, from a temporising grocer, why the cabin stores were not yet aboard.

Every man of the ship's company, except the passenger, slept aboard the *Primrose* that night, so as to be ready for an early start on the long voyage to Brazil. The cook began fighting the galley stove before five o'clock. He was a new cook, and wanted to decide the question of mastery in the first engagement. Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Killigrew appeared on deck, anxious to know why the washing-down process had not commenced. At the same moment, the boatswain and three men appeared as if by magic, bare-footed and in a storm of buckets and sloshing sea-water.

"Step lively, bo'sun, or ye'll not be done by supper time," cautioned Mr. Killigrew. Turning, he glanced up the length of the deserted wharf to the quiet, gray city rising as solid as rock along its climbing streets. At the head of the wharf appeared a man with a bundle under each arm and a leather bag in each hand. The stranger was tall and slight of build. The floppy hang of a tweed coat and trousers suggested recent convalescence from a serious illness. He walked the length of the wharf slowly

and came aboard without any sign of hesitation. "Like a skipper board-in' his own craft," mused the mate. The stranger laid his bundles and bags on the deck and extended his hand to the passive but observant Killigrew.

"Good morning," he said, very quietly and with a straight, grim sort of glance into the other's eyes. That glance, and the cheerlessness of the voice, and the thin, dry feel of the hand, gave the mate quite a turn. This was not the sort of passenger he was expecting, at all. Without so much as a grunt in reply to the greeting he turned and shouted through the door of the outer cabin: "Passenger come aboard, sir."

The captain replied promptly by appearing half-dressed and wringing the stranger's hand with true, old style ship-board vigour. The passenger seemed to try his best to respond in kind; but the grin that he forced to his lips had no real delight in it.

The *Primrose* was a day and a night out. Breakfast was over and Mr. Hornby was smoking his pipe on the poop, close beside the skylight that gave illumination to the outer and inner cabins. The port sash of the skylight was raised an inch or two for ventilation. The passenger was standing very still, brooding over a bitter thing in his mind that never cleared entirely away, and at the same time conscious of and thankful for the glory of the tumbling seas, the invigoration of the wind and the fine speeding of the barquentine under her rounded canvas. He became aware, suddenly, of the mumble of voices from the cabin below. Almost unconsciously, he fixed his attention on the sound. He recognised the mate's voice — and this is the gist of what he heard: "I don't like him, sir, an' that's the truth. He has two ways o' looking at a man that don't suit me — one's as much as to say, 'You poor old shell-back, when you are as wise as I am you won't think such an infernal heap o' yourself.' And t'other

way says, 'What for d'ye look at me like that? Who d'ye think I am, anyhow?'"

The captain's voice replied: "Mr. Killigrew, I advise ye to write a novel. Ye're as full o' silly notions as old Mother Gooby o' Heartache Cove. Ye'll be seeing a mermaid, next. Why, man, there is nothing out o' the ordinary about Mr. Hornby, that I can see. He is not what ye'd call merry, or talkative, and that's a fact; but ye must remember that the poor chap has been ill. Also, he's a land-lubber. Ye'd better not expect too much from a land-lubber." The mate was not silenced: "Sometimes he looks stuck-up, an' next minute he looks as if he was afeared someone was goin' to hand him a kick or name him for a murderer," he said.

The passenger stepped noiselessly away from the skylight. The muscles of his thin jaws twitched and his cheeks paled. For several minutes he stood motionless, leaning against the poop rail and gazing to windward with unseeing eyes.

The captain was all for taking a charitable view of Hornby's peculiarities; but old Killigrew grumbled and grumbled. Why didn't he talk up, like a man? Why didn't he laugh at the others' stories, and take his nip of grog of an evening, and fill himself out a bit with the good sea-grub? "I'd as soon put to sea with a coffin for ship-mate," growled the old man.

One night, in Killigrew's watch, the boatswain came aft to say that one of the men was suffering with cramps. So the old sea-dog stepped into the cabin to get ginger from the medicine chest. He moved quietly, so as not to disturb the sleep of the captain and passenger. The chest was under the passenger's berth. As Killigrew stooped to get at it, he heard stifled sobbing close above his head.

Abashed and puzzled, he straightened himself and glanced into the top berth. By the dim starlight that came through the open port, he saw



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"A PASSENGER," EXCLAIMED MR. KILLIGREW

the passenger lying flat on his back with one arm across his eyes. The gaunt body shook a little under the shroud-like sheet. Old Killigrew turned and tip-toed away like a thief; and the man with the cramps went without his ginger.

The mate said nothing to the captain of what he had seen in the passenger's berth. To catch a grown man off his guard, crying like a child—that was certainly a thing to keep quiet about.

At supper, one evening, the talk got around to the ethical side of a ship master's duty. Tukes and Killigrew were doing the talking, and Hornby was listening with more show of interest than was usual with him.

"There was Sims, o' the *Unicorn*," said the captain. "What good did he do anybody by going down with his ship? His duty? Twaddle! His staying aboard didn't save the old tub! The crew and the passengers were all safe in the boats. What I say is, Sims committed a crime, just as much as if he'd shot himself!"

The mate nodded. "But there was the *Chester Castle*, a year ago come June," said he. "Her skipper committed a crime, sure enough. He was saved—drunk! He was drunk when she struck the derelict. He was carrying a bunch of passengers—and twenty of them went down with the ship. Why wasn't he hung, I'd like to know?"



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"HE WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE WHARF"

"I have heard a good deal about that case," replied Tukes. "The captain's name was Marvin. He was a young fellow, and belonged to the cold-water school. He drank a little claret, and such, ashore, but never touched any sort o' liquor or wine at sea. His officers and the crew knew that, and swore to it in court. It was a queer case."

"I've known some o' these cold-water fellows," replied the mate. "Just like Marvin, they keep their liquor in their berths."

"I, too, have heard a great deal about the case of *The Chester Castle*," said the passenger. "I have talked to the man who was her second officer at the time of the accident."

The other two pricked up their ears. "The second officer," continued Hornby, "was the man who found the captain in his berth, drunk, just after the ship struck the derelict. He carried him up and threw him into one of the boats — and Marvin tried to kill him for that, afterwards, when he found himself disgraced before the



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"HE GOT TO HIS FEET AND LOOKED PITIFULLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER"

whole world. It would have suited Marvin better if he had gone down with his ship."

"Ay, 'twould have been plenty good enough for him," said Mr. Killigrew.

"How did this second officer explain the captain's condition — if what was said about his taste for water was true?" asked Tukes.

"He explained it, clear enough," replied the passenger. "He was the one man of the ship's company who could explain it — and the only one who didn't show up in court and do his best to clear his commander."

"How was that?" asked Captain Tukes, leaning forward eagerly.

"Well, this second mate was quite a chum of Marvin's. Both were young, and both had gone into the merchant marine through the front door. This mate often used to tell Marvin that he worked and worried too hard: that he should let his officers sweat themselves more than they

did. And sometimes, when the skipper was fagged, Scott would try to get him to take a nip of brandy or whisky, for a bracer. Scott was a well-meaning young chap. Oh, yes, he meant right."

The passenger paused, reflectively. Neither the captain or the mate said a word. They had the queer stranger started at last, and scarcely breathed for fear of shocking him back to his old silence.

"Well," continued Hornby, "for two days before the accident, *The Chester Castle* had been fighting a gale of wind. Marvin had stood every watch for those two days, and was on the bridge, with the first officer, an hour before she struck. Things were looking easier, by that time. Scott got him below, and into his berth, and brought him a glass of brandy. He was frightened, for Marvin looked half-dead. He was really fond of Marvin, too. He fed him that dose of brandy as easily as giving milk

to a child. Marvin was almost unconscious, from fatigue, even while he was swallowing it. It was the first strong liquor that had passed his lips for a year. Well, when it came time for people who knew anything to stand up and tell the truth, the second officer was not on hand. And they could not find him, either. He was hiding in the Welsh mountains, ashamed of himself and sorry for Marvin; but too much of a coward—of that sort of coward—to tell the truth and clear his friend's name. Marvin, of course, did not mention the fact that Scott had forced the drink into him. It was not the kind of yarn that ordinary people would likely believe."

The captain and Mr. Killigrew stared at the passenger and then at each other.

"The poor devil," exclaimed the mate, at last.

"The poor devils! They are both in a black fix," said the captain.

"Did ye say — did ye say Scott told ye the story himself?" enquired Killigrew, gazing earnestly at the passenger.

The passenger did not reply. He got to his feet and looked pitifully from one to the other of the expectant mariners.

"I am going, now, to write down what I have told you," he said. "It shall be mailed in Pernambuco — to England. If people refuse to believe it, then they are fools. *I have suffered long enough!*"

Captain Tukes sprang to his feet "You are Captain Marvin?" he cried.

"No—I am the second officer!" said the passenger.

COMPANIONED

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I WALKED to-day, but not alone,
Adown a windy, sea-girt lea,
For memory, spendthrift of her charm,
Peopled the silent lands for me.

The faces of old comradeship
In golden youth were round my way,
And in the keening wind I heard
The songs of many an orient day.

And to me called, from out the pines
And woven grasses, voices dear,
As if from elfin lips should fall
The mimicked tones of yesteryear.

Old laughter echoed o'er the leas,
And love-lipped dreams the past had kept,
From wayside blooms like honeyed bees
To company my wanderings crept.

And so I walked, but not alone,
Right glad companionship had I
On that gray meadow waste between
Dim-litten sea and winnowed sky.

THE ORANGE GROVE

BY SHIRLEY RAYNARD

I WAS just nineteen, and my heart was broken—so badly broken that I thought life could have no further interest for me. I had lived through weeks of excitement, which had culminated in the declaration of my lover, Herr Schuler, followed by my speedy banishment to Algiers. The wrath of my father was terrible when he found that I had thought seriously of the attentions of my brother's German professor, but then he could never possibly have realised how it felt to be the goddess of a poet-lover, who composed odes and sonnets to his beloved regularly three times a week. So I had been banished to my aunt's home in Algiers until such time as reason should prevail with me.

I lay in my luxurious bed and mused drearily of the past, and contemplated the empty future with dismay. This was my first morning in Africa. I had arrived in a storm of rain late the evening before, and had found things as depressing as the mind I brought to bear upon them.

There was a tap at my door, and my aunt's maid brought in water for my bath. She put down her cans, spread my bath sheet, then drew aside the curtains from the casement window, and retired. I lifted myself on my elbow preparatory to getting up, for a broken heart, though more serious than a broken leg, is hardly an excuse for lying in bed all day, however much one may feel inclined to do so.

It was the middle of January, and the sun was just rising. I was startled

by the beauty of the scene which met my eyes. For a moment I forgot my wounds. I sprang from my bed and ran to the open window, that I might have an uninterrupted view of the glorious pageant.

Directly beneath me lay the wonderful curve of the bay, enclosing the bluest of sea, from which all traces of storm had disappeared. Slightly to my right, beyond the open country, stretched the range of the nearer Atlas Mountains in their gray-blue misty beauty, and beyond again the Great Atlas, their peaks capped with snow. The sun himself had not yet appeared, but the glorious colour which heralded his coming grew stronger each moment. A golden orange, it lighted up peak after peak, portraying with magic pencil their wonderful outlines, and, finally, arose the crimson ball of the sun, and it was day.

I watched the scene until the whole landscape was aglow. I felt the delightful warmth of the sun upon my face and neck as I leaned out of the window to touch the flowering creeper.

"How well that gown suits you, Miriam, dear," said my aunt, sufficing me at full length after a "good morning" kiss, when I appeared at the breakfast table.

"I am glad you like it, auntie," I returned. "I felt it was a sacrilege to put on dark clothes on such a morning." I had, indeed, looked at myself in a long glass before leaving my room, and had seen that the sim-

ple heliotrope delaine became me well enough; but what matter when one's heart was broken?

"Ah, yes, I forgot that you had never seen an Algerian sunrise. It is a sight that one never becomes entirely accustomed to, however long one may live here."

I was grateful to my aunt that she never referred to the reason of my visit—in fact, as the days passed away, I began to wonder whether my father, in writing to her, had explained why he had so suddenly come to the conclusion that I needed change of air. I decided that if he had not done so she should never find out from me. I would take on the rôle of a whole-hearted girl, and sigh over Herr Schuler and his poems in secret.

"The car will be at the door at ten, Miriam," said my aunt, rising from the breakfast table. "I have shopping to do, and I thought we would lunch in town, and afterwards pay one or two calls."

"All right, auntie, I will be ready, and in the meantime I will explore the garden."

How beautiful everything was! Clear sky, soft warm air, and a profusion of lovely flowers. I wandered leisurely about, picking here and there a sweet-smelling blossom, and fastening the blooms in the front of my gown. How happy I could have been in such a garden with Herr Schuler quoting poetry by my side! Even in his absence the light and colour had a wonderfully soothing effect. I began to feel that life was at least livable in such a climate, even with a broken heart.

I was soon being whirled down the twisting roads of Mustapha Supérieur, passing in the hedgerows huge plants of cactus and aloe, which I had always looked upon as hothouse plants before, beneath orange and graceful pepper trees, and so down into the town, with all its Eastern, picturesque interest. Our programme was carried out. Shopping, lunch, a call at the dressmaker's, and, lastly, a visit

to the Saint George's Hotel. There were many English people in the town, and my aunt seemed to be on visiting terms with the whole of the English colony. On this occasion we visited an invalid and her daughters, who had been in the hotel some months, and who seemed to take much pleasure in the comparatively harmless tittle-tattle of the place. I was welcomed by my aunt's friends for her sake, and was soon in the swim of lunches, dinners, fancy dress balls, etc.

We had tea, and my aunt rose to leave.

"Of course you and Miss Vaughan will be at the fancy-dress affair next week?" said Mrs. Smithson. "The girls are looking forward to it very much, but, of course, it is out of the question for me. Have you heard that we have a new man in the district? His name is Lang, and he is doing something on one of the orange groves beyond Blida. The girls met him at Lady Carson's on Thursday, but I am told he does not come much into society." I heard these remarks about the "new man" as I shook hands with the Misses Smithson on the opposite side of the room, and having said good-bye, we took our departure.

As I said, I was soon in a whirl of engagements, some of which I found congenial and others just the reverse, but at any rate my days were so fully occupied that I had little time for silent grief. We were out so much, sometimes motoring in the beautiful and, to me, novel country, occasionally picnicking, and in other ways carrying out our social duties, that when night came I was tired, and slept almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. I am loath to confess it, for I hate fickleness, but I began to suspect that my father might not be far wrong after all when he said that my infatuation, as he called it, for Herr Schuler was a silly, romantic affair, which would not stand six months' separation.

How well I remember the thought and care which we expended over our costumes for the fancy dress ball. I had never been to such an entertainment before, for we had lived very quietly at home since my mother's death, four years ago. My aunt was most anxious that I should be a success, and she took no small interest in the choice of my dress, and also of her own, for she was still a comparatively young woman.

A whole morning was spent over pictures of suitable and unsuitable garments, our final choice being that of a Marseillaise woman for my aunt and a girl of Tunis for myself. Then there were the fittings, which involved many hours with an expert French-woman in town, but finally all was ready, and the eventful day arrived.

At length we were dressed. I felt somewhat strange, but my maid was charmed with my trappings, and every one said how well they became me. The long silver chains and beads were being fixed upon the front of my gown, when I caught my full-length reflection in the glass. I blushed, but I could not help smiling as I saw how well the thick band of orange colour upon my head toned with my dark brown curls. Just then my aunt appeared in her figured skirt, long dark apron, and white frilled cap. She looked lovely, and I was delighted.

"Miriam, you are splendid," she exclaimed enthusiastically as she turned me round.

"I don't quite know how I am to dance in these shoes, Auntie," I said, looking down at my feet in their loose Eastern gear.

"Elastic bands fixed to the heel are the thing," returned she, and no sooner said than done. They were quickly attached, and we were off.

What a scene met my eyes as we entered the hall. A great number of the guests had arrived and were already booking dances. My aunt and I walked quietly into the room, but she, of course, was quickly recog-

nised and surrounded, for she was a great favourite in the colony. This being my first public appearance, I was a complete stranger to the majority of the people present.

What an evening it was! What a dazzling scene of life and colour! The band struck up a well-known waltz, and I was claimed by my partner—a French peasant. It was not a particularly happy beginning.

Our steps did not suit. He jumped, and my shoes slipped, in spite of elastic bands; but it was soon over, and I was sitting laughing beside the Marseillaise woman. I had no lack of partners, thanks to my aunt, and the evening was passing rapidly away. None of them had interested me in the least, except as costume models, and I was getting a little tired of talking small English nothings to Eastern potentates.

"It's past twelve, Miriam," said my aunt at length. "If you do not mind, we will leave after the next dance."

"I shall be quite ready," I returned gaily, as my next partner came up. He was an Arab of Biskra. He offered his arm, and we walked down the room.

How strange it is that life seems to be broken into complete chapters! We come to some point when we turn, as it were, a distinct corner, an unsuspected corner, until we come to it. My life, as I look back upon it now, appears to have reached such a point that night. Before that dance I was a child; I had never grown up. After it, I was a woman, in love with an Arab chief. What is the power that draws one man to one special woman? I had danced all the evening with men, some of whom were better looking than the Biskra man, and none of them had attracted me in the least degree; but I had not been five minutes in the company of my last partner when I felt his power over me. He was a tall, somewhat spare man, and the clothes he wore became him remarkably well; but it

was not good looks which attracted me so much as personality, the strength of which was shown in his bearing, the quiet tones of his voice, and his penetrating glance.

"You are tired," he said gently, looking down into my face after our first round.

"Only slightly," I returned. "We are leaving after this dance."

Could I possibly have detected the least shadow of sorrow passing across his face at my words?

"Let us get out of this heated room for the last few minutes," he said.

My hand rested lightly upon his arm as he led me away—away from crowds and lights to an open balcony, where the plaintive strains of the waltz reached us fitfully through opening and closing doors.

"Forgive me," he said, throwing a thick Arab burnous round my shoulders. "It is almost cold out here."

I have often tried to recall all that we said in that brief ten minutes. It was so little and yet so much. The night was perfect, with no wind—only a scent-laden breeze.

"You do not seem like a stranger to me," he said, after we had talked for some little time. He turned to look into my face as he waited for my answer, and my pulses throbbed, for I had been feeling the same with regard to him, though I would not have said so for the world.

"Perhaps you have seen me in Tunis," I said jestingly, as I glanced down at my dress.

"I think more likely in Biskra," he returned, laughing. "But seriously," he went on, "don't you think I should have made a better Englishman than an Arab?"

"As I have never known you as an Englishman, I am afraid I am incapable of judging," said I.

The music having slowed down to a close, I rose to return to my aunt.

"Must you really go now?" he said pleadingly. "It seems strange that the pleasantest moments of life should always be so short!"

He led me slowly back by the way we had come, and my aunt being ready for home, we said "Good-bye" and were gone.

"I think your last partner was the Blida man, Mrs. Smithson was speaking of the other day," she said, as she settled herself comfortably in the corner of the car. "He has a fine bearing, and made a good Arab. Don't you think so, Miriam?"

"I have not a large experience of Arabs, but he seemed to me all right," I said guardedly.

"Well, I am glad it is all over, and that you were such a success, Miriam. We really could not have found anything to suit you better than that Tunis rig. I am tired. I believe I am getting old for this kind of thing."

I was glad when she relapsed into silence, for I wanted quietly to follow out a train of thought. Shortly I heard regular breathing from the car corner, and I knew I was free for the next ten minutes.

As I said, my life had taken a turn. From that day the Schuler episode was dead, and though I tried with all my strength to forget my Arab partner, I found it useless. The low tones of his voice were ever with me, although I felt out of all patience with my inconstant self. Fortunately the days were very full, and I entered heartily into every plan that my aunt proposed, as I was determined to divert my attention if possible.

As days and weeks passed by without my having seen anything further of him, I began to wonder if he had left the neighbourhood, but I would not ask my aunt any questions, much less her many friends. I had come to the last week of my stay in Algiers. I was to return home the following Thursday. We were taking some last excursions, and as the day drew near for my departure, I felt sad, for I had learnt to love dearly the land of sunshine and colour. Three days before I left my aunt suddenly exclaimed:

"Miriam, you have never been

through an orange grove. You must go, and why not to-day? The weather is perfect. It is a sight you must not miss."

My aunt was a woman of action. We were soon motoring rapidly along the smooth high road, and I found we were going towards Blida. I wondered should we chance upon the grove where my Arab partner was said to be. It was a mere chance, a hundred to one that we did so, even if he had not already left Algeria. But what was it to me whether he was there or not? I schooled myself to calmness, thinking that possibly he had already forgotten my existence. Some miles short of Blida we turned off to the right, making our way up what appeared to be a private road. This ended in a garden, and we pulled up in front of a fair-sized villa, where we were met by our host and hostess, who had been warned of our advent by telephone. They were known to my aunt in some small degree, and they gave us a hearty welcome, saying we had just come at the right time to see the orange trees at their best, as the fruit was ripe and gathering had begun.

They took us on a round of inspection at once, and it was a sight I shall remember for all time. Forty acres of orange trees, covered with golden fruit hanging amongst dark green leaves, the graceful trees standing out against a brilliant blue sky. I was charmed, thinking that I had never seen anything so beautiful before. My aunt walked on briskly, followed closely by our host, who was showing us round. I paused a moment to feel the weight of a particularly lovely orange, and at that moment they turned out of sight. I followed in the same direction, as I thought, but I must have unconsciously turned down another alley, for they had completely disappeared from view. I walked on slowly, expecting to meet them again at any moment. I came to a long line of cypresses, which had been grown to

protect the fruit trees from the wind. I was looking up at their tall spires when I was startled by a voice close by my side.

"This is neither Tunis nor Biskra, yet we meet," it said.

There was no mistaking those tones. They were music to me, yet I held myself well in hand and calmly greeted him, for it was my partner of the dance who spoke. Joy, too, shone in his face at the meeting—there was no mistaking it.

"What good angel has sent you to walk in the orange grove?" he asked.

"I am here with my aunt," I answered stupidly, "but for the moment I have lost sight of her. I did not know you were here," I added lamely.

He walked on by my side as we talked.

"I am so glad to meet you again," he said. "Do you know, I have been trying to plan a meeting with you ever since the dance, but somehow I have not been able to manage it. But now the gods have thrown you in my path, and I hope you will forgive me if I speak plainly. I fear I shall shock you when I tell you that I love you—yes, love you deeply, passionately, and have done since I first saw you. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at love at first sight, and until that day I believe I sneered with the multitude: but since then I know only too well that I gave my heart irrevocably to you within an hour of first seeing you."

He bent towards me and took my hand in both his own, and I think he must have felt it tremble, for he became very tender.

"Have I frightened you? I am so sorry. You must forgive me," he said. "I would not have been so hasty, but for the fear of losing you altogether. Tell me, do you think it possible that you could love me in time?"

My hand was tightly in his clasp, and he waited for my answer, but just at that moment we heard voices, and

he dropped it quickly before my aunt and her escort turned into the path. Introductions followed, and we all walked on together towards the house, my aunt and Mr. Lang being behind. I was in front with our host, but not so far away but that I could catch snatches of conversation from time to time. I heard my aunt say:

"My niece is unfortunately obliged to leave me on Thursday. The case of an obdurate father," laughed she. The idea of shutting a girl up in that desolate Woodbridge Manor House, of all places!" added she, with a touch of anger.

Lunch was spread for five in the garden, under a large palm tree, for the sun was hot. It was one of those meals that are ever remembered—an idyll to be looked back upon with joy. I have not the faintest remembrance of what we ate, only that the service was spotless and that we were hungry. Conversation flowed and we were very merry. Coffee and cigarettes followed lunch. We sipped the coffee under the shade of the verandah. I found myself next to Mr. Lang, who had moved, quite naturally, round to my side. We were within earshot of the others of the party, but under cover of the laughter at some joke he murmured almost beneath his breath:

"You forgive me for what I said before lunch?"

And I answered, "There is nothing to forgive."

Soon after this we were gone. Not another chance had offered for the exchange of a word, but I was happy—happy beyond all expression, for I knew that he loved me. What mattered it now that I was leaving. I trusted him wholly. I knew that we should meet again, and in the meantime my life was a dream. And Herr Schuler. What had become of him? His poems were burned in my bedroom fire, and I almost forgot his very existence, for I now knew the difference between a passing fancy, the root of which was a love of ad-

miration, and a deep and lasting affection which was almost painful in its intensity.

"What a charming man that Mr. Lang is," said my aunt, when we were well on the road; "I cannot think why he should bury himself in an orange grove."

"It seems to me a setting that suits him fairly well," said I, as the car turned a corner and we lost sight of the place.

I had arrived in Algiers in a storm of rain. I left it in glorious sunshine. I leaned upon the taffrail of the boat, and spoke last words to my aunt as she stood on the little wooden pier. The anchor was weighed, and shortly we were off. I felt a curious sinking of heart as I saw the shore receding from me. My aunt's figure became less and less as she stood waving her handkerchief in the breeze, and, finally, I could no longer distinguish her from the rest of the group of the people who stood around her. A little longer and the landmarks of the town became indistinct, and somehow I felt like one who leaves home.

I lay back in my chair watching the sunny land, and dreaming of the day in the orange grove. Was this to be the end? I wondered sadly. No further word had come from him. No letter, no sign, yet I trusted him absolutely, for I loved him deeply. Without him life would be a void, a thing maimed, to be passed through as best one might.

Being a good sailor, I had chosen to return by boat all the way, rather than overland from Marseilles. I was glad of the rest and quiet which this route gave me, and as there were few passengers I had several days for dreamy musing. I was in no hurry to land and make my way home, to take up my everyday duties, just as if there had been no day in the orange grove. Unfortunately for my wishes, we steamed into port almost to time, and very soon I was going as fast as the express could take me towards the old manor house. I pulled my

rugs closer around me, for I felt chill in the English air. It was a typical spring day, with fitful sunshine and gusty wind. I looked at the beautiful pale-green buds upon the trees, and thought of the warm glow of colour in Algeria.

At length the train pulled up, and I found to my surprise that my father had come to meet me. He did not usually drive eight miles on my account, but there he was, waiting to give me a warm welcome. We drove away, leaving my luggage to follow later, and it was only when we were well clear of the town that I began clearly to understand things.

"Miriam," he said, with some hesitation, "I want to have a few words with you before we reach home. And first, I should like to be assured that the Schuler affair is entirely at an end, and then it need never be mentioned between us again. You know, of course, that he has left?"

"I was a fool, father," I said hotly, "and I am glad he is gone."

A load seemed lifted from my parent's mind. He heaved a sigh of relief, and we drove another mile or so without speaking. At length he broke the silence.

"Miriam," he said, "I hope you will forgive me, but I must tell you at once, before we reach home, Lord Stanton is here, at the Manor House,

and he has come to make you an offer. Of course, it seems to me wonderfully sudden, but he tells me that he has met you more than once, and begs to plead his own cause."

"This is utterly absurd," I broke in hastily. "I do not even remember the man." I felt hot with indignation, as I remembered the man of the orange grove, and my loyalty said he should have no rival.

"I am sorry, Miriam, to give you pain," returned my father rather shortly, "and I shall ask you to do nothing against your will. The only thing I have promised is that you shall give him his answer yourself."

"That can soon be done," I said, for I was furious, and determined to make short work of him.

My father said I should find Lord Stanton in the library. I threw aside my wraps, I drew myself up to my full height, as I quietly opened the door and walked into the room. A figure came towards me from the window. Could my eyes have played me false? No, it was true, only too blissfully true, it was my partner of the dance, my man of the grove.

"Miriam," he said, clasping me in a loving embrace, "I have come overland to be here before you. You will not send me away, my darling?"

And I did not, and for once my father and I were of one mind.





Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

THE SELKIRK RANGE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DONKIN

CANADA'S WONDERLAND

BY ARTHUR O. WHEELER, A.C., F.R.G.S.

MOUNTAIN ranges, and particularly snow-clad mountain ranges, the world over are a great asset to the countries in which they are situated, owing to the many attractions they furnish from commercial, scientific, recreative and salutary points of view. In the interests of commerce the upturned masses disclose economic resources, such as coal, minerals and other ingredients that lie hidden in their depths and furnish the material to keep moving the busy life of the large cities of the plains. The heavy precipitation that falls upon the highlands, particularly where snow-clad, induces a heavy forest growth producing wide areas of merchantable timber in the valleys and on the mountain sides. These sunlit valleys, moreover, owing to local climatic conditions, are especially adapted, in many cases, to cultivation and the growth of fruits. To the

scientist the upheaval of great thicknesses of the earth's crust and the consequent exposure of the layers of sand, gravel, rock, etcetera, of which it is composed have been the means of gathering a great abundance of information dealing with periods of by-gone time representing millions and millions of years. By such means has been established not only the first appearance of human beings, but the first appearance of life upon this planet. On the recreative and salutary points of view, there is little need to dwell; they are apparent.

Amidst all mountain forms there is something mysterious that attracts—the feeling of a something lying beyond that is hidden. This feeling is greatly intensified where the mountain range is snow-capped and rivers of ice wind between steep precipices of rock. We have in Canada one of the grandest mountain ranges on the face



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WENKCHEMNA GLACIER
A PIEDMONT TYPE

of the earth; one of which we may feel tremendously proud when we hear it spoken of; one replete with the most varied and attractive gems of alpine scenery. In these mystic regions wide snow-fields of dazzling whiteness undulate through miles of space; black cloud shadows chase one another across the shining surface; and ribs of rock stand out sharp like the frame of a mighty skeleton. Here ice-rivers drain lakes of snow up in

are spreading boughs, festooned with beards of moss, and the foliage is so dense that it creates a dim religious shade illuminated only by the slants of sunlight that find a way through the openings. These forests are filled with wonderful things: prickly shrubs, six feet high, that wound the flesh with sharp spines; rare flowering plants that delight the eye with beautiful blossoms, and bushes loaded with luscious huckleberries and full ripe



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

A SNOW MUSHROOM IN THE SELKIRKS

the clouds and tumble in a wild confusion of *séracs* over rocky beds walled in by mountain sides; waterfalls leap down rock precipices; cascades thunder from the heights; rock falls cut wide gashes in the virgin forest; shining, jewel-like lakes of exquisite shades of blue and green reflect their surroundings so perfectly that it is difficult to know where land ends and water begins. In the primeval forests of mighty conifers there

raspberries. In sequestered nooks there are beds of rare orchids and other handsome flowers. Half-hidden by the foliage, great blocks of rock, as big as houses, have fallen from the surrounding heights; their sides are seared with age and covered with lichens, and on their crests are colonies of baby spruce trees that have settled there and thrive on the moss-grown surface. It is the home of the Little People, and though you



MOUNT LEFROY AND VICTORIA GLACIER

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Photograph by H. W. Glatson

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER

only see them in the form of birds, squirrels, chipmonks and marmots, you know that they are there and feel their presence all around you.

The Cordilleras of the North American Continent comprise the chain of mountain ranges lying along the Pacific Ocean and extending eastwards to the open prairies. In Canada, it embraces four principal ranges, familiarly termed "The Canadian Rockies," which may be enumerated as follows: The Coast range, lying immediately adjacent to the coast line and reaching from the international boundary to the Arctic Circle; the Gold Range, between the Kamloops plateau and the Columbia River; the Selkirk Range, embraced in the loops of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, and the Main Range between the Columbia River and the prairies. The

two presenting the boldest and most striking architectural structure, and consequently of the greatest interest, are the Selkirk and Main Ranges.

In the Selkirks the peaks rise to near 13,000 feet above sea level; in the Main Range to something higher. In both they rise to about 6,000 feet above their basal valleys. The warm air currents travelling eastwards from the sun-scorched Pacific sweep up the slopes of the Coast Range and, passing over at a high altitude, are next intercepted by the highlands of the Gold Range, where they deposit moisture from the lower strata. These highlands do not rise to much above 8,000 feet from sea level, so that the bulk of the precipitation, condensed from the moisture-laden clouds, falls upon the greater heights of the Selkirks.



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GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA GLACIER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES



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SERACS ON THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER,
SHOWING BY DARK LINES THE SNOWFALL YEAR BY YEAR

The average annual precipitation at the summit of the Range is fifty-seven feet. Of this the average snowfall is thirty-six feet, and sometimes it goes up to fifty feet for the winter. The climate here is very erratic, and it may rain or snow for weeks on end. It reminds one of a choice description to be found in a certain hotel record book near Zermatt in Switzerland: "First it rained, and then it blew; then it friz, then it snew; then it fogged, and then it thew; and, very shortly after, then it rained and friz and snew again."

The heavy precipitation during the winter months produces beautiful and fantastic shapes in the forest: snow fungi on the tree-trunks, great mounds and edifices where whole small trees are buried and, along the right-of-way, where the stumps are still standing, the snow gathers about their tops, producing perfect resemblances of gi-

gantic snow mushrooms. There are many other phenomena resulting from the heavy snowfall and erratic climate. On the summits of the mountains the action of the sun and frost, the wind and the rain produces beautiful honey-combing and fluting, and along the ridges the piled up snow is blown into most fantastic shapes resembling on a large scale the teeth of a mutilated cross-cut saw. Against the mountain crests the fierce winds, laden with drifting snow, have built cornices, which, seen from the summit, appear like a solid part of it, and yet are treacherous parasites, ready at a moment's notice, through a little additional weight, to slide away and precipitate climbers into the depths, thousands of feet below. This sliding away of cornices, or breaking through of them, is one of the most frequent causes of accident and loss of life to mountaineers.



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

THE ICECAP GLACIER OF MOUNT BALFOUR
A PEAK OF THE GREAT DIVIDE

During the months of June and July magnificent cloud effects can be obtained by photographers from the piled up masses that gather from the Pacific around these first high summits where the vapour currents are intercepted and where they deposit

the bulk of their stored moisture. Nor is the Spectre of the Brocken confined alone to the Harz Mountains of Germany. Twice the writer has seen this phenomenon—once at close range and again at a greater distance. In the first instance we were standing on

the edge of a precipice descending 2,000 feet sheer. The sky was clear all around. From no apparent cause clouds quickly formed along the steep face of rock, seemingly coming from nowhere, and banked themselves above its edge. You could put out your hand and touch them. The sun was low in the west, directly on the other side. Suddenly there appeared on the screen of clouds a circular disc, apparently a yard or so in diameter, showing in vivid circles the colours of the rainbow. In the centre of the disc each member of the party saw his own shadow as a sharply defined mannikin. Every movement was perfectly represented by the double. An Irishman from Cork who stood close by exclaimed in huge delight: "Begorra that's foine. I wonder would it go away if ye threw a sthona at it." On the second occasion the cloud bank was more distant and the circle larger, with the shadow that of an indistinct giant.

The chief and most numerous results of the heavy snowfall are seen in the glaciers. While not of such length as those of Alaska, the Yukon, the European Alps, the Himalaya, and other mountain ranges, the glaciers of the Main and Selkirk Ranges (of the Selkirks especially) are noted for their purity, their beautiful configuration and the mazes of crevasses and *séracs* by which they are intersected. Those who have studied the physics of nature will know that glaciers are the outflow from deposits of ice, held in depressions or pockets amidst the mountain peaks, which have their original supply from the winter snows falling in the district. At the high altitude at which the snowfall is held it thaws only during the very hot days of midsummer, and there is no melting adequate to the amount of snow that falls. So, if the snowfall kept piling up year after year it would rise to an indefinite height into space above the earth's crust. This is what happens when any portion of the continent becomes

covered by an ice-cap. The great weight of the snow compacts the under layers into ice and the force of gravitation starts the mass flowing outwards through gaps between the peaks, or even to overflowing, along the rim of the basin, a condition that is often seen in the Canadian Rockies. Thus, the surplus flowing outwards relieves the congestion of snow and ice that would otherwise ensue and, through its naturally regulated flow, maintains the equilibrium of forces that is found to be the key-note of the mechanism of the universe.

Ice is not very elastic, and the bed over which it is to flow is often very steep and rough, with frequent precipices and broken ledges in its course. When the ice comes to inequalities in the bed, not being able to bend over them, it splits into great cracks running crossways, at right angles to the flow. These are the crevasses of glaciers that we hear so much about in alpine literature. Sometimes the inequalities cause the cracks to occur parallel to the flow, or with its length. When the two series of crevasses intersect, the ice is broken into pillars of curious and fantastic shapes, which are known as *séracs* and which present very beautiful formations. There is an intense charm in climbing amidst these wonderful creations, for they give one the impression of a city of mummies; in gazing into the great ice cracks with which they are surrounded and watching the sunshine play in blue and green lights on the transparent walls; in wondering how deep are these huge caverns, set with sharp ice teeth that apparently extend into the bowels of the earth; in listening to the rush of subterranean streams in the depths below, or the splash of the water as it falls in circular well-holes and comes racing down the steeper parts of the ice in a series of miniature cascades; and again in counting the snowfall of many years as shown by the mummified *séracs* close by, for each year's fall is shown clearly on these pillars,

being separated from the next by a well-marked dirt band where the dust collected on the surface has been embedded in the ice year after year.

The species of glacier that is the outflow from an ice-field, or *névé*, as it is termed, is technically known as a glacier of the true alpine type. A splendid illustration is found in the Illecillewaet, close to *Glacier House*, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's tourist hotel near the summit of the Selkirk Range. It is a huge cascade of ice tumbling, in a wild confusion of *séracs* between steep walls of rock, more than three thousand feet from the sky-line. It is a wonderful and impressive sight. A lady from Seattle, Washington, who was a guest at *Glacier House* tramped out through the woods and, crossing the barren waste of stones, boulders, gravel and clay deposited by the ice in front of it, gazed steadfastly at the towering fall for fully half an hour. Then, returning to the hotel, she marched up to the counter and asked in all earnestness: "Is it a real glacier or one that has been put there by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for an advertisement?" There is a real feeling among a certain section of the travelling public that the railway company produces spectacular surprises for its patrons.

There are several types of glaciers, among them the Piedmont type, where there is no snow-field above the ice-flow; it is fed by masses falling from hanging or pocket glaciers high up in the depressions between the peaks. The ice-cap glacier is another type. An example is seen on the north and east sides of Mount Balfour, one of the peaks of the Great Divide. There the whole mountain top is covered with ice, which is gradually resolving itself into component glaciers. This ice-cap glacier illustrates on a small scale the condition that existed many, many years ago, during what is now known as the Ice Age, when a large portion of the North American Continent was cov-

ered by a similar ice-cap, no one knows how thick, reaching southward to far below Niagara; an ice-cap that has left behind it the great interior lakes of North America as a reminder of its existence. Again, we have hanging glaciers, which are formed through the collection of snow that has drifted into pockets on the mountainsides and, having compacted into ice, now sends broken masses to feed glaciers of the Piedmont type into the valleys below. The two on the north side of Mount Fox furnish excellent examples. The Victoria Glacier seen in the accompanying illustration is another example of the Piedmont type. It heads at the narrow gap between Mount Victoria on the right and Mount Lefroy on the left known as the Abbot Pass, and is fed by the avalanches falling from the heights of these two great monoliths. The narrow passage between them is known as the Death Trap. The name has been suggested by the danger incurred in travelling through it to make the ascents of Victoria and Lefroy from the crest of Abbot Pass. When the sun gets high in the heavens and its rays make the masses of snow and ice soft, great avalanches hurl themselves downwards and, sweeping across the narrow passages, convert it into a veritable death trap. It is always well to make this passage during the early morning hours while the snow is still hard. During the afternoon in summer time these avalanches fall almost continuously and fill the valley with a succession of roars resembling thunder.

In the same illustration the Mitre Glacier is seen, on the left of Mount Lefroy, joining the Victoria Glacier. It also is of the Piedmont type. Near the junction of the two ice streams still another type of glacier is presented. Here the ice masses falling from the heights of Lefroy send an ice stream directly across the surface of the Mitre Glacier, with a flow at right angles to it. This type has been termed *parasitic*.

Mount Lefroy, seen in the illustration, is of peculiar interest, for it was on this mountain that one of the three accidents that have occurred in the Canadian Rockies happened, when Philip S. Abbot, of Boston, lost his life in August, 1896. The story, a very sad one, has been told again and again. It reads of much courage and determination on the part of the climbers and, after the accident, of much devotion by the members of the party. Like many accidents of the kind, it is not known how it happened. Owing to the exigencies of the climb, Abbot was not in sight when he fell, and the first intimation his companions had of the accident was his body falling swiftly past them through the air. There seems little doubt that the fact of very few accidents happening in the annals of Canadian mountaineering is due to the lessons learned from the European Alps. When climbing in the Rockies became an established feature of their attractions, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company promptly brought out a number of professional Swiss guides, the best that could be had, and hired them out to their patrons. That, and the great care and precautions that have been taken by the Alpine Club, since its inception, have minimised these unhappy possibilities; for chances of accidents are here quite as great as in other regions that tempt the enthusiastic mountaineer.

A few words concerning the Wenckemna Glacier of which an illustration is here given. It is a perfect example of the Piedmont type, and it adds to its interest the fact that it is the only glacier in the Canadian Rockies known to be advancing. The cause is probably due to the fact that immediately to the south behind it are the much heard of Ten Peaks of Allen, which shut off the hottest of the sun's rays. Moreover, the *débris* falling from the peaks has so littered the surface of the ice that it is covered from the sun's heat by a veneer of broken rock. This glacier is even

now encroaching on the forest and is knocking down the trees. When the amount of snowfall in winter exceeds the melting in the summer the foot of the glacier advances; when it is less, the foot retreats. At the present time, and for many years previously, the latter has been the case, and all glaciers of the region and generally of the North American Continent are working backwards up the valleys or troughs they have carved out. It will thus be seen that there are two distinct motions: one a continuous downward motion through the force of gravitation, or weight of ice moving down an inclined plane; the other backward or forward as governed by climatic conditions. In the valley of the Illecillewaet Glacier, a mile farther down from where the ice tongue now stands, is seen a huge pile of immense blocks of rock, some weighing hundreds of tons, reaching quite across the valley. Through it the foaming torrent that comes from the melting ice has cut a passage. This pile, or moraine as it is technically termed, was carried down by the ice and left deposited in the form in which it is now seen. It has been estimated that it was deposited there in the thirteenth century, seven hundred years ago. Within that period the ice has retreated about one mile, on an average not quite a quarter of an inch a day, which fact gives a tangible idea of the slow workings of these mighty phenomena.

Another striking instance is the Muir Glacier in Alaska, where the ice has retreated more than fifty miles in 125 years and, in the course of its recession, has left vacant the inlet now known as Glacier Bay. In this case, however, the circumstances were different, for the front end of the ice was submerged in the Pacific Ocean and was subjected to its furious assaults during stormy weather.

A word about moraines: The flow of a glacier or ice river is very similar to that of an ordinary river, although so much slower; the current

moves faster in the centre or where the volume of ice is deepest. This is seen in the accompanying illustration of the Deville Glacier. First we have the ice lake, or *névé*, creating the source of supply. We then see where the flow begins to break into crevasses as the grade gets steeper. Next there is a ledge in the rock bed, over which the ice falls in a cascade. Below, the bed is more uniform and the broken ice joins together again, appearing in a series of beautiful fan-shaped circles, curving outwards and illustrating the more rapid flow in the centre. An ordinary river carries down on its surface the *débris* of the forests and other tracts through which it passes, and this *débris* gradually works towards the edges and is thrown up on the banks on either side, leaving a pile of material along each margin. An ice river exhibits the same characteristics. The rock *débris* that is disintegrated from the peaks bordering it, through the action of frost and sunshine, falls to the ice below. It is then carried down and deposited along the sides. As the glacier shrinks through melting, this *débris* is left in two regular lines, like well-built levees, at a considerable height above the surface of the ice. In walking over it you see a triangular-shaped pile of broken and rounded boulders cemented together by glacial mud formed of dust blown from the peaks, which collects in the hollows between the rocks. This mud is known as boulder clay. To all appearances, these are solid walls, but such is not the case. The rock and mud is a veneer over a core of ice that has been prevented from melting by its covering. Such deposits along the sides of a glacier are known as lateral moraines; they are seen in the illustration of the Dawson Glacier.

Again, when in course of retreat, the ice forefoot as it melts drops broken rock in front of it or uncovers boulders that have been rounded and polished by the grinding process of the ice as it moves down its bed. Not

infrequently great masses are seen pushed in front of the forefoot, which has acted like a huge ploughshare. The irresistible force of these mighty ploughs are seen in the deep valleys they have gouged out through the course of ages and in the polished and smoothed sides of the rocks lining the gorges in which they move. Such areas of rock, boulders and clay in front of a glacier are known as terminal moraines. There is still another kind of moraine, which is seen in the illustration of the Balfour ice-cap, at the foot of its main ice-flow. Here, the several streams of ice have thrown up the *débris* in the centre between them and formed ridges of rock and boulders, showing like black lines on the surface. These are called medial moraines.

Nearly all of the most beautiful features of Canadian alpine regions, as seen in these beautiful wilds of the Rockies and the Selkirks, spring from glacial sources: ice caves at their forefeet, swirling torrents that leap madly through rockbound gorges hundreds of feet deep and so narrow that they are often spanned by natural bridges consisting of a single boulder, thundering falls that break over ledges and drop in sheets of spray to the depths below, magnificent in their power and majesty, cascades that foam between walls of pine and empty into placid lakes of magic shades of blue and green, wonderful alplands clad with graceful waving spruce trees and many and gorgeous flowers of exquisite structure. These and many others should have a chapter to themselves.

What has been written will serve to give some idea of the magic and the mystery of this wonderland, where one finds oneself in *fay-dom* more surely than ever was written in the best told fairy story or the most enthralling pantomime produced on the modern stage. It serves to show that there is no need for Canadians to wander from their own land to see Nature in its most original or attractive forms,

to read the story of Creation in what may aptly be described as "A factory of the world."

The recently formed Alpine Club of Canada, gathers together its members yearly in the midst of such surroundings and gives them a full opportunity to see and study these great natural phenomena and beauties from the best points of vantage. There is a prevalent idea that such alpine lunatics congregate only to rush up peaks and down again. As Ruskin wrote with regard to the Alpine Club of England: "The Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide

down again with shrieks of delight." But Ruskin found that mountains might be climbed without vulgarising them, and he made full amends for his severe criticism by himself joining the club.

The foregoing will show that there is more than that. There is something to see, something to learn that will stick, and will remain in the pages of memory's scrapbook with a loving reverence for the great Creator of all things, whose wondrous power appears not only in the mighty ice-fall but in the brilliant colouring of the highest-up tiny flower that grows through the snow in the late September spring of the high altitudes near the snow-line.

THE TRUANT

By H. O. N. BELFORD

A WAYWARD breeze crept from the mountain height,
 Stole by the pines, and sought the moonlit sea,
 Caressed a sail all set in silver light,
 And bore my heart from me.

O mother mountain, call the children home
 To toss the streamlet sprays with laughter glad!
 Sad is their errand when they seaward roam—
 And watching eyes are sad.

A wayward breeze came tripping in one morn,
 With snowy, foamy feet—a wanderer she.
 And in her wake a perjured sail forlorn—
 A broken heart to me!

THE BLACK SHEEP CLUB

BY PETER McARTHUR

IF Mr. Ellis of Ellis and Company, importers of silks and fine fabrics, had applied to any one else the profane epithets he was applying to himself he would have been arrested. He was walking back and forth in his private room swearing at himself quietly but vehemently, with a skill that showed long experience. Anyone hearing him would have been certain that at some time in his career he had been either a truck-driver in New York or a sailor before the mast; but he took special care that no one should hear him. Presently he regained his self-control, seated himself at his desk and wrote a memorandum. He then gave his desk bell a vicious slap. In response to the signal his bookkeeper entered.

"Here, Jones, charge cheque No. 659, that I have just drawn, to profit and loss."

"Yes, sir. Anything more to-day?"

"Nothing more, thank you. Good evening."

He then closed his desk and was reaching for his overcoat when an office boy entered with a card.

"Mr. Hart, of Hart and Hall, wishes to see you, sir,"

"Um — Hart and Hall, dealers in heavy chemicals, dyestuffs. What can he want with me? Show him in."

A moment later Mr. Hart entered. He was faultlessly attired and, like Mr. Ellis, had all the appearance of a prosperous business man and member of good society. And they were alike in that the expressions of their faces were keen but kindly and showed great force of character.

"I presume," began Mr. Hart, as he seated himself slowly and gingerly, "that you are at a loss to understand to what you owe this visit."

"I confess that I am."

"Then I will come to the point at once. The Black Sheep Club has decided that you are eligible for membership, and I have called to ask if you can make it convenient to come up to our club-rooms to-night and be initiated."

"The Black Sheep Club! I never heard of it."

"Certainly not. It is the most secret and yet the most beneficent organisation in the world."

"Well, Mr. Hart, I know you by reputation as a business man and gentleman, and feel sure you would not try to play a joke on me; but I would like to know something more about this club before consenting to become a member."

"Naturally, and if you will pledge yourself to the most absolute secrecy I will tell you all I dare. I may say, however, that this pledge is hardly necessary, as no one to whom membership was offered ever refused to join. That is why the secret never got out."

The required pledge was given, and Mr. Hart resumed.

"If I am not mistaken you are just in the humour to be initiated. Before I came in you were reviling yourself with every emphatic word and phrase in your vocabulary, were you not?"

"See here! This club of yours is not a Theosophical affair, is it?"

"Not at all! I am no mind reader. But I know this is true because I met that loafer, Spencer Smythe, coming downstairs as I was coming up. You have been supporting him for the last couple of months — not because he has any claim on you, but because you are easy on wrongdoers for the reason that you know what it is to have gone wrong yourself."

"How dare you talk to me like this, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Ellis, angrily, springing from his seat. "I have never discussed such matters with my nearest friends."

"No," replied Mr. Hart calmly, "and no one is going to ask you to do it now. I merely do it in order to give you some idea of our club. It is wholly composed of hard-headed business and professional men who are tender-hearted and cannot help allowing themselves to be imposed upon by good-for-nothings like Smythe, just as you have been doing. Like you, every one of them began life by being a black sheep, and some of them still have Southdown markings."

"Look here! What do you know about my past life?"

"Pardon me for speaking of it, for you have already lived it down so far as the world is concerned, though it still worries you and makes you swear retrospectively whenever you think of it; but I know all about that little escapade of yours when you ran away from home and disgraced your family by tramping to Michigan, where you lived for several summers as shanty-man in winter and a drunken dock-walloper in summer."

Mr. Ellis cowered in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, yes," he whispered brokenly, "and I have been punished for it enough without its coming back to disgrace me now."

"Disgrace nothing," said Mr. Hart cheerily. "It is what put backbone in you, and all your success has been due to the fact that you have been trying to live down that episode in your life. Believe me, there is no

such thing as ambition in the world. Men merely strive for success because they want to live down their past. It is the same with everyone in our club. I made a ——— idiot of myself when I was a boy, and I don't dare to be idle for fear I'll think of it. The result is that I work with the ferocity that compels success. Talk about your blithering fools! I was the——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Ellis, "I begin to catch your drift. You are all successful men because you have sore places in your memories that goad you on. But what benefit do you derive from your club?"

"What do you feel like when you think of your early misdeeds—or of any fool thing that you do?"

"I feel that I want to be kicked!"

"Exactly! So do we all! And the beauty of it is that we get kicked. It wouldn't do for a gentleman to hire someone to kick him, so we attend to that for one another."

Ellis laughed a nervous laugh, in which Hart joined.

"I tell you, our club fills a long-felt want!" he exclaimed. "Won't you join us?"

"Certainly I will," cried Ellis. "I am in just the mood for it."

"I thought you would be. Let us hurry, for they are holding dinner for us."

On the way uptown in a cab Hart explained more thoroughly the workings of the club.

"When a man is initiated we try to give him a kicking that will make up for all the kickings he has yearned for in the past. For this we charge an initiation fee of twenty-five dollars. We have no monthly dues, but whenever a man wants to be kicked he pays in ten dollars to the treasurer and is obliged. We find that this enables us to maintain our club luxuriously."

"But it isn't chartered as the Black Sheep Club, is it?"

"Certainly not! It is called the Business Men's Benevolent Associa-

tion. You will be surprised to learn that many of your dearest friends belong to it. They are men whom perhaps you have considered selfish because they always show a preference for cushioned and luxurious seats when visiting, because they sit in cushioned chairs in their offices. But that is not selfishness. It is the result of membership in this club. Though we knew that you must have a past because you were successful and allowed yourself to be sponged on, it took us a long time to discover what your past was. But we finally found that you too had been a black sheep."

"Oh, sink my past! Our peccadilloes are not the subject of all conversation, are they?" exclaimed Ellis.

"What do you take us for? A camp-meeting? We leave that sort of thing to unctuous deacons and callow boys. We are all men of the world, and, besides, there is a rule of the club which provides that anyone speaking of his past gets kicked free."

"But, of course," he continued, every member of the club knows your past. That was necessary before you could be admitted."

Mr. Ellis quailed. "Good Heavens!" he groaned. "How can I ever face them? They all know just what an ass I have been!"

"How does it make you feel?"

"As if I wanted to be kicked!" yelled the victim.

"That's good!" said Mr. Hart grimly, "for you are going to be."

A moment later Mr. Ellis was hurried into the general room of the club and Mr. Hart announced in a loud tone that he was to become one of them. While he was paying his initiation fee, the members of the club arranged themselves in two files about four feet apart and extending across the room. When Mr. Ellis was led to the rear rank, each member leaned forward, supporting his whole weight on his left foot and letting his right foot, which was extended backward, rest on the toe, ready for action.

Mr. Hart faced Mr. Ellis in the

proper direction, then stepped back and started him down the line with a kick that made his teeth snap like a bear-trap. As he passed along, each member, with practiced foot, contributed a kick that made him forget the sins of his past and his hopes of the future.

When he landed with a grunt against the opposite wall the President of the Club hastened to his side and picked him up. He then led him into the grill-room and gave him a seat in a softly cushioned chair.

"Do your sins trouble you now?"

"No," said Mr. Ellis, shifting uneasily. "With such a counter-irritant neither my conscience nor anything else can hurt me for weeks to come."

When he finally got more comfortable he looked about and recognised dozens of successful citizens—judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, college professors and prominent men whose lives he had always supposed to have run smoothly from Sunday school to success. Finally when the dinner was over Mr. Hart came to him with a worried expression on his face, and before Mr. Ellis could thank him for his kindness, he exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Ellis, I feel that I made an ass of myself in the way that I introduced the subject of membership to you. I did it so clumsily you must have thought me a blackmailer. I want to be kicked."

Before he could be dissuaded he paid in his ten dollars and the double line formed again. As soon as Mr. Ellis learned that he being the youngest member it was his privilege to contribute to Mr. Hart his initial velocity, a dangerous gleam lit his kindly eye. When the word was given he started Mr. Hart on his way to peace of mind with a long swinging hitch and kick that lifted him past the first half dozen members.

Shortly afterward the two new friends went home arm in arm, totally oblivious of the blackened past and thinking only of the present, with its pleasures and pains.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

ONE must not expect too much from the conference which at the moment of writing is proceeding between the two great British parties on the constitutional question. The more advanced element of the Liberal party will protest most vehemently against any recession from the position taken up by Mr. Lloyd-George and sustained by the Government as a whole—a demand for the abolition of the Lords' veto. Mr. Asquith may in the end prefer to force this issue at a general election than to risk the certain anger of many supporters and the possible disruption of his party by adopting the more moderate policy which is commonly believed to be most in line with his own sympathies. Mr. Joseph Martin, the special contribution of Canada to the extreme Radical wing, has already broken into open rebellion at the mere suggestion of compromise, and declares he will no longer support Mr. Asquith. Mr. Martin is famous as an irreconcilable, and may be less vexatious to the Government as an avowed enemy than as a supposed friend; meanwhile to make his new attitude effective, it will be necessary for Mr. Martin to add his vote to the Unionist forces and support protection and the Lords, a most unhappy situation for an uncompromising Radical.

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Neither party stands apparently to gain much from an election. The Unionists have had a little less than the average luck at bye-elections.

counting as yet not one gain to their credit though there have been several contests. Majorities for Liberal candidates have been almost invariably reduced, but this is a somewhat sorry consolation. The Unionists had counted pretty confidently on winning the Hartlepool division vacated by the unseating of Sir Christopher Furness for corrupt practices, but the Liberal candidate obtained a respectable though reduced majority; it is, in fact, likely that the occasion of the vacancy, no more than a technical breach of a rigorous, and properly rigorous, electoral law, induced a certain generosity towards the Liberal candidate, the more so because he was the son of the famous captain of industry who had been unseated. On the other hand, though the Government is able to pull through its bye-elections, there is every evidence that there is no accession of strength to the Liberal party to be looked for from an immediate appeal to the country—the indication being in part slightly the reverse. The desire of the country would seem to be that the Liberal Government, with its composite majority, should stay in power for the present, if Redmond approves, but that nothing in the shape of a revolution should be attempted. It will be for Mr. Asquith to decide whether, the Budget having become law, and the great reforms embodied in it having become an accomplished fact, a year or two of quiet administration and moderate legislation may not be a fairer inter-

pretation of the public will than would be a plunge into the chaos of constitutional change.

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The problem involved in the difficulty between the Liberal party and the House of Lords is one of the most complicated and far-reaching within the whole realm of politics. The British House of Commons is accepted as the great organ of public opinion. No ministry can survive a loss of the confidence of the popular chamber. But the Lords are none the less an essential part of the British constitution, a constitution which is the growth of many centuries and under which, as all of British blood are proud to claim, Britain has led the world in social and financial reform, in political thought, and in all that makes for the uplifting of the race; if this is not true, there has been a vast conspiracy to deceive us all, and if true, then the constitution, Lords or no Lords, cannot be the ridiculous thing it is now alleged in some quarters to be.

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There can be no doubt as to the real effect of the abolition of the Lords' power of veto. It removes all check on the House of Commons, and gives the United Kingdom over to the control of a single chamber. It may not prove to be an evil, but it is well to recognise the facts. The Liberal party indeed says, and not without truth, that Great Britain is under single chamber government now whenever the Conservative party is in power. It may be said in reply to this that a Conservative government is not prone to great changes, and that radical legislation such as the Lords are likely to oppose, must almost of necessity come from the Liberal party. An exception lies at the moment in the present agitation of the Unionist party for protective duties, and there can be little doubt that the Liberal party would modify

its present attitude towards the Lords if it felt there was any prospect of conservative legislation on this subject or on any other equally contentious matter, being held for a further test of public opinion. Truth compels the admission that the Lords would be unlikely to exercise their powers at the expense of the Conservatives even in such cases; hence the resentment and indignation of the Liberal party.

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As to the practicability of rule by a single chamber, the question is at bottom an academic one. It is impossible to prove that it would be a failure. The most notable instance on record, the National Assembly of France, is not encouraging. It is the state absolute, of the order laid down by Rousseau, freed from any control whatever, a position easy enough to justify logically, but not from the analogies of history. "Those who are supreme over everything," wrote John Stuart Mill in his work on "Representative Government," "whether they be one, few or many, have no longer need of the arms of reason; they can make their mere will prevail; and those who cannot be resisted are usually far too well satisfied with their own opinions to be willing to change them, or to listen with impatience to any one who tells them that they are in the wrong." But Mill, though a great Radical in his day, wrote these words in 1861, and the world, we shall be told, has moved since then. The most dangerous feature of the present movement to remove all control from the House of Commons is, perhaps, not so much the sweeping nature of the proposed change in itself as the lightness of heart and absolute indifference to all consequence with which it is being entered upon.

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Mr. Roosevelt has returned to his own country laden with honours by

the nations of Europe and royally received by his fellow-citizens of the United States. His tour has been quite unprecedented in character. General Grant, indeed, received ovations from many nations and courtesies from many rulers when, a generation ago, he too travelled the world as an ex-President of the United States; but General Grant figured in the single light of a great soldier who had, indeed, saved the Union but did not for that or any other reason arouse the intense and universal interest that has centred in the personality of Theodore Roosevelt from almost the beginning of his career as President. Mr. Roosevelt is accused of self-advertising, but the charge is made only by his enemies, and a very little examination shows that he has been rather exploited by the newspapers than that he has sought to exploit them. He has lived, however, in the open, in the fierce light that beats on Presidents and ex-Presidents as well as on thrones, and he has come out of the ordeal with no greater damage than a strengthening of the conviction already widely entertained that he is a little more blunt and outspoken than is the custom among men who have held the highest places. Perhaps he has not always said or done the wisest things in the remarkable round of receptions and incidents of which he has been the central figure during the past six months, but he has been throughout true to himself and his tone and attitude have been invariably such as point the way to the highest citizenship and the fullest development of manly character.

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Mr. Roosevelt's latest speech of moment was that delivered on the occasion of his acceptance of the freedom of the city of London, the highest honour the world metropolis can bestow. The theme was the work of Britain in the various divisions of Africa from which he had just re-

turned. South Africa, where, under the British system, the greatest and happiest transformation of all had been accomplished, was not included in Mr. Roosevelt's itinerary and therefore escaped mention. As to East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, the American critic had only words of praise for what Britain had accomplished; but as to Egypt his remarks contained a very plain-spoken suggestion that, because of the modern proneness to sentimentality, there was danger of the loss of all the benefits that have resulted to the Egyptian people from British control during the past twenty-eight years. "If you feel," said Mr. Roosevelt, addressing an audience composed of the first men, and practically only the first men, of England, "that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and keep order there, then by all means get out of Egypt. If, as I hope, you feel that your duty to civilised mankind and your fealty to your own great traditions alike bid you to stay then make the fact and the name agree, and show that you are ready to meet the responsibility which is yours."

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These were daring words, words which could only be used by a privileged visitor, which would have been without value from the lips of any man who had not occupied a position of great responsibility, and would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette from one still possessing authority; they would have been offensive from any man except Mr. Roosevelt. Coming even from the ex-President, they startled England, and evoked much doubtful and some unfavourable comment in the United States, where many, not unfriendly to Mr. Roosevelt, feared that he had at last made the dreaded *faux pas*. When the criticisms had spent their force, and not the least forceful among them were written in our own Canadian journals, the cables informed us that

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, the British Premier and his Foreign Secretary, had shouldered all responsibility in the matter, Sir Edward Grey stating to Parliament even that he had personally approved an outline of the speech which had been submitted to him before delivery. No doubt the Foreign Secretary had sought in this way to strengthen the hands of the Government and to undo to some extent the evil which had resulted from the incendiary utterances of Mr. Keir Hardie and one or two other irresponsible British members of Parliament at the Young Egypt Congress at Geneva, one of the sequels of which was the assassination of the Egyptian Premier by the secretary of the Congress.

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We in Canada can see the Egyptian problem only in its more general aspects and as a rule are as reluctant to condemn Britain for too great severity in her repressive measures as for laxity in enforcement of the law or failure to enforce order and authority. The difficulties are great, but we may be reasonably sure that Great Britain will achieve a fair compromise between harshness and sentimentality, and that her policy will inure to the benefit of the Egyptian people; this may sound like platitude, but Great Britain has no other excuse for being in Egypt at all. After a shrewd observation of conditions, Mr. Roosevelt expressed the strongest hope that Great Britain would continue to govern Egypt, but insisted that "if you stay in Egypt it is your first duty to keep order—above all to punish murder and bring to justice all who incite others to commit murder or condone crime when it is committed." There is much force in the remark of the ex-President and it will be a benefit to the British people to have thus bluntly placed before them the views of a distinguished and most friendly outsider. As *The Outlook* says, commenting on the incident and the criticisms passed, "There is some-

thing to be said for governing a dependent people by a nation that is stronger and more advanced; and there is something to be said, perhaps, for leaving them without government to blunder their way up to ordered liberty, but there is absolutely nothing to be said for pretending to govern without governing."

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The definite announcement that the Duke of Connaught will succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada has elicited the kindest comments on the personality and character of the brother of the late King and the warmest assurances of cordial welcome from all classes on his arrival. There is here and there, meanwhile, the expression of some slight mistrust lest so marked a departure from custom and tradition should prove in any way unfortunate. The appointment is made, of course, with the best of intention on the part of the British Government, and is said to have had the special approval of King Edward. It may be safely assumed that the Duke of Connaught himself is attracted by the prospect or he would not have agreed to take the position. The Duke's inclination for a position involving active duty and serious responsibility is sufficiently shown by his resignation of the military command in the Mediterranean because of its lack of these features. The suggestion of danger, if that is not too strong a word to be used, lies in the recognition of the fact that the presence in Canada as Governor-General of a leading member of the royal family, one closely related to the reigning sovereign, may provoke some notes of dissonance; it is feared that there may be too strong an inclination to convert Rideau Hall into the semblance of a court, and that it may, in short, be difficult for the King's uncle or for that matter any near relative of the sovereign, to combine vice-royalty and democracy in the

peculiarly fortunate fashion followed by Earl Grey, for example.

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The doubts, on the whole, are perhaps grounded on the theory that the entourage of the Duke, domestic and otherwise, may fail to appreciate the difference of social atmosphere in the old world and the new, rather than on any suggested or problematical shortcoming on the part of the Duke; that a constraint may be imposed on a Governor-General of royal lineage or that a stricter etiquette may make too severe demands on the patience of a people not the less essentially democratic because it is deeply attached to the person of the monarch and the theory of the crown. No doubt there is room for an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the step. No new step was ever yet taken that did not involve a certain risk. The risk will be greatly minimised by the tact and judgment of the Guelph family which the Duke is believed to have inherited in large degree, and for the rest the success or failure of the step taken, and the degree to which it will become a precedent for future action depends on our own people. In the meantime, there is general pleasure in the fact that the proposed arrangement entails the continuance in office for another year of Earl Grey, the most popular and successful Governor-General since the days of Lord Dufferin.

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An excellent article appears in the June issue of *The National Review*

entitled "On a Canadian Farm," the writer being an Englishwoman, Mrs. Lloyd-Jones, now the wife of an Ontario farmer and living, as she states, in an old settled part about sixty miles from Toronto. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones' article was inspired by reports she had read of a headmasters' conference in England at which had been discussed the familiar question of farming in the colonies as a pursuit for boys trained in English public-schools. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones gives a lively and vivid, if not a wholly enheartening picture of life on a farm of 170 acres in the locality named, where "we keep one regular hired man and hire extra hands at busy times, my husband taking his part in the work." The object of the writer is to show the reason for the failure of the average English public-school boy who comes to Canada to farm, the inaptitude of his training and the falseness of the notions usually entertained as to the nature of farm work in Canada. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones rather more than proves her case, her picture being a truly terrifying presentment of the qualifications making for success in Ontario agriculture, while the view obtained of success achieved includes perhaps too small a measure of the comforts and refinements of life to render it specially attractive; in this last respect perhaps Mrs. Lloyd-Jones' article is hardly fair to the home of many an Ontario farmer. The article will, however, serve a useful purpose and it is to be hoped it will be widely read in England.





At Five O'clock

OUT OF BABYLON

BY ISABEL ECLESTONE MACKAY

Their looks for me are bitter,
And bitter is their word—
I may not glance behind unseen,
I may not sigh unheard!

So fare we forth from Babylon,
Along the road of stone;
And none looks back to Babylon
Save I—save I alone!

My mother's eyes are glory-filled
(Save when they fall on me);
The shining of my father's face
I tremble when I see!

For they were slaves in Babylon,
And now they're walking free—
They leave their chains in Babylon,
I bear my chains with me!

At night a sound of singing
The vast encampment fills;
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"
It sweeps the nearing hills—

But no one sings of Babylon
(Their home of yesterday);
And no one prays for Babylon,
And I—I dare not pray!

Last night the Prophet saw me;
And while he held me there
The holy fire within his eyes
Burned all my secret bare.

"What! Sigh you so for Babylon?"
(I turned away my face)
"Here's one who turns to Babylon,
Heart-traitor to her race!"

I follow and I follow!
My heart upon the rack;
I follow to Jerusalem—
The long road stretches back

To Babylon, to Babylon!

And every step I take
Bears farther off from Babylon
A heart that cannot break!

—*The Independent.*

*

THERE was an English novelist who was so perverted in taste that he sat down one day and wrote an ode to the Northeast Wind. He went so far as to praise the "hard gray weather" and to express a preference for snowflakes. Alas for one so deaf to nature's most melodious voices. Or course, one may as well admit that Keats was right when he stated modestly that "the poetry of earth is never dead," instancing the cricket of the wintertime as the cold weather substitute for the grasshopper. But the cricket is a dull companion, in comparison with the chums of the summer days, who make our season of glad weather a delight to all children of the sunshine. I have no sympathy with polar explorers—whether they be the lost Franklin, the imaginative Doctor Cook or the indefatigable Peary. Anyone who would spend thousands of dollars and any quantity of nervous energy in a search for eternal snow and ice may have a spirit worthy of emulation—but give me the land of the Lotus Eaters, where it is always afternoon and there is nothing more strenuous to do than to watch the emerald

waters falling—falling—and the violet smiles above the distant heights.

"What a lazy life!" exclaims the busy Martha. Really, life might be worth living, if it were not for the bustling Marthas who mean well (like all disagreeable creatures) and who are always trying to make other people do the things which are wearying and superfluous. Many months ago, I wrote foolish paragraphs for this page on the joys of toil and the wizardry of work. They were thoughtless remarks, of which, in the beautiful idleness of a summer afternoon, I do now repent. I feel a deep sympathy with that charming scribe, Mr. James Douglas of M.A.P., who says that he would rather be a cow in Cornwall than anything else. We lose a great deal of comfort and content by being human beings, thereby becoming solicitous for the morrow.

The East has a vast experience in its estimate of leisure and reflection. Carried to a fatalistic extreme, it is dangerous, but to one who has found this noisy modern world a distraction and a weariness, there is a great world-wisdom in the Oriental attitude. We are so fond of boasting of our "progress" and our aggression that we forget the things which are more excellent and allow ourselves to believe that life consists in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth. We rush about the streets, almost choke ourselves over "quick luncheons," go to noisy musical comedies for recreation—and then send missionaries to the effête East to show the Oriental how to live. The missionary will do a great deal of good, if he have the wisdom of the serpent and be not possessed of a desire to make the East "hurry." But let him beware of misunderstanding the leisurely mind of the Oriental. Otherwise, he will meet with an early departure from the scene of toil.

"Now, it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown. For the Christian riles and the Aryan

smiles, and he weareth the Christian down.

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased,

And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here, who tried to hustle the East.'

We are still a very young people on this huge and hopeful continent, and, like all juveniles, we are extremely impatient of the advice or the example of those who have learned how to grow old gracefully. We buy a gross of mottoes, inscribed with "hustle" and "do it now" and imagine we are inspiring ourselves and others to the finest effort. We succeed in being fussy and think that we are busy. In this country, we are always urging our artists and writers "to do something Canadian and be quick about it," not realising that in all good work there must be the spontaneous element which produces poem or picture:

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue."
Then a captious reader remarks: "But there must be work. Don't you remember what someone said about genius being an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Of course he did, and work has its own place in the world, no doubt. But we are in danger of mistaking perspiration for inspiration and of getting the notion that the consumption of midnight oil will kindle "the light which never was on sea or land."

Let us buy a ticket for the Land of the Lotos Eaters and listen to the music of the Choric Song for two blissful summer months! These are the idle sentiments of an idle sister who believes that just to do nothing forever and ever would be paradise indeed.

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ON the 31st of May, 1910, the union of the Provinces of South Africa became an accomplished fact. Henceforth the four communities — Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—are to form

within the British Empire a single political unit. But this latest confederation means much more than appears from the simple announcement. It means the union of the British and Dutch races of South Africa. When one considers the history of the last quarter-of-a-century in that troubled corner of the Dark Continent, the present consummation is a matter for wonder.

"The union of South Africa," as a writer in the Montreal *Standard* remarks, "has cost not the passing labour of a constitutional convention, but a century of strife. It has left memories, good and bad, that cannot die. The story is written upon the broad face of South Africa; it is stained in the blood of Slagter's Nek and Spion Kop; you may read it in the Burghers' Monument at Krugersdorp, reared stone by stone for independence, or where the long shadows of Majuba fall westward on the grass-grown hills; and most of all in the uncounted graves where the young men of the five nations that might have lived and loved among the homesteads of the Saskatchewan or the gardens of Tasmania, sleep their untended slumber amid the silence of the veldt. Such is the record. And now is perhaps the end. The land that has proved itself a very mother of sorrow reaches the close of a tear-stained page of history, and turns to a brighter scroll."

Indeed it has been a land of strong men, who have played the game with all their might, even unto death. Kruger, Botha, Rhodes and Jameson were a quartette whose like we do not often behold. The President of the Transvaal and the English diamond king, who, after all, was "a dreamer, dreaming greatly," have passed from the troubled scene of political strife and clashing ambitions. One likes to think of the great financier, whose aims were so curious a mingling of the capitalist's schemes and scholastic patriotism, sleeping amid the lonely majesty of the Ma-

toppo Hills. Trim and cultivated England would have seemed no fit resting-place for the man who loved her Oxford so devotedly and yet who was possessed of that *wanderlust* which has made new colonies around the Seven Seas. "Doctor Jim" has had a career which reads like an old-fashioned romance, rather than the life of a Twentieth Century citizen. General Louis Botha, splendid general as he was in the days of conflict, has now his great political opportunity as premier of the new government, which means the leadership of Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The new governor, Viscount Gladstone, bears a name to conjure with, however politicians and historians may differ as to the wisdom of his distinguished sire's policy in South Africa. Lord Gladstone has no easy task ahead of him, for old enmities die hard, and it will take many years and the maximum of tactful dealing before the acrimony between Boer and Briton is ameliorated. Whatever may be England's blunders, she seems at the psychological moment to be able to find the right man for her service—a Cromer, a Milner or a Dufferin, who understands the gentle art of "sitting tight" and saying little. It is to be hoped that the present Governor-General of South Africa will prove one of these "essential" officials. Lady Gladstone, also, will have an excellent opportunity to exercise that graciousness and gentle charm by which the wife of a viceregal representative may assist so materially in making crooked places straight and rough paths smooth.

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WE are a utilitarian people, and, except in the summertime, make but little use of the fan. Even then, it is strictly an article for "use" and is significant only as a means of inducing coolness. In the older lands, however, the fan is an instrument infinitely more subtle and has even

held an honoured place in diplomacy. Everyone knows the exquisite bit of verse which Austin Dobson has written on La Pompadour's fan.

A writer in *The Saturday Review* says:

"The fan to modern Europe a woman's dainty weapon, an instrument of coquetry, is a thing of high lineage and august descent. Like so many of our prized possessions, it was adopted from the East. It comes from lands of heat and sunshine. There in remote ages we find it not as the fluttering symbol of lively heartbeats, accenting quick turns of feeling or interpreting "flashes of silence" with mute wit, but as the solemn appendage of power or sacred to priestly usage.

"It was the instrument, on the one hand, of the winnower; on the other, of those whose office it was to keep glowing the life of fire. We do not wonder, therefore, that like other things of lighter function it passed into the ritual of religion, was indispensable to the Dionysia and was borne by the Vestal Virgins. Later it served in Christian ceremonial. But this was not, of course, the folding fan of modern use; it was often of great size, and rigid, with a pole for a handle, swayed slowly and in majestic rhythms. The gorgeous plumes of the peacock, venerated as a sacred bird, with their hundred eyes, the emblem of kingly vigilance, appropriately enriched the fan's significance. Again, from its function of making a cool air, in the hands of slaves, about great personages, it became intimately associated with that other emblem of royalty and distinction, the umbrella, itself perhaps the origin of the symbolic halo.

"It is to Japan, apparently, that we owe the invention of the folding fan, though the palmetto leaf gives natural suggestion of it. Almost everything in the arts of Japan is a borrowing from China, but in this case it was China which borrowed from Japan. It seems natural that the invention should come from their nimble-witted Japanese, with their genius for the light and dainty; but even with them it has its poetry, being regarded with its radiating sticks as a symbol of expanding life.

"Southern Europe, like other sunny climates, preserves primitive and popular forms of the fan, flag shaped or circular, in plaited straw, such as Italian

or Portuguese peasants use for fanning charcoal fires. Feathers, too, have been used in all countries. But the history of the fan as we know it, the folding fan, capable of so many refinements of craftsmanship, the joint handiwork perhaps of a score of different craftsmen, and carrying sometimes delicate masterpieces of the painter's brush—the history of this centres, as we might expect, in France. If Watteau did not paint fans he ought to have painted them. He may have done so, but there seems to be no authentic specimen from his hand. Lancret, Boucher, Fragonard—it seems incredible that these, too, should not have seized upon so apt and congenial a form for their decorative art. But though the spirit of these masters is reflected on the fan paintings of this period, we can point to no classic examples as rivals to those other classics of the Far East, the mounts adorned by the fiery brush of Korin, the exquisite calligraphy of Koyes-su, the genial design of Hokusai. For similar creations of the actual brush of a Fragonard or Watteau would we not sacrifice even the sentimental associations that perfume fans once owned by La Valière or Marie Antoinette?"

Such a profound and significant history has this fragile bit of silk and feathers! There is a curious fascination about the beautiful, old fans, which have fluttered in hands whose slender beauty crumbled long ago into dust and ashes. Some years since, at a Canadian exhibition, there was an exquisite bit of ivory and lace, a fan which had belonged to a famous princess. Many of the more pretentious exhibits in the case were neglected for this airy trifle, which had an unusual attraction for all feminine visitors. Perhaps the subtle charm of all these dainty reminiscent vanities lies in their permanence, in the face of human change. There is always the haunting wonder that these trifles should last through the centuries, while the human beings who fingered the fan or danced in the shoes have left but a wisp of lace or a scrap of silk to give us dim dreams about the wearer.



The WAY of LETTERS

THE author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," Miss L. M. Montgomery, has written another idyll of Prince Edward Island — "Kilmeny of the Orchard." *Kilmeny* is the very opposite of *Anne*, and yet she is quite as lovable. She is a difficult person to form an acquaintance with through the limitations of a review, because no adjectives or set of phrases could describe her. And yet not to describe her is to give but a faint idea of the book; for she is the book, and around her personality and charm Miss Montgomery has developed a rather slight but piquant and wholesome romance. *Kilmeny* came into the world without the power of speech, a defect that seems to have been the result of the mother's transgression. But although she was speechless, her other senses were keen, and she was beautiful beyond anything that those who saw her had ever elsewhere seen. And few indeed were those who saw her, because her aunt and uncle with whom she lived from childhood, her mother having died when she was but a baby, kept her in rigid seclusion, except that she was permitted to take her violin and go away alone into the orchard and there improvise music in keeping with her various moods. And should she weary of the music she could

commune with the flowers and the sky and the sea beyond. It was there that *Eric*, her lover, first saw her; it was there that he first spoke his love, and it was there also that the great joy of their lives came to them. Although they had soon learned to love each other, obstacles that appeared to be insurmountable confronted them. The maiden's inability to speak caused her to renounce all thought of marriage, and there was as well the terrible strictures of the guardians. The lover consulted a specialist, in the hope of discovering something that would give to the girl the power of speech, but the most that was obtained was the opinion that as the vocal organs were normal there was no reason why the girl should not speak if she could only have sufficient inducement. The inducement came sooner than expected. *Eric* had a rival, an Italian lad who had been in the family from his earliest days and who openly courted favour of the girl. This lad was murderously jealous of *Eric*, and one day, as *Eric* sat in the orchard pondering over his grievances, he crept up behind and was about to crush his rival's skull with an axe, when *Kilmeny*, observing the act, was sufficiently induced to cry aloud: "*Eric*, look behind you!" From that time on she was able to speak, and the pathway of

love looked smooth before her. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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"HE descended, with a sudden hawk-like pounce, which was one of his more recent achievements in the navigation of the air, checked himself again at about the level of the mast-head, with a flashing forward swoop, like a man diving into shallow water; then, with a sudden effort, brought himself up standing, his planes nearly vertical. . . . As he did so, he heard a little surprised cry, half of fear, half of astonishment. It was a girl's voice . . . ,'' writes Henry Kitchell Webster in "The Sky-Man." The hero of romance used generally to appear upon a prancing steed, suitably attired, to win the heroine's heart. Now, according to this most up-to-date of authors, he makes his debut in an aeroplane. But still, as one sees by the illustrations, attired for the horse and not the flying-machine, with the one possible exception of spurs! There are one or two other things in the book that seem to hover about the bounds of improbability; for instance, may one hope to stop a charging bear with revolver bullets? But then, the whole story has its being in the realm of the improbable, so one must not be too particular about details. *Cayley* is a nice young man under a cloud, *Jeanne* is a charming lass, and *Roscoe* as horrid a villain as could well be desired. Undoubtedly the best things in the book are the descriptions of *Cayley's* aerial flights, which are vivid, picturesque and alive in every word. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company Cloth, \$1.25).

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IN "The Boston Museum of Fine Arts" Julia De Wolf Addison has made an important addition to her list of books on notable art collections. Few collections could have given her a like opportunity. Not only is the Boston Museum noted for its number

of fine paintings, but it as well contains a rare collection of tapestries, antique rugs, prints, porcelains, and what is regarded as one of the best, if not the very best, collections extant of Chinese bronzes. With a range of objects representing the arts and crafts of the world from remote antiquity down to the present time, the author has had a splendid opportunity to present to the public a comprehensive account of the development of art and the place that art has taken in the culture and refinement of succeeding generations. The volume is therefore a worthy addition to works of this nature. It is handsomely bound and illustrated. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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THE second book of the "Picturesque River Series" has just been published. The author is Clifton Johnson, and the river is the Saint Lawrence. Clifton Johnson is well known as a readable and entertaining relater of his travels, and in the present volume he writes of the great stream which has been the scene of so many historical events and which in natural beauty is not wanting, in much the same manner as he did of the Hudson in the first volume of this series. Beginning with the earliest explorers of the river, he treats successively of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids; of early Montreal and the Montreal of to-day; of Ottawa; of Richelieu and Lake Champlain; of Saint Francis; of Quebec, past and present; of the beautiful Saguenay; and of the Saint Lawrence in winter. There are forty-eight full-page pictures, all of them taken by the author. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

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"TWICE-BORN MEN," Mr. Harold Begbie's latest book, is a study of the work of the Salvation Army in the London slums. It purports to be a foot-note to Professor

James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," and as such we look for a psychological treatment of the subject—conversion. There is, however, little psychology, much less theology, in the book, with the possible exceptions of a few quotations from Professor James, which save the work from having the insipidity of a Sunday school tract. A pseudo-psychological work of this sort is nearly always unsatisfactory, and indeed unnecessary, particularly so when it comes as a sequel to a philosophical treatment of the same subject by an acknowledged authority. Instead of the harrowing narratives of "The Copper Basher," "The Puncher," "The Lowest of the Low," etc., one would prefer a passionate arraignment, in the form of fiction, of the avoidable evils which beset these social outcasts. Dickens under similar circumstances was wise in giving us *Oliver Twist*, and it would have been well had Mr. Begbie followed the great novelist's example in this respect. "Twice-Born Men" was evidently written as a protest against that species of Socialism which denies the worth of religious influence, and as such is worth a perusal. Nor is the book lacking in information; the style is lucid, and, though not passionate, at least sufficiently vigorous to hold our attention throughout. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25.)

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IT is a fortunate thing for any country to occasionally receive the calm reflections of a serious critic. Such is the good fortune of the United States in the publication of a book entitled "The Valour of Ignorance," by Homer Lea. The object of this volume is to give an idea of the unpreparedness of the United States for war, especially for war against Japan. To give a tone of authority to the work, there is an introduction by General Chaffee. The book has all the

appearance of having been written in a dispassionate and logical manner by one who has made a careful study of the subject. The main contention is that the United States could not compete with the Japanese forces either on land or sea, and it outlines a plan by which the Japanese could capture and hold the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Cloth, \$1.80 net.)

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MR. ROBERT HERRICK, author of "The Common Lot" and "Together," has published another book, the somewhat sensational title being "A Life for a Life." It is not a crisp detective story, nor a commonplace murder novel, as the name might indicate. In fact, it is a novel that is not a novel; for, in the strict literary sense, a novel as the legitimate successor of the old-fashioned tale, must be written primarily to amuse, any purpose of the author being incidental. In this book the author's purpose glares at us so broadly from every page, that his attempt, if any, to amuse appears so insignificant by contrast that it is barely noticeable. "A Life for a Life" is a vigorous, merciless arraignment of the American plutocracy, which, of course, has its counterpart in other parts of the world. *Hugh Grant*, the hero, loves *Alexandra Arnold*, the daughter of his superior, *Alexander Arnold*, the eminent financier. *Grant* is at first merely a part of the great soul-crushing social machine of which old *Arnold* is the proprietor; but under the influence of "The Anarch," a strange, wild shadowy figure and in reality the old man's son, he becomes for the first time a man and dies a martyr in the cause of humanity. The doctrine of this book is that success as preached in this twentieth century simply means that the men who "do things" are only prompted by a thinly disguised animalism which reigns un-

trammelled in the ranks of the plutocracy. Hence in "A Life for a Life" a spade is called a spade. Indeed, the language even descends to Old Testament plainness of speech, though withal it is not a sensual book. The last chapters contain some fine descriptive writing; indeed the first notable introduction of the San Francisco earthquake into fiction. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

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MR. W. M. MACKERRACHER, author of "Canada, My Land," has issued a second volume, entitled "Sonnets and Other Verse." The new volume is, if anything, an improvement on the first. We quote the two stanzas of "An Autumn Walk":

Adown the track that skirts the shallow stream
 I wandered with blank mind, a bypath drew
 My aimless steps aside, and, ere I knew,
 The forest closed around me like a dream.
 The gold-strewn sward, the horizontal gleam
 Of the low sun, pouring its splendours through
 The far-withdrawing vistas, filled the view,
 And everlasting beauty was supreme.
 I knew not past or future; 'twas a mood
 Transcending time and taking in the whole.
 I was both young and old; my lost childhood,
 Years yet unliv'd, were gathered round one goal;
 And death was familiar. Long I stood,
 And in eternity renewed my soul.

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NOTES

—"John Sanderson the First" is the title of an interesting biography by Camilla Sanderson, with an introduction by Reverend Professor F. H.

Wallace. John Sanderson was a pioneer Methodist minister in the Peterborough district. (Toronto: William Briggs).

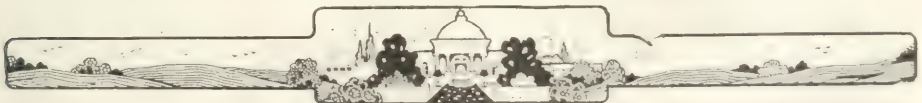
—"Points About Poetry" is the title of a very useful volume for all who wish to know something about the fundamentals of poetry and its place in literature. The author, Donald G. French, has had a good deal of experience as a literary critic, and to the subject of poetry he has devoted much time. (Ridgewood, New Jersey: The Editor Company).

—Edward Breck, author of a new nature book entitled "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw," has made a careful study of animals at close range and has embodied his observations in a series of interesting chapters, each one a story in itself. This book should be a stimulus to genuine nature study, and it is therefore a capital one for boys and girls. There are a number of good illustrations from photographs. (New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

—"Students and the Present Missionary Crisis" is the title of a comprehensive volume dealing with the proceedings of the Rochester Convention (1910) of the Student Volunteer Movement. (New York: The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions).

—The Ottawa Canadian Club have issued a volume of the addressès delivered at their meetings held during the years 1903 to 1909. The volume is edited by the first vice-president, Mr. Gerald H. Brown. (Ottawa: The Mortimer Press).

—Miss Sara Stafford is the author of a booklet entitled "Discovery of the Five Great Lakes," which contains a number of attractive illustrations. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company).





LONDON WEATHER

"Yes, this is bad weather," said Senator Tillman on a day of rain and sleet. "It is nothing to London, though.

"Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez.

"When the Parsee got off, the driver of the 'bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me:

"'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?'

"'He's a Parsee,' said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper.'

"'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to have a rest?'"—*Providence Journal*.



He put one arm around her waist
And placed upon her lips a kiss.
"I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
But never from a mug like this."

—*Life*

HARDLY TIME

"They say that when a mountain-climber has a fall all the sins he ever committed flash through his mind. Was that the case with you?"

"Oh, no. You see, I fell from a ledge only a hundred yards high!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

WORSE YET

Nodd—"Mourn for me, old man; I married a woman with absolutely no sense of humour."

Todd—"That's nothing to my cross."

Nodd—"What's that?"

Todd—"My wife has one."—*Life*.

*

LUCKY JUDAS

When the Passion-Play at Oberammergau was in progress ten years ago an American visitor spent much of his spare time looking up the actors in their homes and chatting with them about the play. One complaint he met almost everywhere was the tremendous fatigue the performers suffered at the close of the eight-hour performance. Coming to the home of Hans Zwick, the Judas of the play, he found the painter-actor in quite a cheerful mood.

"Does the performance fatigue you so much, too?" the tourist inquired.

Ere Herr Zwick could reply his little ten-year-old son chirped up:

"Pa, he don't get so tired. He hangs himself at three o'clock and comes home two hours before the others."—*Harper's Weekly*.



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON

It is rumoured that the man about town may possibly adopt the practice, so fashionable among ladies, of carrying a dog; but with a difference, the rule being—the larger the dog the smarter the man.

—Punch

FOR EXHIBITION

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."

"Yes, sir. About what price?"

"Well, at such a price that I can say: 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

TRUSTWORTHY

"Rufus, you old loafer, do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, jedge; it's all right. Mah wife don' need any watching. She'll sholy wuk jus' as hard as if I was dah."—*The Herald and Presbyter*.

*

THE MAIDEN'S BONNET

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea,
To merely spread over the sidewalk
Is not enough for me.

—*Chicago Journal*.

INCORRUPTIBLE

The lady of the house hesitated.

"Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did I?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

*

ON THE TRAIL

"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—*London Sketch*.



"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry?"

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."

—Punch

ACCORDING TO THE TEXT

The father wanted to test the generous nature of his son, so as the boy was going to church one morning he said:

"Here, Benny, are a quarter and a penny. You can put whichever you please in the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church.

Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way. The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the penny in."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

✱

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

"Has the two-thirty train gone?"

"Yes, ma'am; five minutes ago."

"When's the next train?"

"Four-fifteen, ma'am."

"Thank goodness, I'm in time!"—*Lippincott's*.

THE "BO'N ORATAH"

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house?"

To which the Majah replied:

"General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh—and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment—the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh—the result is fo'.' That's a bo'n oratah."—*Lyceumite*.

✱

THE PERFECT MAN

"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday-school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up, and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.—*Everybody's*.

✱

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

A conscientious Sunday-school teacher had been endeavouring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a ten-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."—*Lippincott's*.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

Illustration to "The Rat"

"AND WHY IS MR. BURKE STILL INSISTING ON SEEING YOU?"

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THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT SAINT HELENA

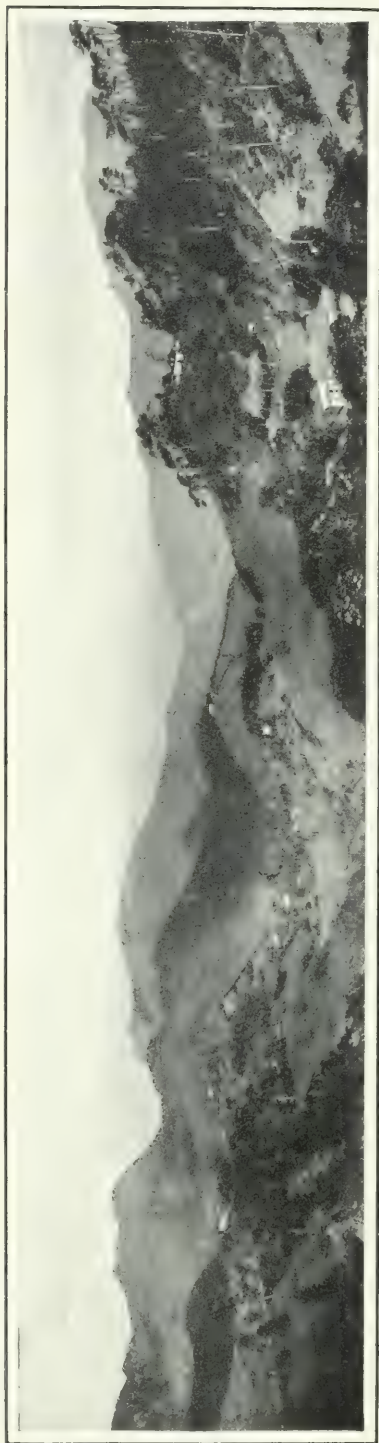
NAPOLEON'S BURIAL AND EXHUMATION

REMINISCENCES OF MR. G. B. BENNETT, WHO ATTENDED BOTH
CEREMONIES ON THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA

EDITED BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THERE were given to me lately, in literary form, some reminiscences of a gentleman who was born in the Island of Saint Helena, who saw the funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1821, and who was also present at the exhumation of the great man's remains in 1840. The eye-witness of these events, Mr. G. B. Bennett, died three years ago at the advanced age of ninety-one. To his

daughter, Mrs. Skill, of Toronto, we owe the production of these interesting papers which serve to bring the past so close to the present. All that relates to Napoleon seems remote to us now. Here we have the testimony of one, but recently deceased, who saw the culmination of that remarkable career. Mrs. Skill writes: "The reminiscences of my father regarding the burial and exhumation of



SCENERY UPON WHICH NAPOLEON LOOKED DURING HIS BANISHMENT AT SAINT HELENA

Napoleon Bonaparte came into my possession on his death in 1907. I was born on the island, lived there for several years, and well remember visiting Napoleon's tomb and his residence, "Longwood," upon several occasions. I spent a good deal of my time with my grandmother at her home, "Maldivia," from which the dining-room table used in making part of one of the coffins for Napoleon's body was taken.

W. Bennett was born at Saint Helena in November, 1816. At that time Napoleon lived close by, "Longwood" not being ready for his occupation.

"My recollections of my child life at Saint Helena (four and a half years)," he writes in his reminiscences, "are very scanty and consist mainly of my journeys to school upon my little pony Black Prince, accompanied by my nurse, a visit to my father while on outport duty at Rock Rose Hill, a very out-of-the-way place, indeed, between eight and nine miles away, and the incidents of the ever memorable 9th of May, 1821, when the mortal remains of the once "Great" Napoleon were committed to the tomb. My parents, with a thoughtfulness that does them credit, arranged that, young as I was, I should not be absent from the grand ceremonial, and so, accompanied by my nurse, and mounted on my pony, I went to the funeral, and have a fairly distinct recollection of it. I can call to mind lying upon the sward just above the open grave all the forenoon, and being amused by the glitter of the piled arms of the soldiers, who were awaiting the arrival of the cortege, and then later in the day seeing the long procession from "Longwood" filing around the edge of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and then descending into Lane Valley. My sister and I were both present at the burial at Saint Helena in May, 1821. She, an infant of a few months, and in her nurse's arms; I, of the more mature age of four and a half years.



"LONGWOOD," AT SAINT HELENA, THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON DURING HIS EXILE



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT SAINT HELENA

She, of course, has no recollection of the event, but I have, and were I taken back to the Island, believe I could point out the spot where I stood. He was a poet of no mean order, who thus and so sweetly, sang of an episode in Roman history :

“The yoke lay o’er the manger,
The scythe was in the hay,
In all the Alban villages
No work was done that day.”

“These lines pretty accurately describe the state of things at Saint Helena on the 9th May, 1821, and on the 15th October, 1840. In short, these two days were made public holidays, I presume, to allow the inhabitants to witness the pageants attaching to both functions. I was at both although singularly enough I was away in England nearly all the interval, 1821 to 1840. All the Saint Helena world was present at the burial.”

Soon afterwards young Bennett was sent by his parents to be educated in England. A boy fresh from Saint Helena, and one who had seen Napoleon, was an object of interest to his school fellows. “Perhaps to this I owed it that I was often invited out to spend a day or two, and at times the whole holidays at the houses of some of the boys’ parents. Whether I had ever seen the great man or no, I cannot say. It is very possible that I had, but they somehow would have it so, and if I did not say so, they must have said it for me. I know he visited and partook of tea at “Maldivia” (then Colonel Hudson’s) and my mother very much valued a china tea cup out of which he had drunk. But for all that, I cannot remember ever having seen him. My dear mother used to tell with pride that she was the first to receive a bow from the Emperor after he landed on the Island.”

In 1835 young Bennett, who had been articled in his brother’s law office in London, returned to Saint Helena and was thus, strangely enough, present at the second

funeral, or exhumation, ceremony of Napoleon. Of this event, his written reminiscence is as follows :—

“I was close to the grave-side at the exhumation. I confess now that I had no right to be there. The Governor (Major General Middlemore) moved thereto, I believe, by the Prince de Joinville, had given an order that no one was to be admitted to the vicinity of the grave unless having a permit in writing from the Prince. These permits were confined to heads of departments, and not given to all of them. Later in life I have filled the rôle seven or eight times, but never at Saint Helena. At this time I was not twenty-four years of age. For all this, I was present. I was in utter ignorance of the Governor’s order. How to account for this I know not. I was also unaware of the fact that a cordon of sentries was to be posted right across Lane Valley, in which the tomb is situated, purposely to keep off all who were unprovided with tickets of admittance. Had I known that a ticket was necessary, I feel sure that I could have obtained one from the Prince easily, as I had rendered him some service connected with the mission to exhume, and to convey to France Napoleon’s body, and this he evidently appreciated, as he presented me with one of the medals struck to commemorate the event. Moreover, I was misled by the precedent furnished by what took place at the burial in 1821. Suffice it to say that I started off from my home in Jamestown valley just after breakfast, about 8.30, quite alone and on foot, and, walking steadily on, found myself in Lane Valley, I should say about 10. But judge my astonishment to find the whole valley filled by a fog bank of uncommon density which had come up from the sea through Rupert’s Valley. The edges of the fog bank were as clear and well-defined as are the walls of a house. When I had entered it I was effectually concealed.

“Following a foot-path and knowing



MAIN STREET, JAMESTOWN, SAINT HELENA

well the way, I walked on and on until I came out at the bottom of the fog bank. I had passed between the sentries, not seeing them, and they not seeing me. I don't suppose these men were fifty feet asunder. When I got out of the fog I found myself just a few feet from the outer railings of the tomb. I fully expected to meet a crowd, as in 1821, but judge my surprise to find myself the only solitary individual there outside the railings.

"I soon became sensible that I had arrived at a very opportune moment. There were two working parties of R. E. and R. A. respectively (inside the railings) of about ten or a dozen men each. The latter were working vigorously at the handles of a windlass and in a very short time, I should say about one or two minutes, I saw the bulky mass of coffins emerge from the grave and hang 'twixt heaven and earth,' just a few feet in front of

me. There had been placed directly over the grave a huge tripod of very stout spars, the apparatus, in point of fact, used by the Royal Artillery in mounting and dismounting heavy guns. It had been carted up from the Jamestown lines for the purpose. From the apex of this tripod hung a pulley and block arrangement, with stout rope attached to the windlass, and passing under the coffin, or rather coffins, for there were three of them. The men of these two working parties were the only persons visible. The officials and others of the exhumation mission had all retired to a large marquee, driven thereto, I presume, by the inclemency of the weather for there had been much rain during the night.

"I can account for the absence of the officer in charge of the working parties Captain Alexander, R.E., by the supposition that he had gone into the marquee, with *Eureka* or its



UPPER PART OF JAMESTOWN, SAINT HELENA

English equivalent upon his lips. The coffin was soon lowered upon the grass, and almost immediately I saw the whole exhumation party emerge from the marquee. They made straight for the coffin, and soon a procession, headed by the Abbe Cocquereau, was formed, and then all moved into the marquee, where the coffins were opened and the contents verified. I, of course, saw nothing of this, and, having seen all that was to be seen outside, I turned and wended my way homewards, entering and emerging from the fog bank, and passing between the sentries as before unseen and unchallenged by any of them. In due course I reached my home, there to relate my strange adventure, and there to hear for the first time of the Governor's order.

"I have been, it may be thought, unnecessarily precise in describing the *modus operandi* in lifting the coffins from the grave, but I have an

object in this. I have lately had before me a picture purporting to represent what took place on that occasion. All that I can say is that this so-called representation is incorrect in every particular. In the first place, there were no soldiers outside the railings as therein shown. I was, I declare, the only person there. The picture shows a shapeless hole and something resembling an Egyptian mummy case, upon a kind of hand-barrow, being handed by two men in the hole to another two standing on the brink. One would gather from this picture that the British Government had begrudged providing a decent coffin, whereas the corpse was enclosed in three, one within the other: the innermost one of lead, the two other ones of wood, both of them, I believe, of mahogany. One certainly was of this choice wood, for my father's dining-room table furnished in part the material for its

construction. I have since ascertained that the outermost one was of mahogany and ebony combined, in point of fact the more splendid of the two. I dwell upon this and give prominence to it, for the reason that a mischievous print had been under my eyes purporting to represent the doings at the exhumation in October, 1840. From this it may be inferred that the body had been consigned to the tomb in May, 1821, in something little better than an ordinary box, whereas, on the contrary, the greatest respect was shown.

In fitting out the exhumation expedition, the part religion was to play was by no means forgotten. Down in the very hold of the larger ships an apartment was contrived to serve as a chapel for the performance of religious rites. It was to be converted into a *chapelle ardente* at Saint Helena immediately upon the reception of the body on board. Candles in countless numbers were there, but not lighted until the body had been taken aboard. I saw this never-to-be-forgotten sight on the day following the exhumation. How it was that I was present in the *chapelle ardente* and during the performance of religious rites requires some explanation. We (my sister and I) were there by invitation, and accompanied by one of the officers of the ship. There was also an altar, or structure to serve as such, at which a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church (the Abbé Cocquereau) was officiating in full canonicals. (He was similarly attired, though I omitted to say so in my first letter, when he took over the body at the grave from Captain Alexander, C.R.E., and headed the procession to the marquee.)

"Now, in carrying out these arrangements, the English Government officials readily and cordially gave their assistance, furnishing the means of land transport, and providing even a funeral car. This was constructed out of one of the transport waggons; and by a liberal use of

black cloth, it was surprising what a respectable appearance it made. The time for doing it was very brief. The four horses were also clad in black cloth trappings almost from their ears to their fetlocks, the whole making a very good show in the procession through the town to the landing-place, where the men-of-war were in readiness to receive the sarcophagus containing the coffin. England truly has her faults, but surely the lack of magnanimity is not one of them, for all this honour was done to one who never ceased to vituperate her. Napoleon Bonaparte's hatred of us and our people was open and undisguised, and I, for one, think he did not deserve the valedictory salute fired over his remains when they were lowered into the grave.

"It was somewhat singular that I do not remember this salute, but I state it on the authority of Melliss's 'Saint Helena.' At page twenty-seven he says, 'there were three discharges from eleven pieces of artillery, something more than a royal salute. That I cannot call to mind this salute is, perhaps, after all, not much to be wondered at, seeing that I was on that memorable day (May 9th, 1821) only four and a half years old.'"

In another of Mr. Bennett's reminiscences of the exhumation he says: "Immediately the body was deposited on the deck of the frigate (the *Belle Poule*), all three ships were as if by magic, covered with flags, and then salvos (not salutes merely) were fired; and in the flames and smoke of what looked very much like a naval engagement the sun went down and darkness quickly followed. It was a wonderfully impressive sight.

"The exhumation and shipment of the body were both effected in the course of the 15th, as had been planned by the authorities. Thus the time that Napoleon Bonaparte was on the island, living and dead, was exactly twenty-five years to the very day, he having arrived a prisoner of war on October 15th, 1815.

THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

ACT III.

THE RIGHT TO JUDGE.

SCENE: Same as Act II., afternoon, two weeks later. As the curtain goes up Wilson enters, carrying bags, rugs, parasols, boxes, etc. The room, which is darkened by drawn blinds, has been denuded of all ornament, and the furniture stands covered with striped ticking. Wilson is followed in by Mrs. Tupper in a travelling ulster. Wilson stands and waits, apparently for further orders.

Tupper (fervently). Well, thank Gawd it's over! [*Sinks into chair and shakes dust from her wrapper.*] Now I can get some of this B. & O. make-up off my face.

Wilson. Yes, ma'am!

Tupper (looking about). Nothing ready, of course! [*Sniffing peevishly.*] This house smells like a storage-vault. Let in some air, Wilson.

Wilson. Yes, ma'am. [*He opens blinds and windows; rooms light up.*]

Tupper (viewing furniture). Ugh! This looks like Sing Sing. [*Looking at desk.*] Why wasn't that desk taken out of this room?

Wilson. It was Miss Rider's orders, ma'am.

Tupper. Miss Rider's orders! Well, she'll give no more orders in this house. Putting my whole Florida holiday on the blink! [*Looking at pile of letters.*] Wilson, whose mail is this?

Wilson. Miss Rider's, ma'am.

Tupper. That name's actually getting on my nerves! [*Turns over letters.*] H'm! Gotham Hotel! University Club! Hospital Guild! Harvard Club! Susan Carrington—and with a crest—it ought to be a beer-mug! The Waldorf Astoria! The Metropolitan Club! H'm, [*meditatively*] who's writing is that?

[*Enter Helen, in travelling clothes, as Mrs. Tupper still peers at letter held up to light.*]

Helen. Will you mind if I go to my room and pack?

Tupper. Not in the least!

Helen. My trunks will go to the Grenoble for a day or two.

Tupper. [*To Wilson, acidly.*] I don't want this room touched, Wilson. Not until Miss Rider moves out. Send the decorators to me, when they come.

Wilson. Yes, ma'am.

Helen. Would you mind if I met Mr. Burke here? If we talked together here for a little while?

Tupper. Why talk with Mr. Burke here?

Helen. He insists on seeing me. He's sent word he's coming this afternoon.

Tupper. And why is Mr. Burke still insisting on seeing you?

Helen. He thinks he can help me—in something.

Tupper. [*Aside.*] H'm! It's wonderful how an ash-blonde can usually get a life-line thrown out to her!

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[*Tupper crosses and exits as she speaks. Helen looks after her; then, with a hopeless gesture, goes to desk and gathers up telegrams, mail, etc. Wilson coughing tentatively as he watches her.*]

Wilson. Excuse me, Miss, but are you going away?

Helen. Yes, Wilson! [*Examining letters wistfully*].

Wilson. At once, Miss?

Helen. Yes; to-night.

Wilson (*with humble kindness*). I'm sorry to hear that, Miss.

Helen. I'm sorry, too, Wilson—in a way.

Wilson. You'll be coming back?—

Helen. No, Wilson, I'll not be coming back.

Wilson. We'll all be sorry, Miss.

Helen (*bitterly*). We can't always be sure of our places, can we, Wilson?

Wilson. Our places, Miss? I don't understand. [*Wilson moves about, as Mrs. Tupper enters. She turns to Helen.*]

Tupper. Annette will help you with your packing.

Helen (*gathering up mail*). Thank you.

Tupper. [*To Wilson.*] Wilson, take my alligator down and ask the cook exactly what he ought to be fed.

Wilson. Alligator, ma'am?

Tupper. Yes, in that box with the screen on. The man in Miami told me they often make very faithful pets. He said they've been known to get tame enough to eat off your hand! [*Exit Wilson. Mrs. Tupper as she watches Helen passing quietly out.*] And I guess there's about as much society in an alligator as there is in a human gold-fish! [*Moves irritably about, crosses to the pile of travelling impediments, looks at it, and pokes it viciously. Then she opens hand-bag, takes out roll of crumpled manuscript, and regards it with disgust.*] Sonnets! Bah! Sonnets! I've found it out, at last! I'm an old fool! [*She tears the manuscript in two, twice, and flings it into the waste-paper basket.*] There's about as much poetry in me

as in a keg of beer! About as much. [*Enter Wilson, followed by John Burke.*]

Wilson. Mr. Burke.

Burke. [*Shaking hands*]. You're back early, Mrs. Tupper. And well, of course?

Tupper. It's a wonder if I am! I must say I never put in a more miserable two weeks in all my life! Car-sick every time I got on rails and sea-sick every time I got in a motor-boat.

Burke (*with studied politeness*). But your house-party was surely a success?

Tupper. Oh, I s'pose so—While it lasted. It must have been. Every time I get a gang of high-brows who make me feel like a perfect stranger in my own house I know it's what they call a brilliant occasion.

Burke. But Florida, the land of fruit!

Tupper. The land of fruit where they feed you out of tin cans! Oh, I guess I've had an overdose of authors this last few weeks! [*With solemn sincerity.*] Me for the low-brows after this! Monkey dinners, and if that won't make 'em sit up in this town—[*With grim determination.*] then a pug banquet to Kid MacNutt!

Burke (*politely patient*). But Miss Rider, she is well—and happy? I had hoped—

Tupper. I s'pose she is! I don't know. I give her up—she's one too many for me!

Burke. I should like to see her, very much.

Tupper. [*Rings.*] Well, I wish you'd had the dose of her I've had for the last few months! That's all I can say! [*To Wilson, as he enters at door.*] Tell Miss Rider Mr. Burke's waiting for her in her—I mean in my study. [*Exit Wilson.*]

Burke. I'm sorry to annoy you in this way, before you've got settled, but you see, I'm off to Santa Barbara in a day or two.

Tupper. Of course, don't let me intrude! [*Tupper goes out left, as Helen enters right. She stands close*

by the door, waiting, as though uncertain of herself.]

Helen. [As she watches Burke, guardedly, and after a prolonged silence.] Well? [She laughs—but it falls short.]

Burke (gently, yet bravely). I'm glad you're back. [He studies her.] I'm glad to see you again!

Helen. [As she shrugs and waits, and silence again lengthens.] Is it true you're going west?

Burke. To-morrow, if I can get away. There's a year's work out there, waiting for me.

Helen. To-morrow?

Burke. Yes.

Helen. It must seem good, to be going home to the West. You see, I still think of the West as home.

Burke. Yes, it is good. But I couldn't go without seeing you.

Helen (uneasily). That was kind of you.

Burke. I hope you will think so, to the end. But can't I take your wraps?

Helen. Thanks, no; one feels the cold here, after the South.

Burke. Yes, that's how we pay for too much sun, isn't it? But won't you sit down?

Helen. I'm afraid I can spare only a few moments. You see, I'm leaving Mrs. Tupper, at once. I should like to give you more time, but---[She looks at him searchingly.] What was it you wanted to ask me about?

Burke. You refuse to guess?

Helen. Not about the hard passages in my books? [Laughs.]

Burke. No; more about the hard passages in your life—and mine.

Helen. [Still laughing.] In my life! [More seriously.] I thought life was always hard!

Burke. We make it harder, sometimes, than it ought to be.

Helen. I wish you wouldn't speak in riddles.

Burke. [Facing her.] I know you're in trouble. I want you to let me help you.

Helen. [Laughing, as she sits down.] Am I in trouble?

Burke. I think you are. I know you are.

Helen (vaguely). But it's so hard to help others. Even our best friends, often even those closest to us, can't do that.

Burke. I want you to think of me as one of those best friends.

Helen (uneasily). I do! I've always wanted to.

Burke. Then I know you'll help me out of a great difficulty.

Helen (nervously). Concerning what?

Burke. Concerning yourself.

Helen. Would you mind drawing that window curtain? This light is blinding, almost—[Slowly turning back to him.] But why should I interest you?

Burke (hesitatingly). You have always interested me. Now, I find, you puzzle me.

Helen. I assure you, there's nothing in the least puzzling, nothing in the least mysterious about me!

Burke. That's what I've always felt. That's why I want to ask you one question.

Helen. About what?

Burke. About this book of yours.

Helen. [Startled.] About Smoking Torches?

Burke. Yes.

Helen. [Rising.] But this sounds terribly like the third-degree that police-officers face prisoners with! [Laughing.] And I can't be kept a prisoner, you know.

Burke. I don't mean anything like that, of course; I'm not a judge of the Supreme Court. I merely want to straighten out this tangle, if I can.

Helen (with dignity). Mr. Burke, unless all this is leading to some clear and definite end, I must ask you not to keep me longer.

Burke. I have a clear and definite end.

Helen. There's something about me or this book of mine that puzzles you. Will you please tell me what it is?

Burke. How long have you been writing?

Helen. For years and years.

Burke. But when did you begin writing professionally—for publication?

Helen. It's over two years since I began writing my first book.

Burke. Would you mind telling me the name of that book?

Helen. Of course not. It's *Smoking Torches*.

Burke. That has been your only book?

Helen. Yes, so far. It's my only book actually published.

Burke. Did you write that book alone?

Helen. [After pause.] Of course.

Burke. Out of your own hand, without help, without guidance?

Helen. (distinctly). Quite alone.

Burke. You mean that every speech, every idea, every sentence was your own?

Helen. I trust so; I've always hoped so. But you remember we agreed there was nothing new, under the sun.

Burke. Even the little epigrams, as when you're speaking of—

Helen. [Wheeling quickly on him.] Every author, I believe, absorbs things.

Burke. And when you say society's like salt water, good to swim in, but hard to swallow, and again that human souls are like railway bridges, that they can be rebuilt even while the trains of temptation are creeping over them—these, too, are entirely your own ideas and your own phrasings?

Helen. This sounds like a mixture of the Higher Catechism and the Book Publishers' Annual! But you've already implied I'm indebted to you for that speech about bridges.

Burke. Where did those ideas originally come from?

Helen. From the same place that the rest of *Smoking Torches* came from. From my ink-well, if you like to call it that.

Burke. [Still perplexed.] Where were you when you wrote this book?

Helen. In my home at Buckhorn—in Colorado.

Burke. Who was with you there?

Helen. Must my family come under the microscope as well?

Burke. I must ask your pardon for all this. But you will, I know, be patient with me. Who was at your home in Buckhorn when you wrote this book?

Helen. Am I still a prisoner before the bar?

Burke. Of course not. But these questions shouldn't be hard to answer.

Helen. Our old servant Martha was with me.

Burke. And your brother Syd?

Helen. Yes; and Syd. [She rises nervously, with growing agitation.] Mr. Burke, this is becoming more than a joke. I appreciate your interest in me. But I have other demands on my time and energy. I've just had a tiring trip. I—

Burke. I'll try not to tire you. If you would only help me a little. [He motions her gently back into her seat.] Who else was at your home when you began this work? [A long pause, without movement.]

Helen. Wait—let me think!

Burke. Does it require so much thought?

Helen. But you make me pick my steps so, with these questions.

Burke. But why pick your steps? You're not on dangerous ground. Where is your brother Syd now?

Helen. It's impossible for me to say.

Burke. You mean you don't know?

Helen. I'm not in a position to say where he is.

Burke. Then perhaps I can enlighten you!

Helen. [Looking up quickly.] You can enlighten me!

Burke. Yes.

Helen. (resentfully). This is friendly interest in me!

Burke. Yet if you and Syd had only come to me, at the first, I could have saved you both a great deal of suffering.

Helen. What do you know of Syd?

Burke. I know both you and he acted foolishly. The boy was in a panic. He imagined, a month ago, that he was an outlaw, a felon, I don't know what, simply because a vindictive official named Lorimer was trying to wring a couple of thousand dollars out of him! A couple of thousand dollars which Tiernan's confession has shown the boy had nothing to do with. A couple of thousand dollars which I've taken the trouble to get back for you—for you were trying to help him in the wrong way.

Helen. Where is Syd?

Burke (shortly). Syd's working out his own salvation.

Helen. [*Starting up at him.*] So you're interested in all my family?

Burke (quietly). No. In *you*, mostly.

Helen. And having run Syd down, you intend to run the rest of the family to earth? [*She laughs a little.*]

Burke (with grave kindliness). If I could do for you what I've done for Syd, I'd call this the happiest day of my life.

Helen. I shall remember it as one of the most hateful days of my life.

Burke. But hasn't your life for the last year been hateful? Haven't you as much as admitted that, yourself?

Helen. But it's my own life, whatever it's been. Why should I submit to this cross-examination? I'm not one of your workmen. I'm not a tunnel-mason who's been using bad mortar. Or are you the great Medicine Man for every uneasy conscience in America?

Burke (with quiet fortitude). No; I'm just an ordinary, blundering man who's trying to lead you back to the light.

Helen (mockingly). And the illuminating moment is to grow out of your deliberate intention to drag me into a criminal's witness-box?

Burke. No; no; it's not that. [*She rises and crosses to the bell, and makes a movement to ring it. She stops and regards him as she stands with back to the wall.*]

Helen. I'm not yet a criminal. I don't know what trick or trap this is. I'm sorry, but we cannot go on with it.

Burke. Then tell me one thing, only one thing, before you go. Did you, with your own hand, and out of your own head, write *Smoking Torches*?

Helen. Are you intimating I've an Alter Ego who's so good as to make my books for me?

Burke. I know we all have an Alter Ego, as you call it, another self which leads us into things we're sorry for.

Helen (with mock wonder). But have you seen me bathed in the tears of contrition?

Burke. I'd rather see that than—

Helen (quickly). I can't even see what gives you the right to question me about such things.

Burke (unhappily). I've no right, unless you give it to me. Oh, can't you see it's only your refusal to answer—

Helen. There's nothing I can't answer.

Burke. Then let's end this, once for all.

Helen. Yes, let's end it. [*She sinks into chair, nervously drawing her gloves on and off as she watches him.*]

Burke. All I want you to do is to show me I'm wrong—that there's some kink or twist I haven't stumbled on.

Helen. I'm waiting.

Burke. [*After deep breath.*] Then we'll have to go back two years, to the time when I was working on the Gunnison Dam and you were in that lonely little shack at Buckhorn. Wasn't anyone there with you beside your brother Syd? [*At her start.*] Remember, I'm only trying to straighten out a tangle of my own. Had you been quite alone there, during the time you were writing this book?

Helen. People came and went, of course, as they do in even the loneliest places.

Burke. Who, for instance?

Helen. [*Picking at glove, indifferently.*] We had a boarder there, for a

short while—not for very long.

Burke (*more hopefully*). A boarder? What was his name?

Helen. [*After a pause.*] Herman Opdyke.

Burke. [*Not looking at her.*] Who was he?

Helen. He was an invalid, a consumptive. [*Another pause.*] He was the man who shot himself, when he knew he was dying, the night you went away.

Burke. Where did he come from?

Helen. He never told me—he would never say. But he'd been in New York, and later in Mexico. I think, in some way, he was under a cloud.

Burke. You mean he never talked about his earlier life?

Helen. Yes, I mean that.

Burke. Did you see much of him?

Helen (*hesitatingly*). No, not very much. [*Quickly.*] In fact, I saw very little of him.

Burke. Who took care of him, when he was ill?

Helen. I did. [*More hurriedly.*] I was very busy then, you see. I had the Post Office and the house to look after, besides my work, my literary work, I mean.

Burke. You were writing your book when this man Opdyke was ill there?

Helen. Yes.

Burke (*almost pleadingly*). Did he help you with it, sometimes?

Helen (*sharply*). No.

Burke. Not at all? Not by giving you ideas? By suggesting bits of dialogue?

Helen. No; he never helped me. We had nothing in common.

Burke (*as though suggesting her answer*). But wasn't he bookish? Couldn't you have talked over your plans with him?

Helen. He was very weak, towards the last.

Burke. And not a line of your book came from him?

Helen. [*After a pause.*] No.

Burke. [*Looking away.*] And some time before your book was actually finished he shot himself?

Helen.. Yes. [*She now watches Burke covertly as he paces back and forth.*]

Burke (*perseveringly*). But you surely cared for him? You were in some way fond of him?

Helen. I felt sorry for him. I pitied him.

Burke. And he, in turn, must have become attached to you?

Helen (*nervously*). No.

Burke. [*With quiet solemnity.*] And you're sure that wherever he is now, he'd be glad to hear you say what you've just said?

Helen. [*Struggling against her feeling.*] Yes.

Burke. [*Still impressively.*] And if he could be here in spirit, if that dead man could be somewhere here between you and me, you feel that he'd still be glad for everything you've said and done?

Helen. [*With bowed head.*] Yes.

Burke. You feel that everything has been made even and atoned for? That the whole blot has been wiped out?

Helen. [*Looking up.*] Wiped out? The blot?

Burke. [*Still sorrowfully.*] Yes, the blot! The blot that's as corrupting as cancer—the wrong that'll go on aching until it's rooted out, like an aching tooth.

Helen. [*Rising.*] Why do you say this?

Burke. Because you've not been open with me. You've not told me all the truth.

Helen. [*With rising pitch.*] I have told you the truth. You've tried to badger and corner and trap me, in some way; but what I've said is true. It's true.

Burke. And you mean to tell me, on your word of honour as a woman, that this book of yours is wholly and entirely your own?

Helen. It's mine; of course it's mine.

Burke. Will you swear before God, your maker, that what you say is the truth, and nothing but the truth?

Helen. [After a silence during which her white and intent face is turned straight to his own face.] I swear before God, my maker, that this is—No! No! I will not! This is a trick! Who, who are you, to degrade me with questions like this? Who are you, that I must stand and answer as though I were a prisoner before a judge?

Burke. You compel me to be cruel.

Helen. [Passionately, as she crosses and rings bell.] Cruel? You're brutal—brutal!

Burke. Wait! Passion like this solves no problems. I asked you for the truth, only the truth—there's nothing brutal in that.

Helen. It's all brutal! How dare you ask me anything?

Burke. Because I want you to come out of this morass of deception. I want to see you drag yourself from this festering swamp of lies!

Helen. [In low voice, unable to stem gush of tears.] You—you are a coward—a coward!

Burke. This means more courage on my part than you'll ever know.

Helen. This is cowardly!

Burke. I challenge you to show me where or how it is cowardly.

Helen (scornfully). I've no intention to play attorney and plead for you and your acts.

Burke. Then you must be one for your own.

Helen. I'll not endure this any longer!

Burke. Yet before I leave this house you'll answer my question. And I hope to God you answer it right.

Helen. You mean you'll force me to?

Burke. No; no—can't you see if it's not answered here, it'll have to be answered later, to those who aren't so close to you, who— [Wilson, entering, cuts him short. The servant waits, puzzled, as the other two stand confronting each other, in silence.]

Wilson. Did you ring, Miss?

Helen. [Starting.] Ring? Yes—yes, I rang. But I've changed my

mind, Wilson. It's nothing—now.

Wilson. Yes, Miss. [Exit Wilson.]

Helen. [Pulling herself together and facing Burke.] Now, what must I answer?

Burke. [Wearily, as he realises her obstinacy.] Nothing. I only want you to listen to me.

Helen. [Putting hands up to head, as though it ached.] But can't you tell me these things some other time? Can't you wait? Can't you come back to-morrow?

Burke. No; now.

Helen. [Sinking into chair.] Well?

Burke. [Hesitatingly.] Over six years ago I was in Yucatan, building the Arigua Lighthouse. A broken-down newspaper-man joined me in my home there. He went away, in time. But before he went we used to talk together—he used to talk about his work, about a book he was going to write, some day.

Helen. [Rising.] What has this to do with me?

Burke. Wait. This man went away. I lost sight of him. But I know he went to Morida. Then he went back to his own country. He drifted about in out-of-the-way places, and—

Helen (quickly). And you think I might have met this interesting young man, even in Buckhorn?

Burke. That man's name, when I knew him, was John Blewett—

Helen. Ah, then, I never did meet him. [She laughs and sinks back in her chair.]

Burke. You did meet him. He and this man named Opdyke were one and the same person.

Helen. No; no; it's untrue.

Burke. I repeat, he is the man who shot himself in your home two years ago. And I thought his book and his memory and the blight he had brought into two lives had died with him. But now I know better.

Helen. You know better? What do you mean by that?

Burke. I mean you stole Smoking Torches, and you stole it from this man.

Helen. A thief—you call me a thief?

Burke. You've refused to let me believe anything else.

Helen. It's not true—it's not true!

Burke. It *must* be true!

Helen. You call me a thief—you!

Burke. Wait! Listen to me.

Helen. [*With rising pitch.*] I'll not listen! I'll not listen!

Burke. It's my duty to prove it's true.

Helen. [*Panting as she staggers to chair.*] To prove it true! You don't mean you'd—you'd make such a belief public. You daren't do a thing like this, without knowing, without being sure. You wouldn't! You couldn't! [*Higher again.*] They're lies! All lies!

Burke. The dead are dead—but we must save the living; we must.

Helen. Oh, you daren't do a thing like this! You, who called yourself my friend!

Burke. God knows I am. I wanted to be your friend. It isn't the man who's gone we need to think of—he's dead—the dead can take care of themselves. But it's the living who count, who need to be helped. It's *you* I want to save—you!

Helen. But it's not true. You're mistaken. I can explain how you're mistaken. I can explain every move, every single step.

Burke (*relentlessly*). No, that's over with, forever. We've had enough of that. From the day you printed Smoking Torches your life has been nothing but a tissue of deception. For two years you've been acting a lie. For two years you've schemed and evaded and plotted; you've duped and deceived and tainted everything you've touched. It's too late to go back to the dead. That man nearly ruined my life. And now, dead as he is, he's going to ruin yours.

Helen. [*Quivering.*] Stop!

Burke. No. I want that man and everything he did purged out of your life, out of mine!

Helen. Stop!

Burke. [*Overwrought.*] There'll be no stop now! There can't be!

Helen. [*In a scream.*] Stop!

Burke. No, you can't stop it! We can't stop any more than a surgeon who's made an incision can stop! [*Bitterly.*] We've got to finish the gruesome job, between us. We've got to see this thing through!

Helen. [*Staggering.*] Oh, you're killing me!

Burke. No; I'm saving you. You, first of all. And this boy Whitgreave?

Helen. Oh no! Not him! Not him! You wouldn't tell him this story?

Burke. Can't you see he ought to be told?

Helen. He wouldn't believe it! He'd make you prove it, every word of it! Oh, you wouldn't drag this old skeleton out to the light!

Burke. It isn't a skeleton. A skeleton is only a thing of bones, clean bones. *This* is a corpse, a rotting, festering corpse.

Helen. Oh, you won't tell him!

Burke. You'll save me from doing that.

Helen. But he loves me. He believes in me. He doesn't abhor me as you do. [*Hungrily.*] He—he is all I have left now. He loves me!

Burke. Surely, then, you ought to tell him?

Helen. But he won't believe it. Nothing would shake his faith in me. He would *fight for me*, if I should ask it.

Burke (*sadly*). And you intend to ask it?

Helen. Yes, I'll ask it, if I have to. I've had to fight for what I have; every step, every move—and I'll fight for it to the end. I'm no young girl who can be frightened into submission. [*Crescendo.*] I'm not a child! I'm not a fool! Who are you, to sit in judgment on me? Who are you, to attack a woman alone in the world? Who are you, to prate about honour, and debts to the dead?

Burke. Stop!

Helen. No, I'll not stop! Who are you, to be the supreme arbiter of me

and my life? Who are you, to sermonise about honour? You didn't invent honour! You're not the final judge of what's right and wrong! Do you think I'd give up everything, now, without a word, without fighting for what's my own? Do you think I'd let you come and rob me of the one thing I've left?

Burke. I couldn't rob you. You've robbed yourself. You *are* robbing yourself, far more than you'll rob either the living or the dead.

Helen. [*With ever-rising passion.*] The dead! Now I'll tell you about him. I'll tell you everything. I'll give you the truth about that dead man.

Burke. I know the truth, more than you imagine.

Helen. You don't. You don't know half of it. That man came to my home, ill, friendless, dying. I waited on him; I worked for him; I watched over him and slaved for him. Without me his book would never have been written. I struggled to keep the life in his poor, wheezing, wrecked body, week by week, month by month. I worked on his book with him; I wrote it out for him, with him, chapter by chapter, line by line, word by word. I saved it when he would have thrown it away. I cherished it for him, as though it were a living being. I kept his faith in it alive. I made him forget his pain, his suffering, by leading him back to his work. I made that book possible.

Burke. Does even that excuse you?

Helen. [*Breathlessly.*] And when the end came he said it was as much my work as his own. He put it into my hand; he gave it to me, of his own free will. [*Hysterically.*] Do you hear, he gave it to me. On the last day he was alive, he gave it to me, with his own hand, he commanded me to take it.

Burke. [*sadly.*] But can't you see you hadn't the right? Even this couldn't make it right.

Helen. Wait. I worked over it—I rewrote the unfinished parts. I lived

with it, when I was alone in that little lonely place. Then I came to New York with it. I meant it only as a service to him. I did not ask anything from it. I expected nothing. I took it to Slater. He thought it was mine. He would accept it only as mine. I knew this man Opdyke had died under a name that wasn't his own. But I still tried to do the best I could for him. I begged to have the book printed with the name he'd used. But I was tricked into the other thing, before I could see what it meant. The book came out, with my name on it. With *my* name! Then I knew I was a living lie. And I had to act out the lie—I had to keep up the pretence, day by day, month by month. I had to play out the part, hoping—oh, how I kept hoping, that something would still happen to put everything right. I had to pass for something I was not, for something I could never be.

Burke. And day by day you fed on this dead man—like a vulture?

Helen. No—No! He fed on me—on me. How he fed on me!

Burke. And what has come of it? What have you left?

Helen. I've nothing left. All I've left is this man who still believes in me. He's all I have.

Burke. And you've been happy with him? You've been happy this last two weeks?

Helen. Happy? How *could* I be happy, with this hanging over me? I didn't ask for happiness. I only wanted to hope for it—some day.

Burke. Was this man who still believes in you, happy?

Helen. Yes, I think Paul was happy. I owed him *that* much.

Burke. And yet you deceived him?

Helen. I thought I could tell him, some day. Day by day I thought I'd be able to tell him. But it kept getting harder and harder—don't you see, he loves me. I'll *make* him love me so that some day I *can* tell him.

Burke. Do you love him?

Helen. I can't fight on alone, any more. I can't face life, any more,

without some one having faith in me, without believing in me; without giving me something to live for, to live up to.

Burke. Do you love him?

Helen. I need him—I can't fight on alone.—And I can't wreck his life.

Burke. Lives aren't wrecked that way. [*Again facing her.*] You don't love him. You're making a tool of him, a catspaw, for your own peace of mind. It's not Paul Whitgreave you love; it's love itself; any man's love!

Helen. I must have it. I've earned it. I need it. It's the only thing left to purify life, to fight down the things that have made living so hateful. Oh, I needed him, when Syd passed out of my reach. I kept trying to fit him into Syd's place. I ached for something to help and watch and care for.

Burke. But can't you see it's not fair? That he doesn't know?

Helen. No; he doesn't know—that's why he still loves me.

Burke. But should you sacrifice him for that, when any man's love would do? When even my love would do?

Helen. Your love? You don't know what love is—what it means. Your love!

Burke. It's not only boys who know what love can mean. You think I'm hard. I've seen life, and I've lived rough. But I've learned it's only justice that can make good in the end. Oh, I can't split hairs and quibble over fine issues. I can't argue about all this. But when a thing's right, it's right, and when it's wrong, it's wrong.

Helen. But Paul would come to me; he would stay by me; he would believe in me, whenever I asked. Oh, you're killing me! Not my body, not my flesh and blood. But you're killing everything I have to live for. It's worse than death. I can't face it. I daren't. [*She sobs forlornly.*]

Burke. Are you sure it's *you* he loves? Are you sure it isn't your name, it isn't what he imagines you to be?

Helen. [*Gazing at him with widening eyes.*] Now I understand. You're

envious. You're envious of Paul and me. You're envious of our happiness, our love. It's not justice that's making you drag me down—it's envy.

Burke. That's not true.

Helen. It *is* true. It's jealousy. Your love! What do you know of such things? You don't even know what pity is.

Burke. I *pity* you.

Helen. I don't want your pity. You've shown me what I must expect from you. You've only taught me how to fight my own way out to the end.

Burke. But move by move, you'll only be fighting against yourself.

Helen. Then I'll fight until I get what I'm after, until I find what I want. Until I'm free.

Burke. But I tell you liberty isn't something you can overtake and capture and carry away with you. It's only something crying out, deep down in our poor human breasts. It's only our own heart's never-ending requirement of itself.

Helen. Oh, you've no heart. You're stone. You're cruel and hard as granite.

Burke. You say I'm hard. But it's life that's hard. And that's why you must tell this boy Paul, before it's too late.

Helen. Tell Paul! No! No! He must not know! Not yet. It's all so far back, now. Why are you going so far back?

Burke. We must go far back. Redemption's like a river-tunnel. We must go far back, and dig deep, before we can even approach it.

Helen. But he's all I have, and you're taking him away from me. You must give me time.

Burke. Hasn't there been too much time?

Helen. But he loves me, he believes in me. Oh, we can do such wrong without knowing it!

Burke. But when we know it, when we see the right in front of us, God help us if we turn away from it.

Helen. He's all I have.

Burke. Then this will stand a test of his love.

Helen. A test? But such a test isn't fair to him.

Burke. It won't be unfair if he loves you as he ought to.

Helen (pitifully). Oh, you don't understand. You don't understand. You don't know what love is, what little things keep it alive.

Burke. I do understand. And I know what little things can keep it alive, what great things can never quite kill it. [*He turns away.*]

Helen. And yet you want me to tell him. [*Continuing to sob.*] And lose him. Lose everything. And you do this—you who once were my friend. You make me almost hate you!

Burke. [*Showing his great feeling for her by gesture and glance.*] If you love him, you will even give him up, to save him!

Helen. But you're making it too hard for me.

Burke (gently). Do you suppose all this is easy for me?

Helen. [*Between sobs.*] You? What does it cost you?

Burke. It's cost me everything.

My God, don't you know I love you? Don't you know I love you, in the face of all this, in spite of everything? Hasn't my heart been hungering for you, these two empty years? And when I want a thing, I want it, as much as you do, as much as anybody does. I don't care what you are, what you've been, what you've done. I want you! I love you!

Helen. [Aghast.] You! You! Love me!

Burke. I love you. You've made mistakes, but I've made bigger ones. I've always loved you—that's why I want to make you happy—why I've seemed to hurt you.

Helen. [Wheeling on him.] Now I understand.

Burke. No, you don't understand.

Helen (blindly). This is the way you clear the field. This is where you drag me, for your own ends.

Burke. That's where you're wrong. The field has not been cleared.

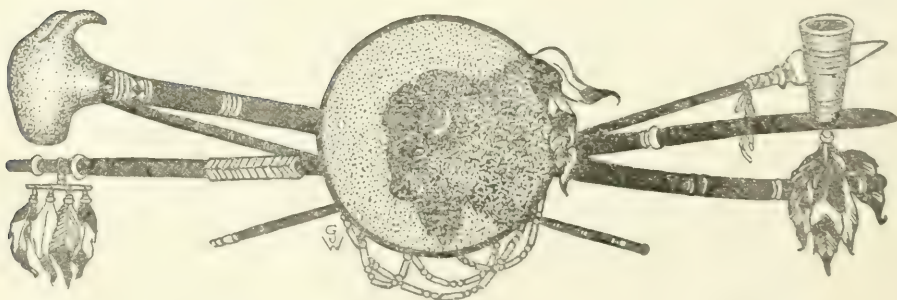
Helen. Oh, now I see everything.

Burke. I wish to God you did.

Helen. [With ever-rising passion.] I do! And I hate you! Oh, I hate you!

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)



SCIENTIFIC GHOST STORIES

BY W. S. WALLACE

OVER half a century ago, an English poet living in Italy wrote a poem about spiritualism, which may still be read in his collected works under the title of "Sludge the Medium." He described with splendid scorn the trickeries and deceits that underlie spiritualism, and then, having effected this exposure, he turned about and made the confession:

"I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all."

During the years that have elapsed since Robert Browning wrote these lines, scientists have been investigating the phenomena connected with spiritualism; and it is interesting to notice that many of them have come to the conclusion to which Browning came in these lines. To enumerate all the scientists who have turned their attention to the phenomena connected with spiritualism, would be to enter on a lengthy task. It is perhaps sufficient to mention the names of Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thallium; Sir Oliver Lodge, President of Birmingham University; Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who arrived at the theory of Natural Selection simultaneously with Darwin; M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer; the late F. W. H. Myers; Dr. Koch, the great authority on tuberculosis; Dr. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-rays. Then there are the members of the large and flourishing Society for Psychical Research. All these are investigators of the mysterious psychic forces which once passed under the name of spiritual-

ism. They all believe there is something in it, tricks and all.

Thus far the investigators have achieved very few definite results. They are at present engaged only in experimentation; it is yet too early to generalise. "We are in the pre-Newtonian, possibly the pre-Copernican, age of this nascent science," says Sir Oliver Lodge. "My book," says Dr. Maxwell, a French investigator, "is the statement of a witness—it has no other signification"; and most other writers on the subject echo his words.

But the depositions of these witnesses are of an absorbing interest. Let me transcribe a few sentences from a recent book of M. Camille Flammarion on *Psychical Research*, entitled "Mysterious Psychic Forces," in order to give some idea of what experiments have been, and are being, conducted:

"A heavy easy chair moves about of its own accord in the room." "A centre table persists in the endeavour to climb upon the experiment table, and gets there." "On tables, in pianos, and other pieces of furniture, in the walls, in the air, raps are heard, and their vibrations perceived by the touch." "I have heard not only sharp light raps on a table, but mallet blows, or blows of a fist upon a door, capable of knocking down a man if he had received them." "An invisible hand forcibly snatched from my hand a block of paper which I was holding out with extended arm at the height of my head." "Invisible hands removed from M. Schiaparell-

li's head his spectacles." "For my part, I have seen only two (apparitions of heads): the bearded silhouette at Monfort-l'Amaury, and the head of a young girl with high-arched forehead in my own drawing-room." "We have seen a vigorous gesture imprint itself at a distance in clay." "A book has been seen passing through a curtain. A bell has passed from a library room, locked with a key, into a drawing-room. A flower has been seen passing perpendicularly downward through a dining-room table."

These are facts attested by one of the foremost living scientists in France.

Here is a quotation from Dr. Maxwell, an authority already referred to. It is a memorandum dated June 3rd, 1903:

"A movement without contact was forthcoming this afternoon. I placed a table upside down upon a linen sheet. Mr. Maurice (the medium) and I put our hands on the sheet *some distance from the table*. The latter turned completely over; the movement was performed slowly and gently. It was 4 o'clock, the sunlight streaming in through the open window."

These strange phenomena, of course, can only take place through the instrumentality of a "medium" that is, a person who has the power of calling these mysterious forces into play. Some of these mediums, as, for example, the famous Eusapia Palladino, are illiterate; some are scholars and gentlemen. A medium of the latter description, Mr. Sastex-Degrangé, director of the National School of Fine Arts at Lyons, has published under the date 1899 an account of his initiation as a medium:

"I was acquainted (he says) with a company of people, who were occupied with spiritualism, and with table turning, and I had made them rather the butt of my wit.

"One day I was visiting them. The drawing-room was lighted by two

large windows. I began, as usual, with some pleasantries. Their reply was in the shape of an invitation to me to take part in the experiments.

"'But,' said I, 'if I take a seat at your table, it will not turn any more, because I shall not push it.'

"'Come all the same.'

"Well, I declare, upon my honour, that, just for a joke, I tried it. I had scarcely put my hands on the table when it made a rush at me.

"I said to the person facing me, 'Don't push so hard.'

"'But my dear sir, I was not pushing.'

"I put the centre table back in its place, but the same thing occurred again, once, twice, thrice—

"They all cried out, and claimed that they had caught a medium in me. I was not very much flattered by the title, which I considered as synonymous with lunatic.

"'You ought to try and write,' said some one to me.

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'Why, see here. You take paper and pen, let your arm lie passive, and have the wish in your mind that some unknown person or force shall cause you to write.'

"I tried it. At the end of five minutes, my arm felt as if it were wrapped in a woollen blanket. Then, in spite of myself, my hand began to trace mere strokes, then o's and a's, letters of all sorts, as a schoolboy learning to write would do. Then, all of a sudden, came the notorious word attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo. I assure you, my dear sir, I am never in the habit of using this coarse and dirty term, and that there was no auto-suggestion, or unconscious act of my own in the case. I was absolutely stupefied by the occurrence."

Mr. Castex-Degrangé continued his experiments at home. Out of the dozen or so marvellous experiences which he has to relate, the following may be selected on account of its brevity:

"One day, when I was seated at my writing desk, I felt the weird seizure in my arm. I let my arm remain passive. The unknown wrote:

"Your friend Aroud is coming to see you. He is at this moment in such and such an omnibus office in the suburbs. He is asking the price of tickets and the hour of departure.

("This M. Aroud is Chief of the Bureau of Police, prefecture of the Rhone). In fact, half an hour afterwards, Aroud made his appearance. I told him what had taken place.

"It is a good thing for you that you are living in the nineteenth century," he said to me. "A few hundred years ago you would not have escaped death at the stake."

M. Camille Flammarion has written messages from the unknown in this manner. "I have tried," he says, "to see if I too could not write. By collecting and concentrating my power and allowing my hand to be passive and unresistent, I soon found that, after it had traced certain dashes and o's and sinuous lines more or less interlaced, very much as a four-year-old child learning to write might do, it finally did actually write words and phrases. In these meetings of the Parisian Society for Spiritual Studies, I wrote for my part some pages on astronomical subjects, signed Galiles."

M. Flammarion prints also a number of other messages, dictated by raps, and signed "Pascal," "Fenelon," "Vincent de Paul," "Rabelais," etc. One spirit signed himself, "Belthasar Grimod de la Reynière," and dictated funny dissertations on the art of cooking. And Doctor Maxwell has had numerous communications with an eighteenth century *savant*, named Chappe d'Auteroche. "His name," Dr. Maxwell prosaically explains, "appears in Larousse's Dictionary."

What is the explanation of these riddles? Have we succeeded, like Glendower, in calling spirits from the vasty deep? Sir William Crookes and Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace have ex-

pressed their belief that we have; they have attributed these phenomena to spiritual agencies. The tendency of expert opinion at present, however, seems to be to discredit spiritualism, and to seek the cause of these mysteries in the human mind. There are difficulties in the way of any explanation, but it seems most likely that the force which performs these marvels is not spiritual, but psychic. It lies in "the mighty mind of man."

If a scientific explanation of the mystery is forthcoming, it will probably throw light on some dark corners of human history. It might serve to explain some of the miracles of the New Testament. It would throw a flood of light on mediæval demonology and necromancy. We should know what to think about witchcraft; and a figure like that of Michael Scott might become reasonable to us,

"A wizard, of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanaca's cave,
Him lifted his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

And lastly, ghost stories of all sorts would be submitted to the touchstone of science; and we should probably be able to distinguish between ghost stories that were true, and ghost stories that were not.

Let me conclude this brief survey with a curious letter which the younger Pliny wrote about the beginning of the first century:

"There was a certain mansion" (he wrote) "at Athens, large and roomy, but of evil repute, and a plaguy sort of place. In the stillness of the night, lo! there used to sound the clank of iron, and as you listened there was the rattling of chains; at first a long way off, then coming nearer and nearer, till it came quite close. Presently a spectre appeared. An old, old man, lean and wan, with a long beard and shaggy hair, with fetters on his legs, and manacles on his hands. The inmates of the house were very miserable. They could not live there. The place became deserted, and given up to the dreadful phantom. At last a certain philosopher came to Athens, Athenodorus by name. He saw the advertisement, inquired the terms, asked why it was so cheap, learnt the full particulars, and gladly hired the mansion. Towards evening, he ordered a sofa to be set for himself in the front of the

house, and provided himself with pen and paper and a light. He sent away all the servants, and set to work writing. For a while there was only dead silence. By and by—hark!—there was the sound of iron grating against iron, then the chains clanking. The philosopher never looked up or stopped writing. He kept his mind clear and his ears open. The noise increased; it drew nearer—it was at the threshold—it had come inside the door—it was unmistakable. He raised his eyes. There was the phantom he had heard of staring at him. The ghost stood still and beckoned to him with its finger. Athenodorus waved his hand as if to say, 'I'm engaged; you'll have to wait;' and he went on with his writing. The ghost rattled his chains over his head as he wrote. He looked up again—the ghost was still

staring at him. He took up the light and followed. The ghost went very slowly, as though it felt the weight of its chains. It led the way to a back yard of the house, then vanished. Next day Athenodorus went to the magistrates, and told them that they must dig in the place where the ghost disappeared. There they found some human bones and fetters upon them. They were collected, buried at the public expense, and the house was rid of ghosts from that time forward.

"Very odd," says Pliny. "My dear friend, what do you yourself make of this story?"

Perhaps modern research will some day be able to answer Pliny's question.

AT PARTING

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

The night is silent, love, and here beside thee,
Holding the hand that is not now denied me,
I too am still: how shall I say farewell?

No words have we, and yet the summer weather,
Lulling the garden, gathers *us* together,
And mingles us with myrrh and asphodel.

Was there a time before that time, I wonder,
When something flashed and rent the vail asunder,
And visions faded, and the Truth befell?

And now, because thou *art* the Truth, I'll grieve thee
No longer by withholding to believe thee,
Though I am sent upon a sorrow-spell.

How long the way thou sayest not, but only
That I must tread it loyally and lonely,
Unheeding whether heaven wait, or hell.

Why this must be I cannot know, beloved,
But thou dost know, and, howsoe'er removed,
Some day, perchance, the secret thou wilt tell.

Nothing I ask,—how may the Truth be bounded?
I leave thee, yet by thee I'm still surrounded:
The sea's voice sounds about the farthest shell.

The moonlight deepens, love, and grows to golden,
And thou and I in it are strangely holden;—
Ah, holy, holy moment of farewell!

BONANZAS OF THE SLOCAN

BY HAROLD SANDS

COBALT is a name to conjure with now, but Canada's most famous silver district is not the great Ontario camp; it must yield the palm to the earlier found and still producing Slocan, in marvellous British Columbia. The silver-lead belt of that airy region was, without doubt, the richest of its kind in the world. At one time the Slocan had dividend paying mines by the score, and it will have them again.

The story of the camp is heaped up and running over with romance and adventure, in which stand out the figures of prospectors, far from heroic but very lovable. The Pacific Province owes a great deal to these men who threw open to the world treasure vaults which had lain untouched since the "sea of mountains" was upheaved by the giant forces of nature.

Most of the old-timers were filled with the old Adam. Many were hard-drinking, card-loving, fun-loving genial souls, and if they paid scant heed to the admonitions of "sky pilots" turned out by the yard in Eastern Canadian colleges and sent West to woo them from their wicked ways, we cannot lightly condemn them to perdition. When it comes to counting those who have done much for the advancement of British Columbia, the prospectors are numbered among the elect.

Striking pages have been added to Canadian history by prospectors. They are anything but noble in appearance when you meet them in the mountains, eagerly hunting for signs

of "the big mine," but they will share their last bit of bacon with you, and there is always room under their blankets for a wanderer tired with tramping over the hills.

Two men of this restless class crossed over Kootenay Lake from Ainsworth one warm September day in 1891. After a few days unprofitable search for gold they reached beautiful Slocan Lake, a sheet of hills. They wandered aimlessly up a country equal in many ways to far-famed Switzerland and certainly far richer in natural wealth.

Had they been educated men, possessing intellectual ideas, they might have felt like stout Cortez when, with eagle eye, he gazed at the Pacific. But this new land of lovely lakes and snow-crowned mountains whose natural beauties they were the first to behold, did not appeal to them. Their feet hurt after their long and difficult tramp through the unexplored country unmarked by trails; their grub was getting low and their packs, while actually lighter than when they started, seemed far heavier. Moreover they didn't like the formation of the country and they made up their minds there was nothing in it worth seeking further.

"Aw, let's get back to Ainsworth," said Jack Seaton, the younger of the two. He thirsted for the little bar by Kootenay Lake, where the prospectors and miners from miles around foregathered to swap yarns and make away with Hudson's Bay rum.

Eli Carpenter, his grizzled com-

panion, was just as eager to "hike" back to where his arm could rest on the mahogany, but he didn't want to return the same way they had come.

"I bet there's a short cut over that hill," he declared, pointing to the then unnamed Payne Mountain.

"You're off your reckoning," gruffly declared Seaton.

"Well, I'm going to see, anyhow," answered Carpenter. So he climbed the hill to look beyond for a glimpse of the blue waters of Kootenay Lake. He was disappointed; there was no short cut that way.

"You're right, Jack," he conceded, "there ain't a short cut; the drinks is on me when we get back to little old Ainsworth."

And while the two men stood on that eminence and discussed how they might the more quickly reach Ainsworth and hasten away from the terribly lonesome and seemingly bar-

ren region of the Slocan, they all unknowingly stood upon millions. They started down the hill, grumbling that their toilsome journey had been useless.

"It's just like our luck," growled Seaton.

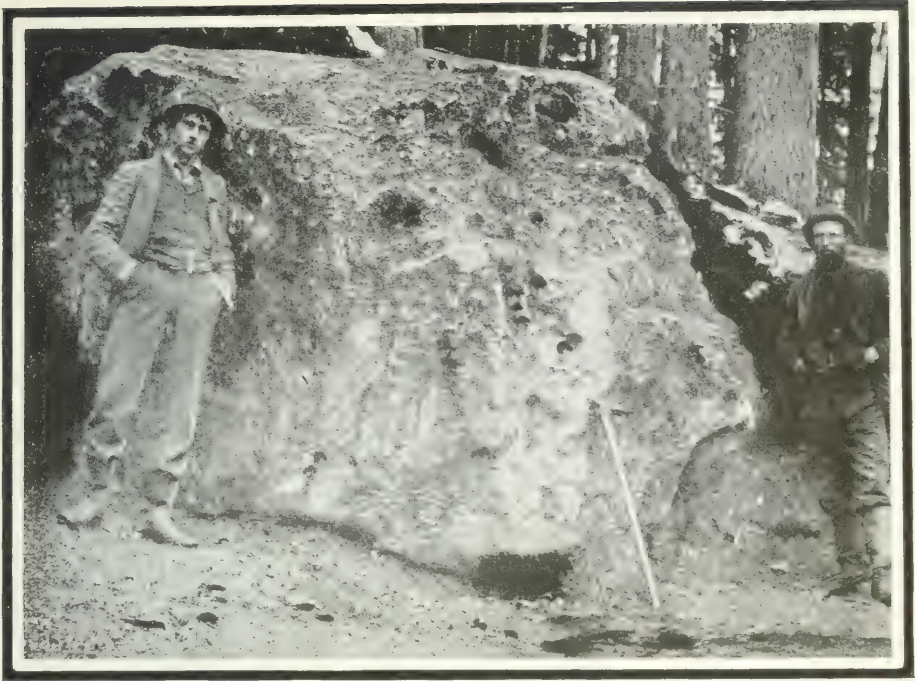
As he spoke Carpenter stumbled, and there, right at his feet, was an outcropping of solid, high-grade galena.

The two prospectors had struck it at last. Just at the moment when fortune seemed farthest from them they ran into wealth right at the grass roots. With their find on that September day another volume was opened in the romantic history of British Columbia.

The discoverers gave the name of Payne to the first location in the Slocan district. They located other claims and, believing the trend of the vein would follow the strike of the



A TUNNEL IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA MINE



BIG GALENA BOULDER WHICH FELL FROM THE SLOCAN STAR VEIN
WAS BOUGHT FOR \$2,000 AND YIELDED \$20,000

country rocks, as at Ainsworth, they put in their stakes accordingly. That was their first mistake, for in reality they made their locations across the great vein instead of along it. Men who came into the district in the wild rush which followed found out the error of the discoverers and located the Maid of Erin, the Mountain Chief and the Two Jacks, through which the fissure ran.

Unconscious of their error, Carpenter and Seaton placed some rich ore from the surface in a sack and went down to Ainsworth. They were, of course, considerably elated. Just when they had given up hope of finding anything, the fickle jade had thrown a mine in their way.

Open-hearted and open-handed, both men were eager to let their friends in on the good thing. When they reached Ainsworth, Carpenter flung the sack of ore across the bar at the hotel as security for drinks, and "ginned up the house." Then

he told everybody present of the marvellous new land of silver up in the mountains above cool, sequestered Slocan Lake.

After recovering from the effects of their first surprise, Carpenter and his partner sought an assayer. There happened to be a man in town who went by the sobriquet of "Yankee Bill," and who claimed to be accomplished in this direction. As a matter of fact, his acquaintance with assaying was hardly even of a nodding nature, so he decided to make a guess at the contents of the ore from the Payne.

"It goes 34 ounces in silver," he reported. Ore of that character could not be profitably extracted even to-day, and in the early 'nineties nobody would look at it for a minute.

Carpenter was flabbergasted, but only for a moment. Then he not only brightened up, but he gave vent to a flood of language that was more forcible than elegant.

"I don't believe the blankety blank idiot knows the first blank thing about assaying," he remarked to Seaton. "Let's run the (some more blanks) out of the camp."

Seaton was generally open for all the fun that was going, but that morning his head was a trifle heavy.

"Aw, let the chap alone and try another man," was his brief and business-like comment.

So they went to the man they should have visited first of all, Charley Stalberg, a real assayer. He told them the ore went 150 ounces of silver to the ton, with a large percentage of lead. Silver in 1891 was 96 cents an ounce, almost twice the price of to-day. The samples showed Carpenter and Seaton that they had a bonanza.

Strange to say, from that moment they grew to disbelieve in the mine. They seemed unable to fathom their good fortune. The very fact that Stalberg had proved their own theory that the ore was several times

as rich as "Yankee Bill" guessed it to be seemed only to add to their distrust of the property.

They went back to the mine, looked over the ground, found out the mistake they had made in locating the second claim, and also that they were too late to rectify it, others having secured the ground. Still they had the Payne, the very centre of the rich zone, and they proceeded to strip the vein. It grew richer, but that had no effect on the two pessimists.

"The vein is bound to pinch out," they said to one another. "It is too rich; it can't possibly last."

They unburdened themselves of part of their unbelief to Steve Bailey, reputed to be one of the smartest mining men in the country. With delight he heard their "beefing."

"I'll give you \$1,000 apiece for the Payne," he said.

They jumped at the offer, and went to Spokane to blow in the money.

In the saloons along Riverside in the American town, which practi-



PILOT BAY SMELTER, KOOTENAY LAKE. THE FIRST OF ITS KIND ERECTED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



SANDON IN 1896

cally owes its rise to British Columbia. Carpenter and Seaton told the loungers with great glee how they "had roped in that smart man Bailey."

"Confidentially, there's nothing in the Slocan," they used to repeat over their fiery Bourbon. "The Payne, bah, it'll pinch out in no time."

While they were sluicing their throats the Slocan was the goal of the most spectacular rush that had taken place in British Columbia since the famous stampede to the Cariboo gold fields. News of the discovery on Payne Mountain spread in that swift mysterious way characteristic of great western finds. There were no telegraph wires to hum the information to distant parts, no wireless instruments caught the great intelligence, but it travelled on the wings of the wind.

All the camps along Kootenay Lake were swiftly deserted in favour of the new field. Within a few days of the time Eli Carpenter flung his bag of samples on the bar, prospec-

tors on the craggy peaks around where Rossland and Nelson now stand, had heard of the silvery Slocan. They left the golden-ribbed hills and hurried to join the army of silver hunters. Even the searchers in the placers of the Similkameen and East Kootenay rolled up their blankets, packed their bacon and beans and trekked over the divide to the new fascination, while Spokane let loose its hundreds of adventurers and a fair proportion of its riffraff, who swarmed toward Payne Mountain to take money off the miners. Where a camp is, there also are the parasites.

The rush worked a transformation. Kaslo, a virgin peninsula on Kootenay Lake one day, became a city of tents the next. All sorts of queer edifices straggled over the flat on the lake and a remarkable collection of men carried water from the shallow river which ran noisily over the boulders.

Farther inland, high above sea level and at the foot of snow-capped

mountains, Sandon, for a time the most famous mining town in the West, came into being in a single night. From that hour to this the sound of the poker chips has never been stilled in the little town that lies in a gulch where the mountains of silver almost meet overhead.

Some of the glory attaching to the opening up of the land of silver must be credited, of course, to Steve Bailey. He had no idea, when he secured the Payne for \$2,000, that he was paving the way to more fame than falls to the average American who comes to Canada to make his fortune. His sole hope was that he had found the silver road to get-rich-quick. He did, and he stands out to-day as the man who dared and won.

Contemporary publicists, the men who, in the crude and oft-times intensely personal and always original newspapers of the early days, recorded fleeting and bizarre impressions of the camp, were not very kind to him. They said that though he was not "roped in" by Carpenter and Seaton, yet he "gouged on the surface of the Payne and took out thousands." To gouge is not a criminal offence, nor even a vice, but it is not a habit to be encouraged. It comes natural to certain kinds of men who, not fortunate enough to possess much capital, want to extract wealth too quickly from the ground and spend it too rapidly in cities. While living laborious lives in the mountains, the thoughts of these men are for much of the time concentrated upon cities with their great white ways, their music, restaurants, and their fair women.

Many a man in the Slocan sold out more cheaply than he would have done had not Spokane called to him. The City of the Falls was the only one in those days for the mining men of Kootenay. It was wide open, and the lid was higher even than the top-most peaks of the Slocan.

But Bailey was not particularly a city man and chorus girls did not ap-

peal to him. He worked the Payne feverishly, not because he wanted to lavish jewels on any Spokane beauty but for the reason that it delighted him to see how much it could produce. He took little thought of the morrow for the Payne. After the mine on the ridge had yielded him a fairly comfortable fortune he took in partners, A. W. McCune, Scott Macdonald, Hoge and Sargent. The partners also took out their thousands. But they did more; they took the Payne to be a real mine. Under Steve Bailey it was really nothing but a very promising prospect.

Energy marked the operations of the new syndicate. They continued for several hundred feet the tunnel from which Bailey had taken out most of his riches. They found ore nearly all the distance, having what learned mining men call a quartz *gangue*, but with a maximum in width in parts of solid high-grade galena of three feet. Substantial mine buildings were erected at the tunnel mouth while on the Maid of Erin, to the south, a tunnel lower down was extended into the Payne claim. To the north of the latter, on the Mountain Chief, tunnels were also run in on the vein, and ore stoped out to the grass roots. The ore in those early days was so clean that a concentrator was unnecessary. The average net value of all the ore sold in the first few years was over \$100 a ton. Some of it was far richer.

After the mine had yielded over half a million dollars Steve Bailey became imbued with a distrust of it. Its richness had astonished him, but he seems to have felt that it could not last long. He had the same opinion that Carpenter and Seaton possessed in the first days. He sought to sell his interests and, after litigation, his partners bought him out for \$100,000. The price shows how low in his estimation the Payne had sunk. William McAdams, the early historian of the Sandon district, says:

"Steve pocketed the price and

chuckled; did what Carpenter and Seaton did, quietly told his friends that he had got more for the mine than it could ever be worth."

But Steve Bailey was as far wrong as the two prospectors who first threw away the property. The new owners mined. In the three years of their proprietorship they took out as much ore as all the other Slocan mines combined. They paid themselves \$1,000,000 in profits.

Then history repeated itself. Having made a fortune they became inoculated with the virus which, sooner or later, had touched all who handled the Payne. Its wealth almost alarmed them. They feared it would suddenly depart. Having risen from comparative poverty to affluence they dreaded the chances of mining, which might reduce them to almost the old level.

They determined to "cinch their future." Being shrewd Americans, they followed the instincts of most mining operators from across the border; they did what those other

Americans, Carpenter and Seaton and Steve Bailey had done before them—they unloaded.

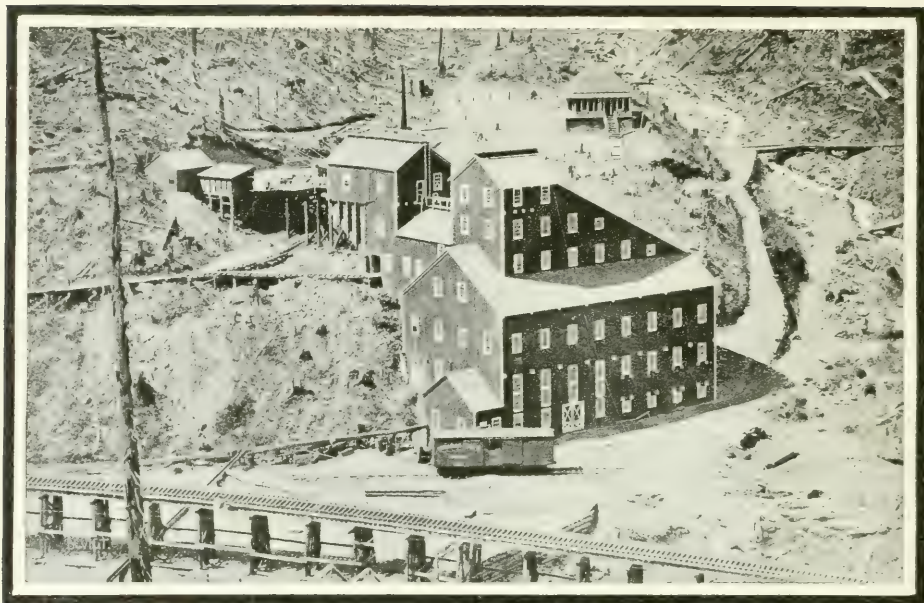
And, naturally, they unloaded on Canadians. The history of most big mines in the Kootenay, with one notable exception, contains a similar chapter—Americans got in on the ground floor and, in due season unloaded, either upon Canadians or Englishmen.

This time the price of the Payne was \$2,500,000. And the purchasers were citizens of Montreal who had never seen a mine! Scott Macdonald, McCune, Hoge and Sargeant shook hands with themselves. They appeared to believe, as their predecessors had done, that they had got more for the mine than it could ever be worth.

With the advent of the Canadians a gradual change came over the fortunes of the Payne. In the course of time the squawks of the croakers became justified. But the mine was not entirely to blame. It still held stores of wealth. The great bonanza



FIRST SLOCAN STAR CONCENTRATOR



IVANHOE CONCENTRATING MILL AT SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

was sacrificed on the altar of gamblers in stocks and of strikers. The men who play with stock certificates and those who deal in the brawn of miners' arms, helped to reduce the magnificence of this mountain mining king. A stock gambling raid, engineered in Montreal and Toronto, combined with the eight-hour law strike, directed from the American side, served to make of the Payne a mere mimic of its former grandeur.

The Montreal company which secured the property stocked it for \$4,000,000. For a time all was as rosy as in the condition of the most promising mine in Gowganda to-day. The shares went to a premium. With the War Eagle and Centre Star stocks industriously boosted by Toronto parties, the Payne formed a mining triumvirate which moved men almost to madness.

Usually sedate and sage people of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec became afflicted with a mania to gamble in the shares of the three mines. A sudden collapse in silver and lead values, followed by a strike

in the Kootenay over the eight-hour law, brought the price of stocks down with a crash. Many Easterners who had hoped to get rich quick saw their fortunes engulfed and the Payne received a black eye from which it has not yet recovered.

Stock which has sold at over one dollar a share went begging in Toronto and Montreal at eight cents. Nobody would touch it. In an attempt to retrieve lost fortunes the Montreal Company put in a new management at the mine in Slocan. The auspices seemed fortunate for the new broom. Men had begun to cry that the Payne was indeed worked out, that the prophecies of the former owners had come true. The new management struck a vein, parallel to the former rich one, which had not hitherto been known to exist. The vein was a true fissure. Assays of 165 ounces of silver to the ton, were obtained from early samples.

Word went out that the Payne had been born over again. Toronto and Montreal, once bit, were twice shy. However there was some dealing in

the stock on the exchanges and it was soon dancing around the twenty cents mark. Details of the new vein running only ninety feet away from the bonanza ledge, served to kindle some enthusiasm and the stock began slowly to climb back to its old position.

"The Payne is not worked out; it has secured a new lease of life," was the news that brought joy in both West and East. "The days of dividends will soon return," said the overconfident. In addition to the new find of silver-lead ore the Payne was able to dispose of a large quantity of zinc ore. This, in the old days had been considered a detriment and was thrown on the dump. American zinc smelters created a demand for the ore and the Payne mill was soon running day and night, turning out carloads of high-grade zinc for the smelter at Iola.

Unluckily the demand for zinc fell off as suddenly as it arose and conditions in the silver-lead industry went from bad to worse in the Kootenay. Payne stock tumbled again. Soon the mill was silent and the sound of the air compressors was no longer heard in the bowels of the mountain.

Following the labour troubles the leasing system was imported into the British Columbia mining country from the American side. The Payne naturally attracted men willing to "take a gamble at it." The upper and lower parts of the property were leased to different parties for a while, with fair success. Then a man named Walter Smith leased the whole property for three years.

The arrangement pleased the Slocan miners, as Smith employed more men than had worked in the property for a number of years. He did not have much luck. During his tenure the affairs of the Montreal Company reached such an unhappy state that the mine, which had made millions for some and had caused others to lose their all, went under the hammer. It was put up at auction in Montreal and was knocked down for the paltry

sum of \$50,000. At such disgrace Payne Mountain "stood like an extinct volcano in his mood, silent, and savage, and sad."

Great indeed was the fall of the big mine which in the twelve years of its activity shipped more than 50,000 tons of silver-lead ore representing, according to the figures furnished by Manager A. C. Garde to the British Columbia Bureau of Mines, a gross value of nearly \$4,000,000. The average value per ton for this period was \$73.30. The dividends paid amounted to \$1,438,000.

The shutting down of the important property was considered as a most fortunate occurrence all over British Columbia. Mr. William Fleet Robertson, the accomplished Provincial Mineralogist, spoke of it as a distinct misfortune to the mining industry of the Slocan and he had no hesitation in boldly and publicly announcing that "the mine, as it stands at present, is another victim of that short-sighted policy of gouging out all available ore, and neglecting the proper development, in advance, of further bodies of ore."

Gouging has been a curse to British Columbia, as to other parts of Canada, but it doesn't come within the criminal code and no doubt will last as long as there are mines to wreck.

Almost as interesting as the story of the Payne is that of the equally well known Slocan Star, which has paid in dividends \$600,000 and has, like the Payne, produced its millions. Litigation over "extra liberal" rights, which lasted for several years and was only recently brought to a conclusion, kept the company from anything but development operations. The history of this suit is so involved that it must be left for another time. As an indication of the greatness of the property it can be stated that in the thirteen years prior to the litigation the Slocan Star shipped 32,453 tons of ore, which carried 2,673,248 ounces of silver and 18,549 tons of lead.

Possessing the largest shute of high-

grade ore in the Slocan, the Star is what its name implies, the best mine in the great district. And that is saying a great deal for, in an area fifteen by twenty-five miles, there were discovered in the early days vein after vein of ore running all the way from \$100 to \$400 a ton. The cost of mining and freight and treatment charges were so high in the early 'nineties that a property that did not yield over \$100 a ton was hardly worth bothering about. Of course the expenses declined when ample transportation was afforded and smelters were erected on the Canadian side of the line.

The Slocan Star, the largest silver-lead mine so far developed in the West, was found on October 17th, 1891, by one of the present owners, Mr. Bruce White, an American from Milwaukee. He, with other prospectors, following up Sandon Creek, discovered in the bed of the stream, a mile above its junction with the South Fork of Carpenter Creek (the site of Sandon) a vein thirteen feet wide, which looked good to him. Men learned in mineralogy subsequently stated that the vein was of quartz and spathic iron, interspersed with galena, zinc blend and angular pieces of the slate country rock.

Prospecting to the west in a dense forest of heavy timber, along the strike of the vein, at about 800 feet, White found a large exposure of the outcroppings of the big ore chute and here he staked the Slocan Star claim. The Slocan King, the Silversmith and other claims were also located along the trend of the vein for several thousand feet. The Byron N. White Company was formed to develop the ore body, most of the capital being supplied by Byron N. White and Angus Smith of Milwaukee.

The company met with such success that it never had to make hysterical appeals for capital, such as so often mar the beginnings of many mining concerns, both in the East and West. It never had to use up pages of Toronto and Vancouver daily news-

papers in frantic beseechings to the public to "get in on the ground floor." In fact the Byron N. White Company is what is known as a "close corporation," ninety-five per cent. of its stock being held by three Americans. Its capital is \$500,000 and the dividends paid have exceeded that sum. They would have been well past the million by now had the unfortunate lawsuit not been started by the owners of the Rabbit Paw, an adjoining claim.

The suit having been disposed of in favour of the Slocan Star, we may now look for a resumption of activity around Sandon. But the good old days of feverish activity need not be expected to return. There is not likely to be a repetition of the excitement of the early 'nineties, when it was a dull week that brought forth no big find, and when adventurous men, scaling the summits of the high, precipitous mountains, found fortune-producing veins of high-grade ore right on the peaks.

In addition to the Payne and the Slocan Star mines were opened up, which, for a time, gave great rewards to those who developed them. Take the Reco for example, which lined the pockets of John M. Harris. A poor man when he went into the Slocan, Harris amassed considerable wealth, although he diverted no small amount of it to the pockets of lawyers and mining experts when he started the extraordinary legal battle with the Byron White Company over the latter's apex rights.

Harris located the Reucan claim, which the miners insisted on pronouncing Reco. It, with others, was subsequently taken over by the Reco Mining and Milling Company, of which he was president and manager. Across the group ran two distinct veins of such exceeding richness that the returns obtained enabled Harris to develop the group and purchase other claims. The galena ore mined from one small vein yielded several shipments which gave a net return

of 340 ounces of good ore to the ton.

Another famous mine was the Goodenough, so called because the man who located it remarked when he picked up some of the rich ore from the surface: "This is good enough for me." Smelter returns from carload lots gave from 277 to 507 ounces of silver per ton and 48 to 67% lead for galena ore, and 169.5 to 322.5 ounces of silver per ton and 2 to 34% lead for carbonate ores, while one lot of seven tons assayed 768 ounces silver per ton and 64% lead.

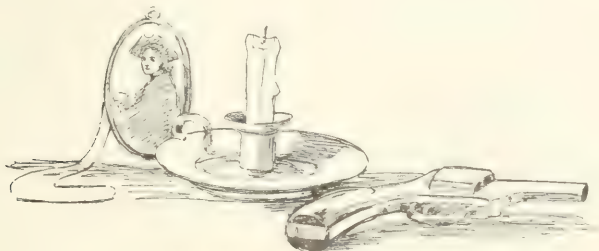
The Last Chance, the Wonderful, the Ruth, the Monitor, the Best and other claims all yielded phenomenally for a time. A number of the mines, such as the Slocan Star, the Reco, the Ivanhoe and others are still being successfully worked, with every indication of continuing to produce for some time to come. Others, however, having been "gutted" to pay dividends, have collapsed, their ownership has changed, and they are lying idle.

No mention of the Silvery Slocan is complete without mention of the Noble Five group. Five men who went into the Slocan at the first rush were known as "the Noble Five." They included Tom and Jack McGuigan, Joe and Jim Hennessy and another man. They located the Noble Five group for 5,000 feet along the course of one vein. They did

fairly well with it, but after it was disposed of to a Spokane company a hoodoo seemed to attach to it and remained firmly glued to it when James Dunsmuir, the coal baron of British Columbia, was induced to take an interest in the property.

Of the original "Noble Five" prospectors, Tom McGuigan was the only one to make anything like a pile from mining.

The annals of the Slocan are full of accounts of curious ways in which men tumbled on to fortune and of how many other failed to avail themselves of the full extent of their find or else squandered their money. One of the most remarkable of these finds was the discovery in the spring of 1892 of the famous big boulder. Two prospectors looking for a tent pole came across a huge mass of rock, higher than either and immensely rich. They thought they had stumbled on the outcrop of a mine and immediately staked a claim. Subsequent developments proved, however, that the mass of silver-lead ore had become detached and rolled from the Slocan Star vein further up the mountain. A mining speculator offered the two men \$2,000 for the chunk of galena as it stood. They accepted, and the speculator cleared \$18,000, for the big boulder proved to contain over \$20,000 in silver and lead. It weighed 125 tons.



LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

BY MARIAN BOWER

"I AM sorry, Mr. Merricourt you should have made this mistake, but I cannot marry you," announced Sidonie Trevelyan as she stood up straight before a tall man whose face went white as he heard the decision. Less than a year ago, when the doors of such houses as still made some pretence to exclusiveness did not fly open to the rich heiress as readily as they did now, she had led him to think that he might ask much from her.

Roger Merricourt looked for a moment at the tall, beautiful woman in a wonderful gown, with a wealth of golden hair and a skin of creamy whiteness, as if he had received a blow, that for the time being had half knocked the sense out of him.

"You mean that you do not care for me," he ground out dully.

"I am not made for a quiet life," Miss Trevelyan evaded. "We should not be happy together. Believe me, it will be better for you to go away and forget me."

Merricourt bowed. He was too much of a gentleman to thrust himself on a woman after she had pointedly told him she would rather be without him.

"Good-bye," he said. He walked abruptly to the door, opened it, let it close on him, and left Sidonie alone in the great sumptuously furnished room.

Sidonie Trevelyan belonged to mixed races. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, her father a Cornish miner, who going out to America,

made a fortune that far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Then he married only to find that his wife asked for dollars from him, his absence, and liberty to go her own way in Paris and New York. Sidonie was the only child of this ill-assorted marriage.

Now as she saw Merricourt leave her she made a gesture full of impatience and anger, and flung a question into the empty room.

"Why," she demanded, "could not Roger be Earl of Inneston instead of that stupid cousin of his?"

It was the one brief, feeble struggle of womanliness within her. The next instant Sidonie was cold, capable, calculating. She moved to her writing-table. She sat down brusquely, took up her pen, filled in a card of invitation to dinner, and addressed it to Lord Inneston.

Meantime Roger Merricourt was walking away from Belgrave Square towards the greenness and shade of the park. He left the Row sharply aside, and plunged into a by-path. He went along hurriedly, and had been walking for some time when a girl, accompanied by a maid, looked timidly at him. Roger raised his hat, and to his surprise—and certainly not to his pleasure—the girl cut across the grass. She stood before him, a little breathless, her hands twisting nervously. She was the poor cousin who lived with Sidonie. Old John had sent for his younger brother when he prospered and offered him a small share in his own busi-

ness, but that sober concern was too tame for William; he took to roving, to looking for gold and silver, and petroleum. Hitherto—for he still lived—Mary's father had not prospered, and when his sister-in-law had curtly sent for Mary, because Sidonie fancied having a girl with her, he had been glad to let her go, and Mary had seen the advantage of eating the bread of dependence as compared with the life of an under teacher in a New York school.

Merricourt remembered the little he knew about this as he looked down at the girl who was so like Sidonie and who yet lacked the rich Miss Trevelyan's brilliance and a certain French finish.

"Mary," Sidonia once said, "is nature's rough sketch for me."

Now as Roger stood before this plainer edition of the woman whom he still believed he loved, he merely wished that she would let him pass on.

But Mary had something to say.

"Sidonie has seemed unkind to you, I know," she began, and her voice was so like her cousin's that it might have been Sidonie herself speaking, "but don't you see? she wants the man she marries to be someone. I think I am sure that is it. It is in our blood—in Sidonie's, I mean, to value achievement. She must respect a man before she can give herself to him. She must be able to look up to him and then——"

"And then?" echoed Roger.

"She would love to find herself the lesser, the weaker."

The man looked ahead as if he had not heard this exceedingly plain speaking. His eyes were fixed on the trees just moving in the light breeze, and on the shimmering patches of water. Already his glance was less sombre, his mind less dejected. Mary's version took the sting from his rejection.

"I thank you," Roger said at length as he looked down at the face in which the eyes were gray, not blue,

the hair soft brown, and not golden. "But are you sure?"

"I am," answered Mary, judging Sidonie by herself, "for I am sure she loves you."

Roger wheeled about. He began to walk back to where the city throbbed, to the hive where men worked, and then as he hastened he asked himself not what should he do, but what could he do?

He was appalled by his own uselessness. He began to go more slowly. At the corner of Bond Street a stream of vehicles stopped him, and as he waited to cross a poster caught his eyes. Mechanically he read it. There were blue letters on a white ground. "Heavy fighting round Tangier," he read. "Splendid charge of the Second Foreign Legion." What other announcements filled up the space he neither knew nor cared. This stolid lettering had solved his problem. He looked at his watch. It was a little after six. He walked to Charing Cross, and asked what time the night service for Calais started. He went to his room, packed a bag of simple necessities, and then sat down and wrote a short note.

"Sidonie," it ran, "I am leaving England to offer my services to the legion fighting in Morocco. If I come back I trust it will be to convince you that I am a man, not a loiterer. If I fall, you will at least recognise that I was endeavouring to prove to you that I had the right to ask you to marry me."

The letter was handed to Miss Trevelyan at the same time as another from Lord Inneston accepting her invitation to dine.

It was six months later. London was just emerging from a day of fog. Already, where the yellow cloud had lifted, the sky was flushed rosy and golden; but to the woman hurrying along in the coldness as fast as she could be driven, neither the night nor the hour, nor yet the circumstance that she was alone, save for a middle-

aged maid, who sat with disapproval imprinted on every line of her sour features, had any weight. All her world lay in the telegram that was crushed between her fingers.

That morning a poster had enlightened her, as another had enlightened Roger Merricourt. Again this one told of fighting, of the splendid heroism of the foreign legion, of their decimation.

Trembling so that her knees knocked under her, the girl hurried back to her aunt's house and laid the sheet before Sidonie. The blue eyes read the announcement as the gray eyes had previously done, and for a moment there had been a flutter in the regular breathing, a deeper whiteness of the skin, and then Miss Trevelyan looked up, laughing harshly.

"What is this to me, Mary?" she inquired.

Mary rose and faced her cousin.

"Roger Merricourt is with that legion," she said.

Sidonie's eyes narrowed. She looked at Mary as if she suddenly hated her, and then she answered with a piece of news.

"Lord Inneston has just left me," she said. "I have promised to marry him."

Mary heard; she spoke no word. She waited a moment as if she expected Sidonie to take back her words, and then, when she saw that the announcement was correct, she turned about and went out of the room. She walked upstairs, not into the attic that had sheltered her months ago, but into what had been a guest's room. She pushed open the door. "Walters," she called, and a woman, who was evidently a maid, came forward. Two months ago the under housemaid had "hooked up Mary behind," but that was before William Trevelyan, Mary's father, had realised the ambition of a lifetime, and had come upon a gold mine which he sold to a syndicate for a great price, and then, remembering

his daughter, had settled a large sum on her.

And, perhaps, Mary, who had known poverty, never valued her riches as she did at that moment, when she announced that she was leaving England that night for the South of France.

Mary Trevelyan only stayed in Paris to make inquiries, and then, taking the night express again, she hurried on to Marseilles, and at Marseilles learned that which gave her the hardest part of her task, for she had to sit still and wait.

At length news came to her. The wounded in the recent affair—it was more brilliant even than had at first been supposed—had been put on boats, and were to be disembarked at Marseilles to be nursed back to life in a villa which a patriotic Frenchman had lent to the legion for a hospital.

So, day by day, Mary counted the hours, or sat and looked over the glorious bay, or harassed officials with questions until there came an hour when the girl, entirely alone, presented herself before the doctor in charge at the Villa Belle Vue.

The little Frenchman, with his clipped, black beard, and his sharp, twinkling eye, heard the young Englishwoman's request, noted a certain costliness of her attire, noted, too, the great earnestness on the face that was beautiful in its quivering emotion, and with a wealth of protestation, but still in a firm voice, assured her that what she asked was impossible.

Mary Trevelyan did not immediately combat his decision.

"You say that the Sergeant Merricourt is a dangerous case?" she asked.

"I regret but yes, mademoiselle."

"He is injured over the right eye?"

"There," returned the surgeon, "and elsewhere."

"Then his eyes are bandaged. He cannot see."

"You have said it, mademoiselle. He cannot see."

Mary rose. She went up to the Frenchman. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur," she besought, "I am rich, but I have been poor. I, knowing all that it means to have no money, would go back to penury if it would spare this man one pang. Now, can you refuse to let me help to nurse him?"

The doctor hesitated. He had been in charge of wounded from the legion before, so experience had taught him to expect a romance with every second case, just as it had shown him that class was no barrier to love and the finest devotion. He had encountered mothers, sisters, cousins, tears, anger and expostulation, and he had battled with them all so successfully that the discipline of his wards was in no way impaired.

But there was something about the English girl before him that, without her speaking again, seemed to paralyse his will, and to undermine his resolution. He muttered under his beard at his own weakness, and then, with that movement of the shoulders by which a Frenchman shifts responsibility from himself to fate, he held open the door.

Mary understood.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "I shall always be grateful."

Doctor Chevasse bowed low.

"What a woman wills God wills," he replied, but whether in justification of his surrender, or because cynicism is a cheap cloak for emotion he himself did not quite know.

Mary followed him down the white rooms, along the foot of a row of cots, each with its bandaged occupant, into another room, past more wounded, until at length the surgeon stopped before another door, opened it, and let Miss Trevelyan see that it led into a tiny little space hardly bigger than a large closet and lighted by a single window, which was carefully darkened.

"In there," he said softly.

Mary Trevelyan stepped within, and the man who lay on his back, all his head to the mouth covered with bandages, with a knife wound in his leg, and with more than one bullet hole in his body, must have heard the rustle of her skirts, for he moved his head as if he would see, and then murmured "Sidonie."

Mary heard her cousin's name. She stood upright, but just inside the room.

"Sidonie," came the weak, weary voice, "Sidonie!"

Mary's face worked as if a sudden pain had stricken her. She turned quickly as if she must go, and then, flinging her head back, her eyes dilated, and as quickly she wheeled again and stepped up close by the injured man.

"Yes," she murmured, only wishful to help Roger Merricourt, and without a thought to the complications that might ensue; "it is I."

"Sidonie," repeated the wounded man, and he stretched out his left hand, the only member whose movements he could command.

Mary Trevelyan took it. Roger sighed contentedly, and then, so weak, so ill was he, that he fell asleep, still holding, not Sidonie's hand, but Mary's.

So began a deception that Mary entered upon in an impulse of pity, and each day made her avowal of the part she was playing more difficult, for Roger Merricourt's condition grew worse, not better. Not that there was the fear of death. That had been fought and conquered. But there was more than a chance of blindness for the man who was so alive, so alert, who had proved himself such a splendid soldier, since inflammation had set in in the eye with the wound above it, and the other might be attacked at any moment.

With this horror before him, with his thin hands groping out over the coverlet, and his voice whispering "Sidonie," how could Mary unde-

ceive him? And then an idea came to her. If the worst came to the worst, if it were to be always night with the man she loved, need Roger ever know? Mary Trevelyan sat down before that thought, hugged it to her, let it warm her heart.

She was seated thinking of this very thing one afternoon in the little salon of the house that she had taken to be close to the Villa Belle Vue. Roger's improved bodily condition, though both he and the doctor still refused to think of removing the bandages from his face, was giving point to her thoughts, when she heard a carriage drive up to the gate in the garden wall. Mary lifted her head apprehensively. Vehicles up the little lane were few; besides, she had always dreaded the possibility of her aunt's following her. She watched the stout little French "bonne" waddle down the path, bordered with heliotrope and violets, and she saw her open the gate with the great mimosa tree casting down yellow snow about it, but when she saw who was admitted she was more than amazed, she was overwhelmed, for the visitor was Sidonie.

The cousins were silent until they were alone in the little stiff salon, and then Sidonie began in that superior tone which she had not yet unlearned when she spoke to Mary.

"Where is Roger?" she demanded. "I want to see him. Take me to him."

She stood up in her vehemence. Mary rose too. The cousins stood facing each other. Mary looked at the imperious face before her, and noted a certain glitter in the blue eyes, a twitch about the upper lip.

"You said Roger Merricourt was nothing to you," she answered "Where is Lord Inneston?"

Sidonie drew in a sharp breath as if she were relieved, not troubled, by this plain speaking.

"I want to see Roger," she persisted. "I found that after all I loved him."

Mary heard the announcement and stood dumb before it. Sidonie watched her cousin, and marked the trouble in Mary's eyes, the quivering of the lips, the sudden redness of the cheeks.

"Mr. Merricourt cannot see," Mary began. "It is possible that he may never be able to see again."

Sidonie stepped up to the speaker and put a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"And you have been passing yourself off as me," she cried, guided by the shrewdness which she had inherited from old John.

"Yes," confessed Mary.

Miss Trevelyan sat down and laughed in her satisfaction. Metaphorically speaking, she had rolled up her rival.

"Thank you, my dear," she went on. "You have done me such a good turn that I can afford to look over your deception. You have taken my place until I could get here myself. But now I will go to Roger, who wants Sidonie, not Mary. You must see for yourself that the only thing you can do is to leave at once."

Mary heard. She had no word to say, no protest to make. Roger had never wanted her, he wanted Sidonie. She must stand aside. That Sidonie would never, could never, love Roger as she loved him mattered not at all. The whole thing was summed up in that one sentence of Sidonie's—"Roger wants Sidonie, not Mary."

She bowed her head. She walked out of the room into the garden. There were flowers there that she had meant to cut for Roger, there were scents in the air that recalled the darkened room in the Villa Belle Vue. She could not stay in the garden. She let herself out by the door and began to hurry down the sandy road.

Soon she left the little group of villas, with their creeper-covered walls and the invariable green sunshutters behind, and came to a point where the lane joined the high road.

She turned on to the great highway which leads from Marseilles right down to Mentone. Before her was the stretch of white, winding like a ribbon over hill and dale; to the right of her was the blue sea lapping its tideless waves against the most perfect coast-line in Europe. But for the moment Mary had no time, no eyes, for Nature. All her attention was concentrated on Sidonie's unexpected move. It had left her forlorn, discredited, nothing, to one. She was thinking these bitter thoughts, she was telling herself how heavily she was punished for her deceit, when a motor, travelling quickly towards her, slackened speed, and a goggled figure leaned out and inquired the distance to the town of Marseilles. Mary answered in English, her questioner so obviously spoke that language; and while he thanked her, the man beside him pulled out his road map to check the car's exact position with some one who could speak as he spoke. As the glazed sheet was out-spread a page of newspaper fluttered out of the cover, was caught by a gust of that light breeze which springs up every night from over the sea, and the paper went scudding away from the car.

Mary looked after it.

"It is nothing," the man who had first addressed her answered, "only a piece of a Paris paper and a week old at least."

He lifted his cap. Mary told him a little more about his way, he set the car going, and then she stood still to let the dust settle. But as she waited for the fluffy, drab cloud to disperse, the wind puffed back along the road, caught the sheet of newspaper, and flapped it up against her skirts. Mary poked it down with the tip of her sunshade, but the paper or the wind resisted. The sheet rattled against her again, and that forced her to look at it and give it her attention. She pierced it again with her sunshade, doubled over one corner to give it more substance, and

then, as her glance caught a large headline a long, low moan came from between her lips.

With a white face, with starting eyes, heedless of dust, or dirt, she picked up the fragment and held it with both hands. Aloud—she was so dismayed—she read what she found printed there, and these were the words that she spoke out to the blue sky, to the still bluer sea:

"Sudden death of the Earl of Inneston. Fatal motor accident."

She stayed but a moment alone there in the middle of the road with her discovery, and then she turned about. Armed with this paper, that told her all Sidonie's baseness, all Sidonie's self-seeking, she would confront her cousin.

She hastened back. She almost ran up the garden, and saw Sidonie in a garden seat.

"Come with me!" commanded Mary.

She pushed Sidonie before her, and once in the salon turned contemptuously on the cousin whom for years she had regarded as such a superior being.

"I know why you came," she began breathlessly. "It is not that you love Roger, it is not that your heart has overcome your selfishness, it is because he is Lord Inneston now!"

The elder Miss Trevelyan looked at the flushed face confronting her. She was not ashamed, she was not abashed. It would have been more convenient had Mary remained in ignorance a little longer—that was the extent of her perturbation.

"Yes," she admitted, "Francis is dead. It was just like him to get himself killed. I never saw anyone so gauche. I was wise not to allow our engagement to be made public, and now——"

Mary stopped the cool voice with a magnificent gesture.

"You shall not deceive Roger," she cried out.

"Are you alone to do that?" put in Sidonie.

"You shall not let him think you love him," Mary went on.

"Who is to stop me?" asked the elder Miss Trevelyan.

"I will!" Mary averred.

"How?"

"I will go to him—I will tell him."

"What?" thrust in Sidonie, "that though he wants to marry Sidonie, Mary wants to marry him, and is so destitute of womanliness that she does not mind proclaiming her love to the man who would have none of it!"

The bitter taunt brought the blood to the girl's cheeks, but she never wavered.

"I must risk that," she returned. "If Roger thinks lightly of me I deserve it, for I have deceived him."

She turned about before Sidonie could say another word and passed through the French windows. She hastened across the little strip of field, all furrowed for the jasmine plants that later were to make scent, and hurried up to the villa. On the doorstep she met Doctor Chevasse.

"Monsieur le docteur," she cried out, a catch in her voice, "I need your help. Let me see Mr. Merricourt at once."

The doctor, with a new softness taking the place of the professional reserve to which he generally treated the English girl, perhaps because he admired her so much, for the Gaul when he is a gentleman is well bred to the finger tips, beckoned her to follow him into the little room where he took his meals—when he had time for them.

"Have you seen my cousin—another Miss Trevelyan—monsieur?" Mary began.

"The lady has been here."

"Then you know?"

"What I was told, mademoiselle," the little man answered

"And it is true!" Mary blurted out. "Every word of it is true. No one could have been more wicked than I have been. Let me tell you my tale, and then you will see if

there is any excuse for me. Roger Merricourt loved my cousin, and she sent him away. I loved him always, and he never gave me a thought. Later we heard that he was wounded, and—and my cousin stayed in London. I came—for I am rich now. I can go where I please. I did not mean to deceive—not when I came here. But Roger wanted Sidonie, and he could not see. I drifted into impersonating her, for it made him happy. Now——"

"Now?" echoed Doctor Chevasse.

"Roger Merricourt will never want to see me again."

The doctor waited a moment, looked at the pale face, looked out of the window on to the garden, which was ablaze with flowers and a riot of colour.

He sighed, this dry man of science and learning, and then he brought his eyes back.

"On the contrary, mademoiselle," he assured the woman who stood up before him as a prisoner stands before a judge, "my patient has asked me to bring you in as soon as you came."

"To bring me in!" the girl repeated. "Then he wants to see me?"

"He wants to see you."

"When he knows?"

"When he knows."

Mary Trevelyan looked at the little man, who she instinctively felt to be her friend.

"What have you done?" she cried out.

"Very little, mademoiselle."

"But——"

The doctor refused to be questioned. Just as he had done the first day when she came to him, he led the way to the darkened room. Mary followed, and as she went she looked from side to side. She was saying a mute "good-bye" to the white-washed wards, to the racks above the cots, to the men who—some recovering, some fading out of life—had grown to look for her coming and to wait for her cheery smile.

She passed in. The door closed behind her. The wounded man was sitting up, his face turned her way, and, to her surprise, she saw that one eye—the good eye—was without its bandage.

At least one thing was spared her. She need not tell Roger that she was Mary, not Sidonie, since he could see it for himself.

She stood stiff, upright, her face pale, her lips trembling.

The wounded man held out his hand.

"Then," gasped Mary, "you don't mean—you will——"

She stopped. Roger laughed gaily, happily even. The girl heard the sound, its joyousness, its amusement, and was bewildered by it.

"Come here," began Roger imperiously. "Do you think that when your cousin came to see me in your place to-day I do not feel the difference? or that, when she began to explain things, she told me anything that I did not know? You are a bad schemer, Mary. You forgot essential details. You forgot, for instance, to square the doctor. Weeks ago I alluded to your golden hair, and he put me right on that point. The woman who was nursing me, he said, had brown hair. Very beautiful brown hair, he evidently thought it. That set me thinking. I found things in you—shades, qualities, opinions—that I never remembered to have known in Sidonie. The one thing that puzzled me was that you were evidently rich. I asked our good medico, who scented a mystery, and was immensely interested in it, to write to my man of business asking him to find out whether Miss Sidonie or Miss Mary Trevelyan was in France. His answer settled everything, explained everything."

"Then you knew," faltered Mary.

"Weeks ago."

"And you said nothing!"

"I waited for you to tell me yourself."

"You believed I would do that, though I was deceiving you!"

"I believed you would do what you thought best for my happiness. There was one terrible moment of doubt I must own."

"And that was?"

"When I heard of my cousin's death."

"You knew that also?"

"Within a few hours of its taking place. You must remember I had written to my lawyer, so he knew exactly where to find me. But a moment's comparison of dates told me how unfounded was my suspicion of you. You had come to me while poor Francis was alive and well."

"And after you knew that," went on Mary.

"I waited again. Sidonie came. I expected her."

Roger pulled a letter from under his pillow.

"Read that," he said.

Mary took up the sheet, covered with writing in a prim business hand, and found out that, well as Sidonie had kept her secret, it had leaked out to the very man who, most of any one, she wanted to keep in ignorance of her engagement. The late Earl had instructed his man of business to draw up marriage settlements, and this the solicitor mentioned to the new Lord Inneston, when writing to inform him of the money and property that had fallen to him.

As the girl finished she realised that Sidonie was circumvented, that she herself was forgiven. She looked up. She met Roger's glance. The colour flamed into her cheeks, the tears flooded her eyes.

But Roger gave her no time for tears. He leaned over and put out his hand. He drew Mary to him—and all the rest was said without one single spoken word.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSE-LEECH

BY PETER McARTHUR

"**H**ERE is your last chance for a bargain to-day," roared Old Sneath, the auctioneer, waving a hammer over his head. "This horse is the last item on our programme. I want you to take a good look at him before you make your bids. If there is another six-year-old in all Western Ontario that can outdraw him, I'd like to know who is his owner."

"Hach!" interrupted a farmer in the crowd that was standing about discussing the points of the animal; "that horse is ten years old if he is a day."

Before the auctioneer had time to make a crushing reply the man who was holding the horse said, quietly:

"He will be twelve years old next July."

"Well, Dugald," said the auctioneer, half-angrily, "how can you expect me to sell things at a profit for you if you won't give me a better chance? If you wasn't so blamed honest, I wouldn't be having the job of selling you out to-day."

Satisfied that he had but done his duty, Dugald patted the neck of the old horse and made no reply.

"That's right, Bill Evans," resumed Sneath; "examine them front legs carefully and maybe you'll find a bone-spavin."

This jest, which was perhaps contemporary with the first horse, was greeted with proper respect by all except Evans. He attempted a defense.

"Well, if I can't find bone-spavins on his front legs, I can't find much meat on his carcass."

"He's the better of that! It takes a lean horse for a long pull."

That delighted every one but Evans, who was thoroughly silenced.

"Come now, what am I bid for this horse? Make a start some one."

"Fifteen dollars!" said some one.

"Fifty dollars I am bid! Fifty dollars, Fifty dollars! Any advance on fifty dollars? Come, speak up!"

By this time the bidder had managed to stop him.

"I didn't bid fifty dollars," he shouted, "I bid fifteen!"

"Fifteen dollars! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? No one but a Scotchman would make such a bid! I won't take it. Won't some one give me a decent bid to start with?"

"Twenty-five dollars!"

"Twenty-five dollars I am bid! That is bad enough, but it's better than fifteen. Twenty-five dollars I am bid!"

For some minutes he went on joking and calling for advances. Finally, when the bids had increased to thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents and it was impossible to get another advance, he started in on his familiar, final sing-song.

"Going at thirty-seven fifty, once! Going at thirty-seven fifty, twice! Going at thirty-seven fifty, third and last time! Any advance on thirty-seven fifty? Gone! Sold to Pat Burke for

thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

Stepping down from the upturned waggon-box that served as his platform—with a salt barrel for an auction block—the auctioneer announced that the sale was over. He then went to the granary, where the note signing had already commenced. A lawyer's clerk who was in attendance was busy making out the notes under the careful supervision of the mortgagee, Neil McNab, in whose interests the stock and implements of the farm were being sold. All conversation was carried on in an undertone, presumably so as not to bother the clerk and cause him to make mistakes, but really because the signing of notes is a solemn function in the country—almost as solemn as the paying of them.

"Well, what does it all tote up?" he asked.

"Just twenty dollars more than the amount of the chattel mortgage and the expenses," said McNab.

"It was bad time to close on him. Stock never sells well in the spring."

"Well, I had to get my own," said McNab, doggedly, as he stroked his thin hair with his rough, crooked fingers. He had few friends among those who were assembled at the sale, for he had been the local Shylock for many years. During the hard times that followed the Russian war he had lent money to his neighbours at the most exorbitant rates of interest, and had in that way accumulated the competence that had enabled him to give up farming and retire to the town. As money lender he knew no mercy, and everything the law would allow him he grasped.

He held a mortgage on Dugald's farm; and one year, when the interest was not ready on time, he took a chattel mortgage on the stock and implements. When the chattel mortgage fell due, Dugald could not pay it on account of the failure of his crops, and McNab foreclosed it without a thought of pity. He would do the same when the land mortgage was

due, for, without stock of implements, Dugald could not hope to pay it off. He could but look forward to seeing the land that his father had cleared sold by the sheriff, and himself and his mother turned out-of-doors. But his piety and good-nature made him bear his troubles without complaining. The most he ever said about it was to quote to a neighbour who condoled with him on having fallen a prey to McNab and his two mortgages the humourously appropriate text: "Is-sacher is a strong ass couching down between two burdens."

When the notes were signed the buyers gathered their purchases and departed. There was little hand-shaking or leave-taking; for a sheriff's sale is never a genial affair, and no one went to the house for the meal that usually follows country auctions.

After bidding "good-bye" to the last of the neighbours who lingered after the sale, Dugald stood for some time looking vacantly up at the sky. The good-humoured twinkle that was usually in his eye had left it, and the sadness of his face was accentuated by the drooping underlip that betrayed the weakness of his character. Though his face glowed with animation when he spoke to anyone, its lines showed that his good-humour was unaccompanied by shrewdness. If his thoughts after the proceedings of the day were melancholy, it was certainly excusable. But suddenly the expression of his face changed, and he murmured, half audibly:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein"; and yet I have been complaining."

He started as if rebuked and walked rapidly to the house. He found his mother waiting for him in what was at once the kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room of the old log house.

"Is no one coming to supper?" she asked.

"No. None of them would stay."

"Everything is sold now?"

"Yes; but we must not be cast

down. I am still strong to work; and as I was thinking of our condition and feeling rather low-spirited, 'The Word' came to me quite plainly: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' "

"Yes; and if He be with us who can be against us?"

While they were talking the mother was preparing the supper. They sat down together, and he asked a blessing. They ate in silence, and when the meal was concluded, she gave thanks. After some desultory conversation about the sale, the mother said:

"A passage of Scripture came to my mind to-day, and I cannot understand what it may mean."

"What is it?"

"It is Samson's riddle: 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' "

"It is a strange passage to come to you to-day; but it will, no doubt, be made clear to you in the Lord's own time."

Like all who belong to their sect, the old Kirk of Scotland, neither doubted that the Lord spoke to them audibly through his Scriptures; and at every crisis of their lives they arrived at conclusions by having guiding verses borne in on their minds in this way. Their religion was not a matter of Sabbaths; it was a part of their lives. The Word of God guided them in their goings-out and comings-in, encouraged them in their hours of sorrow and weakness, and rebuked them when they were in danger of going astray. Their faith admitted of no doubts and, stern though the Bible's rule over them was, it was wholesome, and their lives were upright and sincere.

As the evening wore on they talked of plans for the future and spoke of McNab's severity more in sorrow than in anger.

"He has been a hard creditor," said Dugald; "but he can't do more than the Lord will allow. I wonder what Katie and Janet think of this

day's work, and what has been done?"

A half-humorous expression crossed Dugald's face as an opportunity for applying literally a verse of Scripture occurred to him.

"The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, 'Give! Give!'"

"You should not say that against them, for they are not like their father."

"But, I mean that they say 'Give! Give!' in charity."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the mother.

A moment later the door swung open and Janet McNab stood on the threshold. Her cheeks and eyes were bright, partly with the exercise of walking and partly with excitement; and the natural grace of her tall figure was increased by the passions that were moving her at the time. As they both rose to greet her, she said:

"Stop! Before we shake hands I want to know if you think I had anything to do with to-day's disgraceful work."

"Of course not!" they both answered.

As she shook hands and laid off her shawl, her excitement gave way to tears. When she had calmed somewhat, she began:

"I didn't know anything about it until Father came home and I asked him where he had been all afternoon. He must have been ashamed of himself, because he didn't want to tell me. To think that he should sell you out! You, who have always been a mother to me; and Dugald has always been like—like a brother. It is a shame—a shame!"

"Hush! Hush!" said the elder woman, as she put out her hand and laid it soothingly on the other's head. "He is your father, and he did but what the law allows."

"Then it is a cruel law that lets a man, who has no need for more money, rob those who are needy.

Who has he to leave his money to but Katie and me! and we don't want money that is bought at such a price. It would have been bad enough to sell out any one; but you"—and she burst into tears again. "I couldn't keep from telling him my mind. Haven't I worked like a slave for him all my life, and mightn't he have shown me kindness in this? I always obeyed him in everything."

"It is written 'Children, obey your parents.'"

"Yes, 'obey them in the Lord;' but surely this work is not of the Lord! It is also written 'Fathers, provoke not your children.' Oh, this had to come some time!" she continued. "That town life was not for me. I couldn't bear being cooped up in a house all day, doing things I hated. The idea of trying to make a lady of me, after I had worked on a farm for so many years, choring and slaving. Just think of it! I had to try to learn to play on an organ! Hach! I could get more music than I like out of scraping the bottom of a pot."

They laughed at her sally, and the conversation took a lighter turn.

"It might do well enough for Katie, for she is younger, and I always watched that the weight of the care and work never came on her. But me! I always was and will be a country girl. I'd rather come and help you wash the supper dishes, Auntie"—for so she called her old friend—"than go to the finest tea-meeting I was ever at!"

Dugald took no part in the conversation, though his attention to it was intense. He moved awkwardly in his chair from time to time as if he were greatly disturbed. Nor was this strange. He had loved Janet for years and had long hoped to make her his wife.

"But what are you going to do, child?" asked Mrs. McNeil. "You have parted with your father in anger. Don't you think you should go back to him?"

"I can't! He has made life bitter to me; and this disgraceful day's work makes me ashamed to lift up my head. I'm going to work out somewhere."

"That doesn't seem right."

"I know it doesn't; but it seemed to-day that I couldn't bear more."

"Does he know where you went?"

"I didn't tell him; but he knew well enough I would come here. Where could I go but to you, when I was in trouble? You have always been a mother to me since my own mother died."

"There is some one coming!" said Dugald, suddenly; and as they listened they heard an approaching footstep.

"Perhaps it is father!" exclaimed Janet, clutching at something in the folds of her dress.

Without knocking, her father opened the door and entered. He was evidently in a high temper; but as he looked at the placid face of his old friend and neighbour he seemed abashed. But when his eye rested on the shrinking form of his daughter his anger returned.

"Where is that paper you stole?"

She made no answer.

"You needn't think I'd have come after you if I hadn't found that you took that mortgage!"

"What is this? What paper have you taken, Janet?" asked Mrs. McNeil.

"She took the mortgage I hold on this farm!"

"And you'll never collect it if I can help it!" cried Janet, taking the paper from her bosom and rushing toward the fire.

Dugald stopped her and snatched the paper from her hand. Foiled in her purpose, she burst into tears and turned toward her father.

"Father! Father! why will you break my heart? I never asked you for anything before, as I ask you for this. Have pity on this mother and son, who have been so good to us all in other days. Don't drive them

from their home! Of what use will the money be to you? It is only for Katie and me you can save it, and there is more than enough for us already."

"You are a fool!" said the father, as he took the mortgage from Dugald's hand.

"See, father," she cried, "I go down on my knees to beg that you will burn that paper yourself!"

"Burning it will not pay for it. Besides there is a copy of it in the registry office."

"But you needn't press your claim. Remember how good Auntie McNeil used to be to Katie and me, and how Dugald used to help you with your work, like a son, before the hard times came."

"Janet! Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. McNeil, "don't say such things. We only did our duty."

But Janet did not heed. "I know, if my mother were alive to-night, she would beg of you as I do! She would beg of you not to be so hard."

The reference to her dead mother seemed to touch some sober chord in the old man's heart, and an expression came over his face as if he were wavering. "What would she think if she could see her daughter kneeling before you like this?"

"Come, get up!" he said gruffly. "You have talked too much already. If you want to come home with me, come. I have the buggy with me. But if you are going to stay here, stay and starve."

"McNab was turning sulkily toward the door, when Janet suddenly stepped toward Dugald.

"Here, Dugald!" she exclaimed; "since he will not show pity, this is what I'll do. I'll be your wife, and then, if he turns us out-of-doors, he will have the disgrace of turning out his own daughter."

As they all waited breathlessly for his answer, the Scripture came to his mind, as it never failed to in times of need: "Houses and riches are the inheritance of fathers, and a prudent

wife is from the Lord." He stepped forward and took her hand.

"Yes, Janet, I will make you my wife. The word of God is with me."

"So you think you will cheat me in this way!" stormed her father; "but you will see. You are handy with the word of God, I must say. If you had less of the grace of God in your heart, you would have more money in your pocket to pay your debts with. As for you, forward, disobedient huss, I cast you off forever! Who has brought the most disgrace on us now? I, in doing what is lawful and right, or you in giving yourself away to a canting loafer?"

With that he stepped through the door and left them.

Janet sank to the floor, overcome by terror and shame.

"What have I done—what have I done?" she sobbed.

"You have done nothing that you need ever be ashamed of; and I hope you will never have cause to be sorry," said Dugald, as he lifted her to her feet.

"I can work to support you and mother; and what does the land matter, if we are contented and happy!" and he quoted to her the verse of Scripture that had decided him.

"And you are sure," she persisted, "that you will never despise me for throwing myself at you like this?"

His answer was: "'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need to spoil.'"

"There can be no wrong," said the mother, as she came forward and laid her hands in benediction upon them, "since the word of God is with you so strongly. How often have I longed and prayed for this hour, though I never hoped to see it. And now the Scripture that came to me so darkly to-day is fulfilled: 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.'"

THE RED MEN OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

THE copper-hued aborigine of Vancouver Island, whether he be Siwash or Songhee, or what you will tribually, presents at once the seeming paradox of the poetical and the practical. In his native wilds, along the storm-beaten shores of the Pacific west coast, he pursues the avocations of his ancestors, yet wears the white man's clothing. He draws the trigger of a repeating rifle, instead of the bow of his forefathers. He buys fish-hooks from the "pale-face," and gets drunk in a derby hat and "store clothes." And yet, with the thin veneer of civilisation spread over his present environment, he is still the inevitable Indian. Over the shining linen collar he sometimes wears is an invisible necklace of bear's claws; sticking from the rim of the derby hat is an eagle's feather, albeit the thoughtless do not see it. You may break, you may shatter his dream if you will, but the soul of a savage will still cling to him.

His condition and surroundings have been the theme of many a learned and many a passionate discussion, for he is a puzzle politically, and more or less of a mystery socially and from a business stand-point. Here he is! What shall be done with him? It has been said by the sentimentalists that he was here before the white man, and by rights owns the land. Who was here before him? The mound-builders, possibly! And who before them." Suppose we say

the dinosaurs! At any rate, when the division of land between the white man and his red brother was arranged, it pleased the fates to allot him the pick of the valleys and slopes, to make him walk beside green fields and running brooks. For once, at least, the white man was kind to his aboriginal brethren.

But time passed and the red brother pursued his old pastimes, and worked when he got a sufficient amount of excitement out of it. To "shoot" a rapid or follow a deer, to spear salmon or snare grouse or catch trout was hardly like work, but more in the nature of the nomadic and hunter-like instincts of his ancestors. So he fished and hunted, spending his time with the rifle and shot-gun, the spear and the rod, and though progress advanced with rapid strides, and though cities sprang up around his rude "shack" or little house, he either did not see, or refused to see its warning.

For it is so, that the wilderness falls before the axe; that the old order passes as the new regime comes in; that you cannot stay the current of development by a dogged refusal to go with the tide; and that the iron pen of history has written time and again the survival of the fittest is the law of nations. The Dutch cabbage-gardeners of old Manhattan days were compelled by the irresistible trend of destiny to subdivide their farms and sell them by the front



SIWASH HALIBUT FISHERMEN

foot. The future city of New York has risen where their rows of green vegetables once basked in the sunshine. The so-called "Indian reservations" on Vancouver Island must indubitably share the same fate, and the real sole question to be determined is. How shall the red man be dispossessed of his holdings of land, and yet have justice done to him in the process?

Here and there you will find extremities on both sides; those who see only one angle of the problem. On the one hand there is the "unco" fastidious, letting "I dare not wait upon I would," and deprecating any attempt to bring matters to a focus. They would temporise and delay. They would adopt the Fabian policy to the extent of leaving to a future generation the work cut out for today. On the opposite hand you will find those who insist with strenuous argument, on an immediate settlement of the question. Drastic measures and thorough and positive action are what they demand.

They point, but without pride, to the fact that the Indians own great tracts of land in the most fertile valleys of the island; that they occupy territory in Victoria and other places where their retention of the land is an insuperable barrier to the growth

and advancement of the surrounding country; that only a few of them will work at anything like real labour, and that their wives, as in the palmy days of yore, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; that in the field or by the primeval silence of the clam-digging precincts of lonely shores, it is the "woman" and not the "man with the hoe," whose bowed back evidences the life of the toiler; that, in fact, the Indian, except in occasional instances, will not labour, and that he should give up the land to those who will work. The tools to the man who not only can, but will use them.

There is strength in their arguments. Vancouver Island needs land for her incoming settlers, and the land held by the Indians in different parts of the Island, particularly in the Cowichan River Valley, is the choicest possible farming land. The clearing of land, with so often the task of felling and in disposing of thousands of feet of heavy timber, is really a matter of the Government, or a great corporation to handle, not of the individual settler. So that if this land were thrown open, as it must be eventually, thousands of acres would be on the market, for eager purchasers.

But what are you going to do with



THE FAMILY OF A STWASH FISHERMAN

the Indians? Some of them work, and work hard, in the fields. Many of them earn a good living as guides, hunters, fishers. Is the problem such a difficult one, after all? Is it possible to do them justice, and yet allow for the imperative necessities of the situation? Why not? It is not at all certain that the Indians themselves, if it were put to a vote, would not be willing to dispose of their lands. Suppose for the sake of the argument, that we will assume they were opposed to the plan. On the theory of public policy, on the basis of the law of expropriation, analogous, I assume, to the law of eminent domain in the United States, what would hinder the Government from getting hold of the land? At any rate, where there is a will there is a way.

"But," say the sentimentalists, "can a forcible, *i. e.*, a legal dispossession be accomplished and yet no injustice be done to the Indian? Again, why not? Land entirely suitable for him could be allotted to him,

and he could occupy this land, where all his natural instincts and preferences could have full sway, land where agriculture would never come; land where the deer roam, the salmon leap, and the trout and grouse keep their habitat. There are ample spaces in the Island where the Indian could be given this kind of reserve and where he would be happier and less "civilised." This land could be given to him for so much less than the land he now holds, that the difference in value would afford a pension, which, paid at stated intervals by the government, would make him practically independent. At the same time, the land he left behind him would be of inestimable value in advancing the prosperity of the Island.

It is submitted, as a general proposition admitting of no denial, that the Indians would be not only satisfied, but happy, in regions where the fishing and hunting are good, and where they do not have to do any work. This is granting that there are among

them some men who have an ambition to rise in the scale of civilisation and emulate their white brothers in the race for a competency and nervous prostration. But "by and large" the Indian is a philosopher. And as the carved prow of his hand-hewn canoe is still good enough for him in descending the rapids of the mountain streams, or tossing on the waters of the lakes and inlets of the Island, so also are the customs of his departed fathers quite in accord with his present yearnings and desires, the sentimentalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

It may be granted, without question that the red man is highly decorative. Whether in the city parks on festal days, bending to the aboriginal paddle in the ancestral canoe, or listening with unquailing stoicism to the dulcet phonographs in the music stores, as they discourse a rag-time melody, he is always picturesque to a degree. But, after all, the enervating accompaniments of the cities do not bring out this quality in nearly

so vivid or pleasing a contrast as do his native wilds. The forest, the river, the shore, the lakes, streams and fastnesses of the Island are where his personality blends best with the whole. An Indian with a stiff hat is mostly reminiscent of one of the dejected eagles in a park aviary. He is not responding to "the right vibration."

As I have seen him on the west coast, in the canoes in the rude sailboats, especially at a reasonable distance, he was the wild, free inhabitant, the native *par excellence*. But to see him rolling cigarettes, or riding a bicycle, was to take the gloss off the perspective. As a fisherman, a hunter, or a guide, either at the work or from the point of appropriateness, he is admirable. But so far as "the strenuous life," as exemplified in farm or other labour is concerned, he does not seem to crave it. I saw one Indian piling brush in a "slashed" piece of land one day, but he was the exception. The dozens of others I saw were rowing boats, fishing, roll-



INDIANS FISHING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND



INDIANS ABOUT TO LAUNCH A CANOE

ing cigarettes, chopping out paddles, or waiting for something to "turn up." In this latter peculiarity they can outshine *Mr. Micawber*.

It has been suggested that one way to ascertain fairly the value of the land they hold would be by having the Indians select one party to represent them, the Government to select a representative, and these two men to select a third, the three to form an arbitration committee to fix the price, which could be a liberal one. It has been urged that ample justice would be thereby done. It seems to be admitted that the actual legal status of the Indians is decidedly vague. But suppose it were admitted that they held the land by law. When the reason of a law ceases, that law itself ceases. Can anyone advance a sensible reason why one section of a growing city should be occupied for a half-century by an Indian tribe, however interesting, picturesque and decorative from an ethnological view? On what system of justice? Does not the government owe something to the men who made

that government possible? There is a phase of this justice proposition which applies to the white as well as the red man, and the sentimentalists sometimes fail to discover this.

If they are "wards of the nation," as is sometimes declared, their guardian the government should be in a position to do what is best for its wards. To give them the power to squat stubbornly on a large portion of agricultural or municipal property and keep back advancement and improvement is one solution of the problem. To kindly but firmly, and with full justice, complete and carry out a plan which will give the tribes such liberal compensation as will provide a regular annuity for them and their descendants is the other solution. This is the situation in a nutshell.

The Indian of Vancouver Island has his good points as well as his failings. He is inclined to be peaceful, and gives comparatively little trouble to the authorities, unless suffering from an over-indulgence in some form of strong waters. He is strong,



TAKING A CANOE OUT OF WATER

hardy, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He is patient and tenacious, with a very marked sense of locality, which sometimes interferes with his views on migration. On the coasts he thrives well at the fisheries, and his courage and skill at this calling cannot be doubted. Some of the Indians work at the mines, according to the best of my information and belief, but the number is somewhat limited. Given his dues, he still remains a prey to his hereditary instincts, which are not enthusiastically in favour of hard manual labour, void of excitement. The Indian is not a natural farmer, fruit-grower or poultry-raiser. He is the

child of the wilderness, and so he remains.

The available land on Vancouver Island includes three classes: Land under cultivation (the land owned or leased by white farmers), land still uncleared, or land under "anticipation," and land owned by the Indians, which may perhaps not inaptly be said to be under "stagnation." The cultivated land is being slowly added to by herculean labour on the part of the whites, and Chinese, Hindoo, and Japanese labour. The land under "anticipation" will in the near future be cleared by either government or corporation initiative. But the land under "stag-



THE SONGHEE RESERVE IN THE HEART OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

nation" (and it comprises the very cream of some districts) cannot be utilised for the purpose intended by nature until the noble red man's perplexing problem is settled once for all.

And yet, in all fairness, it is a problem not to be decided hastily. But that does not mean another cycle of fifty years of waiting. The Indian's policy is silence, and a refusal to confer on the subject. The white man's policy ought to be justice, with a top layer of common sense. If it be admitted—and it cannot be denied—that the Indian must give up his lands in the populous city district, it follows that he must give way in the settled farming districts. If he must evacuate, why not when he can secure a competence for himself and for his descendants in the way of a regular annuity, with land and to spare which will give him the environment for which he is fitted?

The burden of this task, like every responsibility between the Caucasian and other races, lies at the door of

the white man. It is idle and evasive to ignore it; it gathers strength, and will engender bitterness as it lengthens out. What government, what ministry will cut the Gordian knot? There will never be a move on the part of the red man to change the existing order of things. He placidly accepts the white man's ideas of clothing, houses, stimulants, or whatever pleases his fancy; but he spells progress backwards.

The white man, meanwhile, dabbles in abstruse speculations as to the "hows," "whys" and "wherefores," and the Indian question worries him. Not so the sapient red brother. He plies the oar when it pleases him, and his faithful consort digs the succulent clam, and fries the finny denizen of the deep for his delectation. Let the spires and walls spring up about his "reservation," he heeds them not. Let the demands of commerce and the wheels of advancement clamour or rattle by his rude "shack" or lowly hut, he regards them askance, indifferently.

The problem admits of no haggling or bargain-counter methods of "marked-down sales." It should be a legal and perfectly open and above-board expropriation for the good of the community, or it should be settled by a positive statement from the highest possible authority, that the Indians must stay where they are until time eliminates them by racial extinction. This latter course has actually taken place among one or two of the tribes, principally induced, it is claimed, by the constant association and intimacy of the white races. But this seems to be a long-suffering method of arriving at a solution of the dispute.

At any rate, here is the land, and here are the aboriginal occupants. Here is progress waiting for a deter-

mination of the question. This question can be settled and the Indians given lands and annuities liberally recompensing them for the land. Some day the imperative demands of the situation, the insistent march of improvement, will compel their removal. Why wait? Vancouver Island is developing so rapidly that a few years will mark a tremendous change in its material prosperity. Already the portents of approaching improvement in the way of railroads, mills, factories, farming, fruit-growing, poultry-raising, manufacturing and lumbering, fisheries and general commercial enterprises are appearing in every direction.

The country cannot afford to beg this important question; it should settle it once for all and soon.

SEPTEMBER

By DONALD A. FRASER

BENEATH the orchard's spreading boughs she stands,
 September, rosy-cheeked, so like the fruit
 She gathers from the heavy-laden shoot
 Into her apron with her eager hands.
 The autumn sun darts rays like golden bands
 Down through the boughs, as though to check the loot,
 And prison the fair thief at her pursuit;
 But gay she laughs, and mocks at his demands.
 The grass and trees and shrubs begin to lose
 Their vivid green, and slowly turn to gold
 And brown and crimson, as though fain to choose
 A brief resplendence e'er Death's arms enfold.
 But sweet September sings her harvest song,
 And Death's forgotten as she trips along.

HUMP'S DEBT

BY FRANK H. SHAW

THEY called him "Hump" at Meridew's mill. True he was distorted bodily: one shoulder stood many inches higher than the other, and his back was disfigured by a great protuberance that seemed to weigh him down as the Old Man of the Sea weighed down Sinbad. His long, knotted arms were another deformity, and the huge hands at the ends of them, hard and unsightly and covered with warts. His face was twisted and unseemly; it was only when you looked into the depths of his great, dog-like eyes that you saw another aspect of the man. Those eyes spoke of a soul that refused to be limited by his misshapen body.

They made game of the hunchback, for his fellow workers were big and well-shaped, and it seemed to them a fine thing to torture him with open sneers and loud laughs. They played him a hundred tricks a day, and, knowing that above all things he dreaded fire, they raised false alarms for the sheer pleasure of watching him drag his sagging, unseemly body to the head of the stairs and stand there fearfully looking down. In due course he began to realise these alarms as shams, and whenever the word "Fire" was shouted he would gnash his teeth in a fashion awful to behold and shake one of those ugly hands of his in the faces of his tormentors. Not a man there knew how he dreaded the thought of leaping flames. Long ago whilst still a child, his careless mother had left him untended before an open fire. She had returned to find

a yelling, flaming morsel of humanity rolling on a rug, and though his life had been saved by great skill, his limbs were warped for life after that day, and in his brain, hardly a clear thinking brain, had grown a dread that nothing could efface.

"There are visitors coming to-morrow," said Jack Grinstead, the handsome young mill manager, to the room foreman. "They'll want to see weaving in all its branches. Who's your best minder? Put him onto a piece of fancy stuff and let him explain the ins and outs of the matter. Who's the best man?"

"'Hump,' " said the foreman, with something of a grin. "He's not much to look at, but he's the best weaver we've ever had. If you like, though, I'll give another man the job."

Grinstead looked at the figure that had scarcely any need to bend over the loom that throbbed and flashed before it. The smile on the manager's lips was pitying; he strode over to the hunchback and watched him carefully. There seemed no doubt that the foreman had spoken truth. He handled his machine with a loving tenderness that was unspeakable; he sent his doglike eyes roving to every possible corner, smoothing, searching, a weaver of weavers. In the crash and thud of the great machine the hunchback found his one joy.

"Yes, you're the man, Joyce," said Grinstead after a while. The hunchback looked up at the tall, strong, frame, and his eyes grew sullen. Why was he not like that? Why should he

carry the evil weight of a deformed body through life?

"There'll be visitors coming, Joyce. They'll want to see all that is to be seen. You'll put on a fresh piece, I'll have the pattern sent up. Be as clever as you can—there'll be ladies amongst them."

Joyce muttered something unintelligible, and bent over the frame again.

"He's a first-class man, and he's a surly brute," thought the manager. "But Elsie wanted to know all there was to know, bless her, and she shall see all I can show her."

The hunchback thought slowly. These visitors were a mere nuisance. They came and bothered a man by asking a hundred idiotic questions; they touched things they had no right to touch; they were entirely unnecessary. Ten to one they would laugh at his ugly shape behind his back; they might even do it to his face, as visitors had done before. He would have refused to undertake the exhibition, but it was necessary to work as long and as hard as possible, for that mother to whom he owed much of his suffering, was now old and needed many comforts.

When the pattern for the piece he had to work came up he forgot all other things in the workman's love of creation. This was something worth attempting, this mazy, intricate design. Completed, it would be a marvellous thing, and he laid out the plan on his frame with kindling eyes. He would show these supercilious visitors that a twisted body could hold the soul of an artist.

He caught his breath, his face went painfully white. The low soft voice of the girl had struck deep down into his inner soul, stirring unwonted currents there. Could she be human? Yes, there was no doubt of that—she was talking away happily to Grinstead, and the manager was devouring her radiant face with eyes that told the tale of his love to all that cared to read. But "Hump" saw nothing of that; all he saw was a woman such as

he had never seen before, a woman whose laugh rang like the chiming of silver bells, whose smile had in it nothing of cruelty. "Hump" had been used to these visitors—first to their feigned interest in his work, next to their somewhat quizzical stare, finally to their stifled mirth at his grotesqueness. He waited in an agony for the first gleam of ridicule, but it did not come. No; the unbelievable thing was happening instead: the wonder-woman was leaning over the loom, fascinated at the swift and masterly play of the weaver's hands.

"Oh, how delightful! Do you mean to say that you really did such beautiful work. I want to know how you did it." She was speaking to him, speaking as if he were sane and whole, instead of being a gruesome distortion. For a moment the icy barriers about his heart melted away, he glowed in the radiance of the girl's presence as if he had been a frost-bitten flower beneath a tropical sun.

"Yes, tell me—this and this. I can see why you do this, but why do you do that?" Glibness of speech came to him then; his lips that had long been used merely to evil cursing became unsealed, he answered rapidly, looking covertly upward all the time to see that this amazing thing was real. Yes, it was real indeed. No smile of derision on the perfect mouth, only a breathless interest. She followed his technical explanations with parted lips, her intelligent eyes devouring each trivial detail. "Hump" did not know it, but Elsie Pickering had a great desire upon her to familiarise herself with the details of this work. Grinstead was a mill manager, and in the coming time might look for an intelligent interest to be shown in his affairs!

The girl lingered by the deformed man and began to draw him out. Grinstead had moved on with others to a separate department of the great establishment. Fiercely, as if the words were dragged from him, Joyce spoke, touching but lightly on his

own affairs, until the sympathy in the girl's voice and glance bred confidence, and he found himself, against his will, telling her something of his ambitions and his drawbacks.

"What's the good of it all, Miss?" he asked plaintively. "I ain't like other men"—he drew deliberate attention to his deformity—"so I'm a fool to think I might do what any other man can. I'm handicapped, that's what I am, Miss." Elsie Pickering had a brother who had laboured for years under a painful affliction and because she realised the agony of "Hump's" heart she began to talk. Gradually the hunchback stood as nearly upright as his drawbacks would let him; his doglike eyes afire.

"So he determined to conquer his infirmity," went on the voice that seemed to him the voice of an angel. "After all, Joyce, it isn't the body of a man that counts—it's the heart and soul within the body, those and the brain. Many of our greatest men have been—not quite stalwart. You mustn't think of your body, you've got the brain of an artist behind your eyes, as I can see from this work. Why not forget your ills and look at the good in your life?" And so on, until the poor fellow was almost beside himself, his chest heaving strangely.

And then, because she knew how lonely his life was, Elsie Pickering did a daring thing. She glanced around her—not a soul was in sight. From her own greater height she leaned down and pressed her sweet, fresh lips to the hunchback's wrinkled forehead. A moment later and she was gone to join the party, whose voices could be heard above the roar of machinery, and "Hump" leaned back against his loom, his pulses throbbing madly.

"My God! she kissed me—me," he panted. "I'd like to do something for her for that. But what's the good—me, a hunchy?" He remembered her words. Even he, monstros-

ity that he was, might still do some service in the world. As the looms clattered and crashed about him "Hump" registered a solemn vow, as earnest as ever was made by knight of old, to be worthy of the amazing woman's confidence.

"And I'll pay her back for that," he said softly to himself. Thereafter he turned to his work with a new-born heart. No longer should the sneers and taunts of his fellows affect him; the wonderful woman had kissed him. He could not find any reason for that wild tumult in his heart and brain, though. Love had always passed him by unheeding; this agony of mingled pain and pleasure was something he had never known.

The self-knowledge came to him afterwards; a week later. A change in pattern took the hunchback to the office. It was almost closing time, but he must have the ranges fixed for the morrow. He followed close on the heels of his knock at the office door, and then—he stood like a man petrified. He had entered silently, and he saw the amazing woman of his dreams and of his waking thoughts locked in Grinstead's strong young arms. As he stood there, unseen, seeing all, the mill-manager stooped with a sturdy reverence and kissed Elsie Pickering on the lips.

"Hump" forgot all that—had brought him there; forgot that his place was elsewhere. Mad anger blazed in him; he clenched his gnarled fists till the knuckles showed white; his teeth gritted savagely. At last he understood the meaning of that painful pleasure which had possessed him for bewildering days. Jealousy had him in thrall; he looked about him for a weapon. But as he did so his eyes fell on the entranced, enraptured face of his dream-woman. What he saw there fought down the blazing fires of his heart and left him weak and trembling. For Elsie Pickering had given her heart into the keeping of the mill-manager for all

time. "Hump" stole out and closed the door, his very soul torn to pieces.

* * *

"No, not to-night, sweetheart. You mustn't look for me to-night. It's hard work to keep away from you—but there's the future to think of. Listen, Elsie, I've never breathed it to a single soul, but it's come to me that if I can only invent a patent shuttle for those new looms we put in on the top floor, I'll make a fortune. For you, my girl, for you. And I'm going to try the thing I've made to-night. This strike is giving me just the chance I need—the mill has been running night and day for a year, and I couldn't experiment without being seen. So to-night I'm going to the mill—I'll be there for hours likely enough. I'd stay if I could, but I'm wanting to make myself your equal, lass, and you won't stand in my way, I know."

Grinstead's voice was very earnest as he spoke to his sweetheart, and Elsie tried to choke down the sudden premonition of fear that stole into her brain. It would not be dismissed; she voiced it tremblingly:

"I'm afraid, Jack, I'm afraid. I don't know why, but I'm deadly afraid. There's some danger hanging over you, dear." The mill-manager laughed lightly.

"They're out on strike, lass, yes, but they're not intending harm. Bless you, I've been through more than one. They talk a lot, and smash a few windows now and then, but that's all the harm they do. Come, my girl, give me a kiss, and let me go. I'll see you in a carriage and pair before you're many years older, if only this new shuttle is what I think it is." He tore himself away, and disappeared down the road towards the town. It was dark, a thin rain fell. It might have been the dismal night that aroused all Elsie Pickering's fears, but had she overheard a muttered conversation that was taking place not a mile from where she stood, listening to the tread of her

disappearing lover, she would have tasted the agonies of deadly fear.

* * *

"They sacked you and me, Bill. That blasted Grinstead did it, but it was old Merridew what told him to. We've got back at 'em by bringing on this here strike; but that's not enough. That—, Grinstead, kicked me out of the office when I went to complain, and when I told him to his face what he was he knocked me down. Me—mark you. Well, I'll get back at them all, curse them!"

The atmosphere of the miserable workman's cottage grew stifling, stifling with hatred. Bob Thornton, the most notorious idler and blackguard in Lyne Valley, glared furiously at his one companion, Bill Grantham.

"What are ye goin' to do, Bob?" The question was quavered forth in a husky whisper.

"Going to do? I'm going to set fire to th' mill, and burn it to th' ground, that's what I'm going to do."

"That won't do any good, lad. It's insured, and old Merridew won't lose aught."

"It's not insured, not th' new shed. I've got that from th' right shop—it's not insured. If it's burnt down old Merridew'll be ruined, and his precious Grinstead won't have a job. Then there'll be no more fluttering about wi' Merridew's niece, there won't. I'll settle their hash for 'em. I will."

Then Thornton started in to tell his scheme of operations. It was painfully easy. There was no night watchman; the last one had died, and no one had been installed in his place. Before nine o'clock the plot was settled definitely, before the ten minutes more had elapsed the two men stole forth into the night.

They scaled the wall that surrounded the great mill, and were lost to view in the engine-room, where great casks of oil stood about. Here they busied themselves industriously, and made all ready for what they had in mind.

"I thought we'd have to break th' door down, but here it's left open," said Thornton, and passed into the ground floor of the mill, pouring oil diligently on to great piles of waste, over the floors, everywhere.

"Now, run for it, Bill," he grated, as he drew out a match and struck it on his boot. The night hid them, but of a sudden the lower window of Merridew's mill grew flamingly red.

No one passed that way. The night kept most indoors, and the strikers themselves were at home, in the public-house—everywhere save near the mill. The roar of flames was added to the patter of falling rain, and still no one noticed what was toward. Jack Grinstead sniffed suddenly as, engrossed in his labour of love, he bent over the latest loom on the upper storey of the mill.

"It seems like something burning," he said; "but it must be my fancy. I'll go and look in a minute." But the minute lengthened to many for the work was weirdly fascinating. Then—he straightened himself with a hoarse cry of fear. A thin tongue of flame had licked up outside the window; he saw it red against the black of the night. He made two steps to the narrow staircase, and darted back, for the opening down which he must pass for safety was a seething pit of lurid fire!

To his fear-distorted brain came the loud roar of the fire signals, then the tramp, tramp, of racing feet. Hoarse shouts rang through the air—the clatter of the engines, the yells of those who hastened to the rescue. But higher than all other sounds rose the surge and thunder of the flames.

III.

Elsie Pickering, looking from her bedroom window, saw the red glare in the sky, heard the hooting of the signals, and the tramp of hastening feet. Swiftly she reckoned up the position of that glare. It must be, it could be, no other than Merridew's mill on fire. She donned a thick

cloak and hood, raced downstairs, alarmed the household, and, without waiting for any to accompany her, set off like a madwoman to the spot. It had come to her in one terrific burst, that her lover might still be in the mill, all engaged in his task, those outside not knowing of his presence there. They must be warned that a human life was at stake—it was a vital necessity. With blanched face and starting eyes the girl tore on until she came to a stand, and a groan of dismay broke from her parched lips. The entire front of the mill was wrapped in a sea of fire. Around and about, working busily, yet painfully unable to stem the swift advance, men moved directing hissing streams of water, dashing from point to point, keen to save the threatened property, and knowing as they worked that their stoutest endeavours were futile and all unavailing. Elsie gazed up at the mill windows, each one a red and incandescent sheet against the sky, and with unerring instinct her eyes sought the windows of the room where she knew her lover was. One by one she searched those high panes—no face rewarded her search. Then, a loud and bitter cry broke from her lips. At a window, in the extreme corner, black where others were red, she saw Jack Grinstead. She broke through the open-mouthed crowd, and seized a policeman by the arm.

"Get back! Get back—yes, even you, Miss Pickering." She struggled with speech that would not come. But at last, "There's a man up there—up there at that window. Can't you see?" Her voice rose to a scream. "It's Mr. Grinstead—he was working in the mill to-night." A fireman passing paused and sent his eyes aloft.

"He'll have to stop there," he said with unconscious brutality. "No one can get up there to help him." He ran over to the fire superintendent, touched him on the arm, pointed swiftly to the one black window

amongst the glare. Elsie, her heart aching pitifully, saw the superintendent shake his head. Careless of the detaining hand of the policeman she broke into the circle and ran to the chief.

"You must do something," she panted. "Mr. Grinstead is up there. You can't let him die."

"There's nothing else to be done, Miss. See, the escape's cut off, and our ladders are too short. No one can get up there, Miss Pickering."

Elsie felt hope die in her breast; her lover was doomed. She turned with a sob, and then looked up again, as a long escape was run as near the walls as men might go. The ladder shot up into the air—it was fifteen feet short of the window. A man ran up the spokes, was licked by flames as he went, other men directed streams of hissing water over him, but the largest hose there could not reach even to the ladder's top. The fireman clattered down, lost his grip as the flames seized him, fell, and was caught in a blanket.

There was one watcher at the fire who had noticed many things. He, keen-eyed, had made out that single figure up there at the window; he had realised that it was Grinstead, the man who loved his dream-woman. "Hump" could hardly refrain from laughing—the girl he loved was no longer bound to the man he had grown to hate. The way was clear—he had no rival. Had not the girl herself said that such a deformity as his was no bar to his greatest ambitions? He drew nearer the fire zone, he who dreaded fire, who shrank from it instinctively. Yes, the man who loved his dream-woman was doomed.

And it was then that Elsie Pickering turned away from the scene and passed him close. He saw her working face, the agony in her eyes for the blazing building made the scene as bright as day. Too, he heard her choking sobs, the long-drawn sobs of anguish. The hunchback felt his

satisfaction wane. What price was this the girl must pay? The girl who had first taught him to know that he was as other men under his skin, was stricken with an awful grief, and—she had kissed him. Like a lightning flash there came upon him the memory of his oath, sworn weeks before. He had vowed to repay the debt. That kiss must be rewarded. How? Now the woman he worshiped was in pain—he was the stronger, she the weaker—their positions were changed. How could he help her?

He stumbled to her side and touched her hand. She looked down at him blindly, for long seconds her brain could not understand the significance of his presence. Then—the cry of her heart rose to her lips.

"He's up there, Joyce, he's up there. They say he'll die!"

Her tears fell on the hunchback's forehead as he stood before her, peering up into her eyes. They fell where before her kiss had rested—he realised then that this woman was tasting a bitterer grief by far than any he had known. He looked aloft—saw the figure of the man in the window—saw him lean out in answer to the cries from below. They were holding out a sheet, bidding him jump, but Grinstead drew back. It were better to face the flames than that awful leap.

And then, all suddenly, it came to the hunchback what he must do. The happiness of the woman he loved was at stake—she would never lift her head again if Grinstead died. By his own love he knew hers for the imperilled man.

One moment longer he paused, fighting the awful loathing that seized him. The fire appalled him—the raging flames chilled him when they should have warmed. But he fought down the fear, and with a swift gesture he pressed Elsie's hand to his lips. A moment, and he broke through the crowd, heedless of their taunts. His quick eye had discerned one loophole of escape. None but a

madman—or a hero—would have deemed it practicable, but “Hump” was inspired by a diviner passion than the mere greed of applause. He was sacrificing himself for the sake of the woman he loved blindly.

In a shed behind the engine-room were ropes of various lengths, stout ropes, just the thing for what he had in mind.

No one stopped him as he forced his way through the crowds and made towards the door of this second building, none saw him as he climbed laboriously from floor to floor. Not until he emerged on the roof itself did any pay heed to his presence there, and then the roars of the crowd died away into a hushed and painful silence. His every action was visible as he stood up there; they saw him unburden himself of a long, thin rope and knot it securely round a projecting parapet. They could not see what he would be at; a hoarse laugh of derision rose from those below at the foolhardiness that had sent him up there. But “Hump” was wise in his generation. It was just possible for a careful man to swing a rope from where he stood to the window where Grinstead was. He started to swing the saving line deliberately; little by little it gained impetus, it crossed the gulf, it dashed against the wall. But ere it reached its mark the figure of Grinstead fell back.

“Hump” knew then that the man was insensible, dead in all likelihood. He saw the time had come to give up the attempt—but—the man might still live. He was acting on impulse now. Without pausing he hauled up the rope, knotted it securely at the end, lowered it down again, and then slipped cunningly to the end. Here he hung for a long second, and then the rope began to swing—slowly at first, gaining impetus with every passing second. Little by little the outward swing grew and grew, until “Hump’s” feet touched the almost incandescent wall. He swerved and

measured his distance. One swing more—and the man’s feet crashed in the upper panes of the window he had aimed for. Those who watched below gave a gasp of wonderment, for the hunchback suddenly let go the rope, and hung head down, his feet caught in the broken panes. The rope swung back, the desperate expedient had failed. No—it had not. Attached to the rope by which he had crossed the gulf was a second rope—a slack rope this—and “Hump” held it in his hand. With infinite difficulty the hero began to grope about for a holding. And now the mighty arms and the knotted hands, the strongest hands in the town, began to show their use. He clutched at the window frame and kicked one foot clear; he released the other foot, and suddenly shot clean through the open sash. Those below let out a cheer that dominated the flames. Then they held their breaths, for the face of “Hump” had once more appeared. But this time it was not alone—they saw that in his arms he carried the senseless body of Grinstead. The work was Titanic now, for behind the two men the room showed red and lurid, but working deftly, “Hump” hauled the saving rope toward him, knotted it about the inanimate figure he held, lifted Grinstead out, and stood himself on the sill.

“Let go!” roared the fire chief loudly, for he had seen what he had seen. The wall tottered bodily and shut down on itself like a house of cards. But just then, as those who had darted away returned breathlessly, they saw a dark form hanging in the rope that depended from the roof of the opposite building. A dozen firemen had already gained that roof and were hauling up the inanimate form, but only Grinstead was there. “Hump” had paused a moment too long—and he had given his life to bring about the happiness of the woman who had kissed him out of the charity of her heart.

ALONE

By DEAN MACLEOD

ONE of us, dear—just one—might go,
And you were the one;
You, with your songs like the south wind's blow,
With your dreams, your love and your careless cheer.
In the flush of its wonder of promise clear,
Your life is done,
And I'm here alone with your memory dear.

Just one of us, dear—in a wild unrest
Of mocking regret,
When the light of the first star peeps in the west;
Or at dark, alone in the firelight's glow,
When the night-winds swirl with the swish of snow,
Oh, I can't forget
My thoughtless words—for I loved you so!

Just one of us, dear—to call through the space that lies
Between us now
And keeps you from my eager eyes.
Like a weary bird on the endless sea,
My message returns again to me;
And my head I bow
In unshared grief, despairingly.

One of us, dear—but one—might stay
To drop a tear,
At the side of a snow-piled grave to-day,
In the hush of the answerless, shivering air,
To whisper a desperate, passionate prayer.
Just one of us, dear;
But, oh, that I too were lying there!

One of us, dear—but one—it must be,
And you were the one;
I stand by you now, 'neath the lone pine tree;
I bring you a love-rose of crimson deep,
With the violets you loved, and a tryst we'll keep
At the red set of sun,
While you rest in God's Garden of Sleep.

SAINT JOHN: THE CITY OF LOYALISTS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

ST. JOHN, the largest, the most important and the most enterprising of New Brunswick's commercial centres, shows quaintly that touch of poetic feeling which occasionally crops out amidst the evidences of our modern practicality, not to say materialism, and, with loving memory of its short but stirring past, delights to claim as second title that of the "City of the Loyalists."

Its first and official name has indeed the same ring of romance, for it is the oldest trace of the coming of the white men to the three rocky peninsulas, which make a harbour at the mouth of the St. John and twice in each twenty-four hours fret the mighty river into furious conflict with the mightier tides of Fundy. As if loving to witness this ever-recurring trial of strength, Dame Nature had handicapped the strongest combatant by placing a huge barrier of rock across the narrow gorge down which the river rolls seaward; but old Fundy triumphs, and, at every tide, works the daily wonder of the Reversing Falls.

The name St. John belonged to the river long before the city was dreamed of. It carries us back through three centuries to that summer day—the Festival of St. John Baptist—when De Monts and Champlain steered their little vessel into the harbour and renamed the river, called by the Indians "Ouigoudi" or "The Highway," after the strong, stern forerunner of our Lord.

But the naming of the river was not possessing it, and for long there was not even an attempt at settlement. Thirty years went by after Champlain's visit before the fighting, fur-trading Lord of Acadia, Charles de la Tour, conceived the idea of making the mouth of the St. John a centre for his commerce with the Indians, and so began the building of his great wooden fort. This appears to have been a vast square structure of wood, surrounded by rude earthworks, palisades and a deep ditch, and strengthened at the four corners by log bastions, each mounted with six cannon. The attempt to determine the exact position of Fort Latour has given rise to much discussion, but tradition places it on a low sandy point of land, jutting out towards Navy Island from the west shore of the harbour. At ebb-water the channel dividing the island from the mainland is indicated merely by a depression in the red ooze-bed, and the point is set about with stakes and interwoven boughs to snare the fish that come in with the tide.

Some crumbling vestiges of earthworks, from which bits of birch bark, rusty arms and ancient bullets have been dug up, lend colour to the tradition that this was the site of the old fort, but the mound has been almost obliterated in the process of digging cellars for several little houses, and the place looks far more picturesque when seen from a distance than near at hand. The ap-



PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

proach to the spot, where in all probability were played out some of the most tragic scenes in the early history of Acadia, is (or was a few years ago), one of those depressing "mean streets" which are such a regrettable fruit of the modern crowding into towns.

Possibly the realities of the long ago may have been even farther from the ideal than those of our own day, but we see them under a glamour, as we gaze at sunset on some far-away city, half-veiled in luminous mist, half-lighted by a capricious glory which now gleams on the lofty church spires and now silvers the smoke-clouds from the factory chimneys. Fleets of birch bark canoes, clusters of rude huts, red-skinned warriors in paint and blankets, French "coureurs-du-bois" in finery as savage, their lord, La Tour, an amazing compound of merchant, courtier and freebooter, their lady, brave and true and tender as she shows herself even at tasks rarely counted womanly, her little white-skinned children, the woods, the

rocks, the roaring tides, the tempests and the thick, white sea-fogs—here are materials galore for picture and pageant. The real life of that day—let us not doubt it—abounded in the fine, fresh-air virtues of energy and courage, but it had, like ours, its squalor, its sordid cares, its bitter tears, its appalling crimes and tragedies. In other words, the good old times had their abundant shadows, whilst our own despised day is by no means devoid of light and of vivid colour. We of the twentieth century need not exclaim "Farewell, Romance!" like the Cavemen of Kipling's poem,

"Changed are the Gods of Hunt
and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell,
Romance!"

Romance did not desert the harbour of St. John when La Tour, an old man, become peaceable at last for dearth of opponents perhaps, was drowned in his turbulent river. The recital of his wild doings and those of his rival, Charnisay, had been almost superseded, at the hearths-of

the settlers in Acadia, by new tales of French and English warfare and Indian horrors—they were, indeed, century-old stories when the City of the Loyalists began to be. During the passing of this hundred years the stronghold by the St. John had been abandoned, rehabilitated, changed from French Fort Latour to English Fort Frederick; a flourishing fishing station had been established on the harbour and a new blockhouse was perched on a ridge, which, though no longer fortified, still bears the name of Fort Howe. At Margerville, some seventy or eighty miles up the river, there settled in 1766 a few New Englanders. At other places were Acadians, who had fled from the peninsula of Nova Scotia when the doom of exile was pronounced against them, and hither and thither through the country watered by the St. John wandered tribes, many of whom were perhaps as eager for adventure as for gold. All these together were incon-

siderable in number, and in that day the chief part of the population was Indian.

On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War both sides began to court the redmen, knowing that, though generally incapable of understanding the grounds of the quarrel, they loved war for its own sake, and might be expected to sell their scalping knives to the most adroit bargainer, if not the highest bidder. The Indians, moreover, had a prejudice in favour of being on the winning side, and it gave a rude shock to the loyalty of the St. John chiefs when the disaffected colonists scored the first success, though not on an imposing scale. A party from Machias, descending suddenly on the inoffensive traders at the mouth of the river, burned the buildings of Fort Frederick, and, crossing the harbour, destroyed a vessel which was on the stocks. This, by the way, was the unfortunate beginning of the ship-



WHERE THE LOYALISTS LANDED AT SAINT JOHN



HARBOUR OF SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

building industry at St. John. About this time the Indians on the river engaged to send 600 braves to join Washington's army, and he would have been a bold prophet who, at that day, had ventured to predict that in less than a decade a Loyalist stronghold would rise at the mouth of the St. John.

Looking back to that widespread war, it is easy amidst the confused movement and bewildering eloquence of the time to attach undue importance to the doings of some actor who was chanced to catch one's attention, but in the few scenes played out in the magnificent setting of the woods and waters of St. John, the figure which seems to dominate the action is that of Michael Francklin, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia and later official Superintendent of the Indians. An Englishman who could speak French, a merchant who had gained a knowledge of Indian habits and customs in the hard school of captivity amongst

the savages, he had also the qualifications for his difficult post of tact, courage and untiring energy.

Through dry brief official despatches and invoices, we catch many a glimpse of Francklin at his work, and the scene of it is often on the St. John. For instance, on a certain September day in 1778 he held a council with the Indians near Fort Howe, and, with all the proper oratorical accompaniments, the chiefs gave up to him certain medals bestowed on them by Washington and the treaty they had made promising to send their young men to his aid. Francklin knew the value of due ceremonial and on their knees he made the proud Micmas swear, by the Holy Scriptures, to be true to King George. But he did not stop here. The solemn function concluded joyously with feasting and a general distribution of presents; and never in the after-history of St. John can there have been a gayer scene than that day's revelry in the woods

outside the palisades of Fort Howe. Weeds and brambles in the little clearing were putting on their autumn glories, gold-laced hats and scarlet leggings were a more gorgeous sight to see, and their whole following—men, women and children—were flaunting in new raiment or testing the merits of some freshly acquired jack-knife, Jew's harp, or looking-glass.

In his Indian work Franklin almost met his match in John Allan, a well-to-do Nova Scotian, who had become Indian agent for Massachusetts; but the latter complained bitterly of the superiority of British goods and British promises to those with which he was expected to beguile the redmen, and was fain at last to confess himself worsted. But Franklin's success was won at the risk of fortune and health and he did not live to see the beginning of the Loyalist City, though he had done so much to keep the St. John British, that he might well be numbered with its founders.

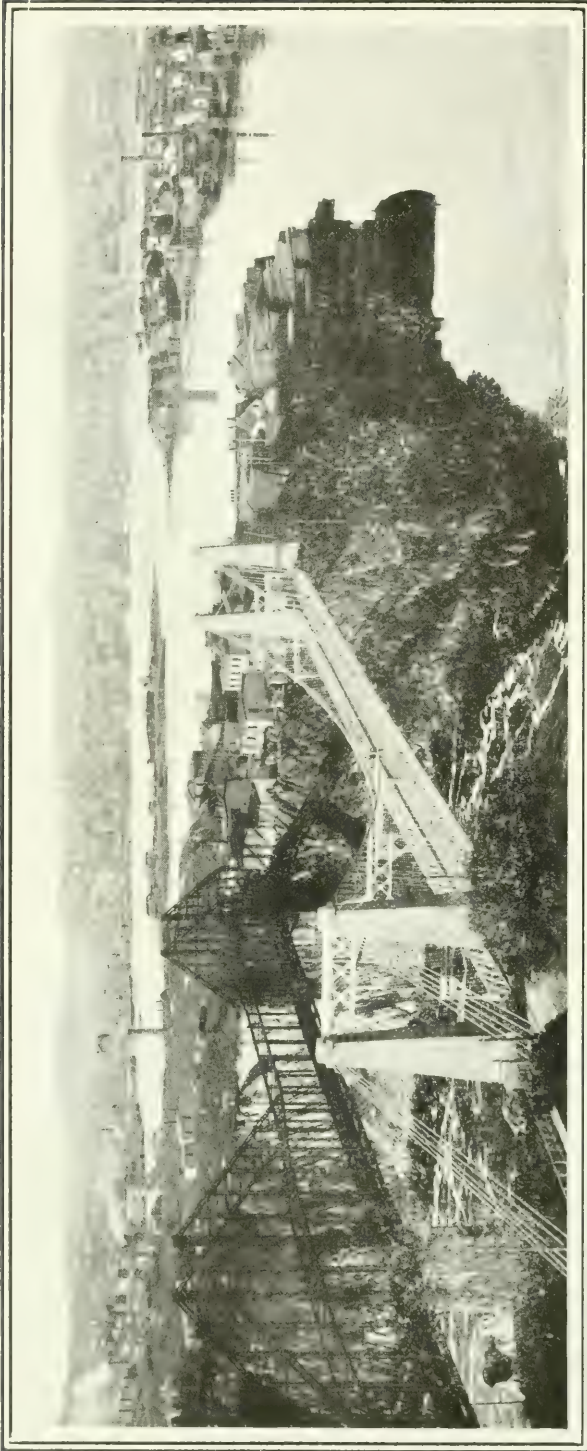
It was in May, 1783, a few months

after his death, that there arrived at St. John from New York a little fleet of twenty small vessels, having on board some 3,000 Loyalists. The season was wet and cold, the forest dense, with the exception of the small clearing about Fort Howe, and there were no buildings to give shelter to so great a host, so the new-comers stayed on their vessels till May 18th. On that day—ever memorable in the history of St. John—they disembarked at the Old Market Slip, or "Public Landing," as they called it, at the foot of King Street, and this portion of the city, after all changes, is still most picturesque.

These first arrivals were only the advance guard of a larger army, and at the muster held in the summer of the following year, 1784, the Loyalists of St. John numbered 9,260 souls. By this time they had built an "astounding" town, and "in less time than was ever known in any country before." It was at first called Parr Town, after a governor of Nova Scotia, who proved unpopular with the Loyalists. This gentleman hinted



THE HARBOUR AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK



REVERSIBLE FALLS, AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK
WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN THE WATER RUSHES OVER ONE FALL, AND WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT THE FALL IS RAISED UP

that the choice of a name was a result of "female vanity," but as it was in use so short a time, it is scarcely worth inquiring whether it was owing to the governor's wish for distinction or his wife's. Later some grateful Loyalist suggested that Parr Town should be called "Guy," in compliment to General Sir Guy Carleton, but happily the idea did not commend itself to those in authority.

When the present Province of New Brunswick was cut off in 1785 from Nova Scotia, the inhabitants of the Loyalist town were naturally disappointed that it was not made the capital, and perhaps it was to compensate in some degree for this disappointment that a charter was conferred on the town under the name of St. John.

In those days it was a town of log houses, many of them built about the Market Square, and small as the community was, its life was never stagnant. If it had not had social functions to keep it alive—such as "a monstrous great ball," when thirty-six ladies and gentlemen played cards or danced till four in the morning—

there were always politics to fall back upon, and that was a subject to which no true Loyalist could be indifferent. Indeed, the first election of members of the Assembly was so fiercely contested at St. John that a riot ensued and the soldiers had to be called out. When other excitements were lacking there was always the coming and going of vessels with the tides, and during Napoleon's wars and the struggle of 1812 it became a nest of privateers. At the beginning of this latter war was built on Carleton Heights the gray Martello Tower, which keeps watch and

high up under the rafters is a little dark room, not much bigger than a cupboard, which is said once to have served as a prison for a luckless lad, who was afterwards hanged for some small theft. But the house has pleasanter memories. In 1794 the Duke of Kent held a levee in the low, old-fashioned parlour, which was then one of the stateliest rooms in St. John, and sixty-six years later his grandson, our late King, slept in an upper chamber of the same old mansion.

That was in 1860, seventeen years before the original town of the Loy-

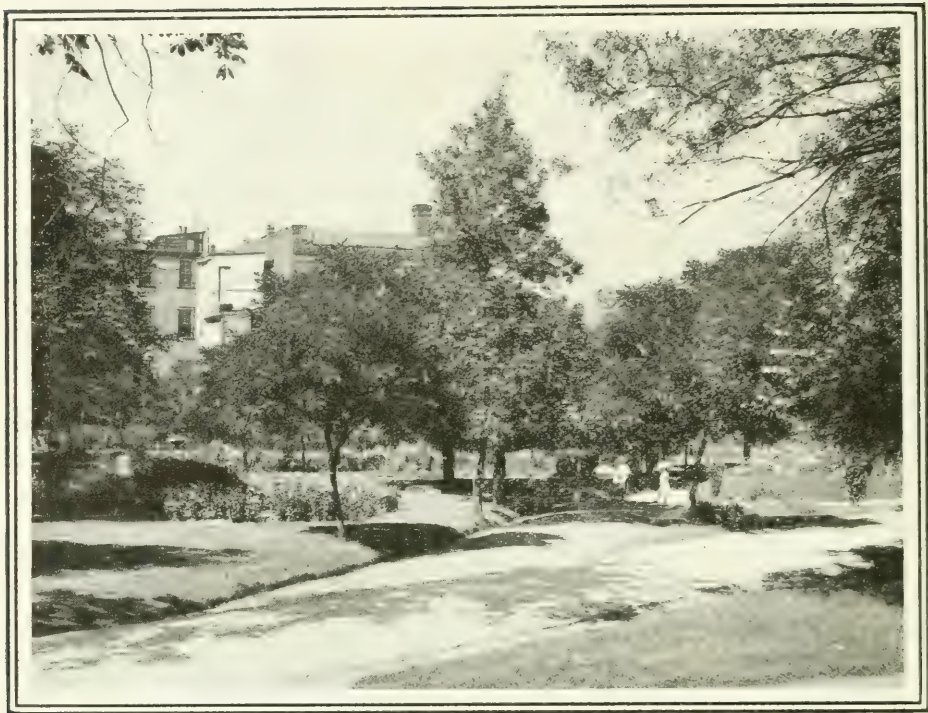


KINGS SQUARE, SAINT JOHN

ward over St. John by land and sea. It bears some little resemblance to an ancient Norman keep, looking as if it might have defied for centuries the storms that beat in from the Bay, and not a few visitors to St. John feel a twinge of disappointment when they learn that the old tower has not yet attained its hundredth year.

An actually older building is the frame dwelling known as the Chipman House, near the Carnegie Library. It is haunted by traditions of the severities of one of its early owners, Chief Justice Chipman, and

alists was swept away by the most terrible of the many fires which have wrought havoc in St. John, and one of the historic buildings then standing was Old Trinity Church, of which the corner-stone was laid by the first Bishop of Nova Scotia. This edifice, with its low tower and cupola, must have closely resembled the older church at Halifax, St. Paul's, as it appeared before the side aisles were added. Before Trinity Church was opened for service on Christmas Day, 1791, the Royal Arms, which had originally adorned the old State



A SCENE IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

House (as it is now called) at Boston and had been carried by the British troops to Halifax, were brought from the temporary church first used by the Loyalists to the new place of worship. When Old Trinity Church was burned, the Royal Arms were rescued, and they now adorn the handsome stone church erected in place of the wooden building after the great fire of 1877. This conflagration, by the way, well deserves its name, for it consumed ten miles of streets and 1,600 houses, rendering some 15,000 people homeless.

Possibly the situation of the town, on a high and wind-beaten rock, may account to some extent for the frequency and the disastrous nature of the fires from which it has suffered. It is so thrust out into the waves that from some points you may look down the steep streets in two or even three directions and see wharves or boats or water at the end of each. These

glimpses of bay and harbour have a charm all their own, but nowadays St. John's stern rock is almost bare of vegetation and even of soil, and there remain but two or three green oases in the heart of the old town, to remind the descendants of the Loyalists of the thick woods of birch and cedar, which in former days made settlement difficult. Two of these pleasant green plots lie close together and are intimately associated with the early history of St. John. Quaint King's Square, at the head of a short steep incline from the Market Slip was used in early days as a cricket and baseball ground, and is now surrounded by a picturesque medley of shops and houses. Behind it to the northeast, lies the old burying ground, where, beneath the trees many of the founders of the city are sleeping their last sleep, in resting places marked by curious old tombstones and epitaphs.

In St. John there is little need for monuments to the Loyalists, however. There they are held always in loving memory, and if at times their descendants indulge in praise of them that seems to border on extravagance it should be their excuse that for a century it was the fashion in the United States to refer to the Loyalists as deliberately wicked or contemptibly stupid. Now, however, a new race of American historical students has arisen, which dares even to do justice to this long-maligned class, reminding their compatriots that "the side of the Loyalists . . . was, even in argument, not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment, not a base one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice, not an unheroic one." In this connection it is pleasant to recall that at the Tercentenary Celebration of the Discovery of the St. John, no heartier tribute was paid to the Loyalist founders of the city than that of Mr. C. F. Adams, a descendant of their inveterate enemy, John Adams himself.

In one sense, indeed, the City of the Loyalists is no more; but a new St. John, richer, more populous, and far outspreading the ancient limits, has arisen on its ashes.

Thanks to the tremendous tides of Fundy, St. John, even in the severest weather, was open to the sea, but in

early days it seemed much shut in on the landward side from the rest of British North America, and when need of communication with Quebec was pressing, travellers sometimes made their way on snowshoes through the hundreds of miles of wilderness to reach that city. So, on hearing of the illness of his brother the Governor-General, went Lieutenant-Governor Carleton in 1788; and so, a quarter of a century later, marched a New Brunswick regiment to aid in the defence of Canada. But the building of railways changed all that, and the Loyalist city is now one of the great gateways to the West.

For years her people have cherished the ambition of making St. John the winter port of Canada on the Atlantic. With this end in view the city made arrangements with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to aid in competing for the freight from the West, and within recent years has spent a million dollars on the equipment of freight sheds, elevators and deep-water wharves. Now the port is flourishing as never before, even in the palmiest days of the lumber trade. Last year its exports were valued at \$30,000,000, of which a third came from the United States, and the ocean steamships of eight different lines made use of its wharves.



THE STRUGGLE FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

BY IDA BURWASH

A CENTURY ago, in London, there appeared the little book entitled "An Account of Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, North America."

Its author, John Stewart, was for many years a resident of this island; but though born in the eventful year that saw Canada taken by the English, it was not till 1780, when a young man of twenty-two, that Stewart settled in the West. He at once identified himself with his new home, and soon became an important public man. For years he was Speaker of the Assembly, leaving to his followers a correspondence that tells its own tale of his patience and ability.

His Account forms an odd page indeed in Canadian history. It was written chiefly to encourage settlers; its author, in consequence, begins it by a description of the Island, followed by a short sketch of its history up to the installment of Governor Desbarres, in 1804, about which time his book was placed in the printer's hands.

Prince Edward Island apparently was destined from the first to be a bit of England's Empire. Discovered by Cabot on Saint John's Day, 1497, it was first called by him Saint John's Island when claimed in England's name. But as the centuries rolled on, their new possession was forgotten by the English, till gradually as the French took possession of

the Gulf it became incorporated in the kingdom of New France. Yet, though French in name for quite two centuries, it remained a wilderness in fact. Fishers, it is true, edged along its coast, but it was not till 1715 that its first settlement took place. This, too, happened as it were by accident. When in 1713 Acadia was granted to Queen Anne by Louis XIV. that august "father of his people" so far remembered his Acadian children as to gain for them a year's time in which to remove their household goods should they prefer exile to a foreign rule. Rather than suffer heretics within their borders, a number of Acadians accordingly crossed over to the Island of Saint John, which was still under French dominion.

But destiny was not so easily to be thrust aside. Scarce thirty years had passed when trouble arose once more between the rival powers of France and England in the West. This time Louisbourg was taken. Then New Englanders, firm of will and hard of hand, marched into the pleasant places of Acadia. The terms they offered seemed bitter to the helpless peasants. Exile once more seemed vastly sweeter than submission to this foe. So, hastily seizing their lares and penates, many of them departed to join their comrades of an earlier flight in the Island of Saint John. None the less a relentless fate was close upon their heels, for in

1758 these new homes, like the old loved lands, passed finally to English hands.

Tradition reports 4,000 inhabitants as gathered in the Island at this time. If so, the number lessened quickly; for in 1764 Captain Samuel Holland, Surveyor-General for British North America, mentions in the report of his survey of the Island that only thirty Acadian families then were left. "All were extremely poor," he states, "keeping themselves by gardening, fishing and fowling, the few remaining houses in the different parts of the Island being very bad and the quantity of cattle inconsiderable." The Captain, indeed, was obliged to make a winter shelter for himself out of the frame of an old barn, which was not too comfortable. "For the single fort," he continues, "at the mouth of Charlottetown Harbour was a poor stockaded redoubt, with barracks scarcely sufficient to lodge the garrison." Such was the condition of this "gem of the Dominion" when taken under English rule.

At the time when Stewart wrote his book, the Island had not been in English hands for quite fifty years. And as the writer goes on to tell of its ups and downs during those years his account presents somewhat startling phases. This is scarcely to be wondered at when one remembers how England herself was occupied in that half-century. She was surely "making history" with emphasis. Looking calmly back to-day, the pressure of events during those fifty years is almost bewildering. It was the time of England's awakening to her mission as an empire-builder, when almost at a stroke Canada, India and Australia were, so to speak, tossed into her lap. Her explorers were searching the Pacific seas. The Atlantic was shrinking year by year. Revolutions seemed to heat the very air she breathed. At her back Ireland fumed rebellious. One decade saw her American colonies setting up

for themselves an independent nation; a second saw the French Revolution flaming its fiery way till its most insolent product, the compact "little Corsican," was checked by Nelson on the seas.

Equally bewildering were the changes going on within her own particular domain—the change of dynasty, to begin with, which was much more tolerated than approved, a fact the narrow-minded king could only learn piecemeal when brought into hand-to-hand conflict with a united public opinion and a steadily persistent press. In such throes of self-realisation at home and abroad, it is scarcely surprising that the fate of a distant island in the far Atlantic Gulf should sink into insignificance and fall a prey to individuals.

And it is the plans and projects of these individuals that were so unique.

At the close of the Seven Years War, London was swarming with adventurers of many stripes. Soldiers back from action pressed their claims upon the government. Dreamers, too, existed still; poets were not yet extinct; and for the brotherhood of dreamers there is neither race nor date. In the long ago, when every dreamer's eye was filled with the blink of far Cathay, it was a romantic Frenchman who planned to settle Sable Island. Now a brother dreamer, a man of Anglo-Saxon blood, appeared with a plan more romantic still for the settling of Prince Edward Island. It was the noble Earl of Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty and father of nine children, who now presented the Government with his elaborate scheme of settling the Island of Saint John. Stewart puts the matter very tersely. "The late Earl of Egmont," he writes, "then First Lord of the Admiralty, proposed settling it upon a feudal plan, his Lordship to be Lord Paramount of the Island, which was to be divided into a certain number of baronies to be held of him, every baron to

erect a stronghold or castle, to maintain so many men in arms, and with their under-tenants to perform suit and service, according to the custom of the ancient feudal tenants in Europe." At this distance of time such a scheme stands out in curious contrast with the strongly republican feeling then growing to completion in the New England States.

The quixotic Earl, however, had no qualms regarding his cherished scheme. In December, 1763, his first memorial was presented to the King. And one can picture, as that Christmas was celebrated in Egmont's castle halls, the enthusiasm of the nine sons and daughters regarding their father's daring scheme. The chasing shadows cast by the leaping firelight can scarcely have been more fantastic than the shifting visions of father and children of their coming adventures in this Island World. To evidence their interest, at the opening of the year, the memorial was backed by three further communications, addressed this time to the Lords of Trade and Plantations and signed by thirty influential gentlemen supposed to have claims on the Government for military service past. The King, meantime, having handed the first memorial to the Board of Trade also, that body discreetly refused it. Undaunted still, the dreamer immediately addressed a second memorial to the King. This remained unanswered. Persevering, a third was then drawn up; but in May, 1764, it received an unmistakable refusal. So the matter dropped till the arrival of Captain Holland's plans of the Island stirred things up again. Finally, a fourth memorial was sent in, signed by many important personages. These enthusiasts were for the most part wealthy and influential, and it might have been better in the end, in the matter of settlement, at all events, if the dreamer had been given a chance to prove the failure of his scheme. The important Board of Trade, however, saw with other and

more practical eyes, but to refuse the Earl's scheme gently they offered him any parish in the Island (about 100,000 acres) which he might select. This proposal his Lordship declined with dignity.

So the next body to try its prentice hand at settling the unconscious Island was the Board of Trade and Plantations itself. The servants of the Government were daily pressing their claims. To reward them with lands in the newly gained dominions seemed reasonable enough. But how to choose among them! Holland's survey-plan divided the Island into counties and townships. The Board of Trade and Plantations accordingly now hit upon a novel scheme. Calling to its chambers the deserving applicants, it announced that the townships should be divided as desired, but that, in order that no preference should be shown, they should be divided by lottery. Terms and conditions were then explained to the expectant "grantees." Quit-rents of six shillings on a hundred acres in certain townships, of four shillings in others, and two shillings in a few, all payable at Michaelmas yearly, were to be reserved for the King. There should be reserved also all lands needed for fortifications, wharves, naval yards and highways, with 500 feet from high-water mark for the fisheries, while all mines discovered were to be the property of the Crown. In addition, in each parish a hundred acres were to be set apart for church uses and thirty for a school-master. Finally and most important, was the condition that each township was to be settled in ten years by its proprietor, in the proportion of one person for every two hundred acres. Failing one-third of this settlement in four years' time, the proprietor should forfeit his right of lands to His Majesty. The numbers of the lots were then tossed into a hat—or its equivalent at the moment—and in a single day, with the exception of the three reser-

ventions for three county towns, the whole Island was disposed of. Interest was keen regarding the division. Captain Holland's report confirmed the reports of the returning officers as to the natural advantages of this chosen spot in the Atlantic, and so Prince Edward Island was "boomed" in London a hundred years ago. The division made and the applicants dispersed, the august Board of Trade and Plantations no doubt heaved a sigh of relief, believing the matter fairly settled. Schemes of men, like schemes of mice, however, vary. Many of these adventurers who had seen service abroad and liked the stir of camp and battlefield, had not the least idea of turning farmers in the New World. Land grabbers flourished then as now, and almost immediately the townships began to fly from hand to hand without even the necessary grants being taken out to secure a complete title. Speculation, in fact, lay at the root of the struggle for possession of the townships at the lottery.

Odd as it is to-day to look back at this dreaming Earl, with his scheme of planting an extinct feudal system in the sturdy new world, and to see it replaced by a "toss up" for a country a fourth as large as Ireland, odder things were brewing. The following year, before fulfilling even the first conditions in the matter of settlement, the remaining "grantees" presented a petition to the King, "praying that their Island might be erected into a separate government," apart from Nova Scotia, to which it was annexed. In order to defray the expense of such establishment, they proposed to commence paying one-half of their quit-rents even before the stipulated time. Behold John Bull, then, lumbering over seas with a "Complete Constitution" to govern practically trees and wild geese, for few settlers then or for many years to follow were forthcoming.

It was accordingly in the year 1770 that there landed on these

island shores Captain Walter Patterson, Governor, and the other members of the staff required for the working of this "Complete Constitution"—secretary and registrar, chief justice, attorney-general, clerk of the Crown, provost-marshal. It was calculated that the quit-rents would amount to 1,470 pounds sterling, from which sum the salaries of all these officials were to be paid.

The arrangement was reasonable had settlers and quit-rents materialised, but, both proving visionary the "Complete Constitution" was soon in danger of starvation. At his wits' end, the Governor was obliged to use the money granted by Parliament for public buildings to feed himself and staff, and the matter finally reached a point necessitating an immediate trip to England on the part of Patterson. Just before leaving he appointed the senior member of his council, Honourable Callbeck, an administrator in his place. It was a wise act, for a steady hand was needed. The year had arrived in which the American war was fast coming to a crisis, and troubles multiplied for the Islanders. A ship from home with a valuable cargo and a number of settlers on board was wrecked off their northern coast. The settlers were saved, but the cargo was lost, which entailed great hardship on its owners. Absorbed in these affairs, the seat of war seemed far enough away. But the winds blew trouble north and south, for when least expected two American vessels suddenly appeared in Charlottetown Harbour. The surprised President and certain members of the Council were taken prisoners, and, securing all the booty they could find the ship's crew sailed for Boston, carrying Mr. Callbeck and Mr. Wright with them.

"Upon the arrival of these gentlemen," writes Stewart, "at the head-quarters of the American Army, then at Cambridge, in New England, it appeared that the rebel officers

had acted in this manner totally without orders from their superiors; they were immediately dismissed from their commands and told by General Washington in their own style—that they had done those things which they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which it was their duty to have done and their prisoners were immediately discharged with many polite expressions of regret for their sufferings, and the plundered property was all honourably restored.”

The onslaught, however, stood the Island in good stead, for it awakened England to a sense of its openness to attack. The Admiral of the British Fleet in the West at once sent the *Diligent*, an armed brig, to Charlottetown, and in November the *Diligent* was relieved by the sloop of war *Hunter*. Socially, these were great events in the life of the little capital, but officially the ships had little work to do, for with this fizzle of fight all trouble ended.

Shortly afterward, in 1780, Governor Patterson returned triumphant. His administration will doubtless longest be remembered for the gigantic land scramble with which it was so long connected. First and last, this dashing Governor seems to have been a bold adventurer. Socially attractive, when he liked he made friends among the best society of his day. If amenable to flattery, he could also flatter in his turn. Ambitious to take first place in the Island, he schemed unceasingly to get possession of its best lands. While in England he managed to have a new law passed for enforcement of the quit-rents due, and on returning to the Island, he at once appointed his brother-in-law receiver of these rents. Mismanagement and quarrels followed. The Governor tried to pack the house to suit his own ends; but finally, having overstepped all limits, he was superseded by Lieutenant-Governor Fanning. With the rolling sea between him

and the reigning powers, the gay Captain struggled hard to maintain his hold. He was most anxious to pass a bill making legal a sale of lands which he had manipulated in 1781, and confirming to all purchasers under it their properties. It was a perilous moment for the ambitious captain. The Governor who, being a purchaser himself on a large scale, hoped by his great estates to make himself a little Lord Paramount in his Island World. Before quitting his place, then, in addition to packing the House, he tried to pack the Council also. Boldly declaring that Governor Fanning was only appointed to act as temporary Governor during his own absence in England, he seized the interval before sailing to hurry on his bill. Every thinking man, even his own adherents, saw the madness of this conduct, but all were too much his creatures to refuse to act. Confident of redress, the supported new governor treated his rival with a dignified silence. In the meantime the better thinking inhabitants sent their version of matters directly to headquarters, and finally they prevailed on Governor Fanning to issue his proclamation as legal governor of the county. Not to be outdone, Patterson, the following day, issued a counter proclamation. Nevertheless the die was cast. For the ship was already on its way bearing peremptory commands to Patterson to deliver up the Great Seal and all public documents instantly to Governor Fanning, his lawfully appointed successor. Checked for the moment, though unconvinced, Patterson retired to Quebec only to return a few months later to set up a systematic opposition to his successor.

“Having been,” writes Stewart, “long in the government, many of the first people in the Island were under obligations to him, and he, of course, had a considerable influence. Every effort that was possible in the infant state of the colony was tried

to render the administration of the government in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor impracticable; a prudent and steadily moderate conduct, however, enabled the latter to overcome every difficulty, and Mr. Patterson, after a fruitless struggle of nearly two years, left the Island and came to England, where he expected to resume his old influence among the proprietors of the Island, by whose interest he had originally got the government; but here too, he was disappointed: the hearing of the criminal complaints preferred against him by the proprietors of the lands sold in 1781, turned out so much against him that he lost all influence with that body, and with that every hope of a restoration to the government of the Island, to which he never afterwards returned; and, having fallen into distress, his extensive and valuable possessions were soon after sacrificed for not a fifth of their real value under the operation of colonial laws passed during his administration."

In making his audacious "graft" the gay governor had certainly overreached himself, and upon returning to English society he found its "cold shoulder" unmistakably extended. "Graft" in those days was known in England by the simpler term of "theft," and theft to the Anglo-Saxon still meant disgrace.

His successor, though a young man, had nevertheless, been through rough experiences in America. Throughout the War of Independence General Fanning had remained stoutly loyal to England's cause and England remembered those services when in 1784 she offered him the post of Governor of Nova Scotia and three years later that of Governor of the Island of Saint John. Upright and conservative, rather than progressive, the Island developed little under his rule. It was during his administration that its name was changed to Prince Edward Island in order to avoid confusion with the other names

of Saint John in the region of the Gulf. The name Prince Edward was chosen in honour of the Duke of Kent, who from his first arrival in Canada had warmly befriended the island-colony. But if Fanning was not to leave his mark on the annals of the Island, he was permitted, before leaving it, to see the dawn of a more progressive era. In the year 1802 the long vexed questions of land-sales and quit-rents were finally and satisfactorily settled. Fresh impetus was given, too, by an inrush of settlers, fully a third as many arriving in two years as in all the time before. Much of this was due to the Earl of Selkirk, who brought out eight hundred strapping Highlanders in a body and planted them in the finest districts of the Island.

In the writer's estimation a less desirable visitor was the new attorney-general soon known throughout the Island as "Mad Wentworth." Stewart thus describes this wild official:

"In 1880 much mischief was done to the colony through a Mr. Wentworth who was sent to the Island in the office of Attorney General; whoever recommended him has much to answer for: whatever his professional abilities might have been, either from habitual drinking or the effects of disease, he appeared to be insane the greater part of the few months he spent on the Island; on the first day he made his appearance in the Supreme Court, he addressed himself to the audience, and informed them that he had been pitched upon by their Sovereign, as a person of distinguished abilities, to come to the Island to regulate their affairs, and see justice done, and in a short time he told them that everything was wrong, and that he would undertake to clear the greatest part of them from paying rent, or fulfilling any contract made with the proprietors, most of whom he said had no right to their lands; the Court and even the Governor he treated with the greatest insolence, nobody seemed to know what to do with him,

at the same time it was evident that his conduct, if not checked, would be productive of very serious evils; so fascinating was his doctrine with the ignorant, that in the short space of two months he received, according to his own account, four hundred retaining fees. All this, however, did not satisfy him. Wherever he heard of any differences existing, he contrived to set a lawsuit on foot. Never perhaps was there a more complete instance of popular delusion than this man excited for some weeks; but, happily for the colony, when the madness was at its height, letters arrived from the Secretary of State announcing to the Governor Mr. Wentworth's being superseded."

The "Account" here practically ends with a farewell to the retiring Governor and a welcome to the new Governor (Desbarres) who arrived in the Island about the beginning of July, 1804.

Dry as the little book looks at first sight, it repays the reader; for its simplicity bespeaks its truth and reveals throughout its pages, not only the dignity and integrity of its writer but his broader outlook as a statesman. It is the unshaken faith of a loyal Canadian who speaks in the following:

"It may suit the views of particular people to represent the connection and dependence of the remaining British colonies in America on the mother country as loose and precarious. Such is not by any means the light in which the subject is seen in these colonies. I consider the maritime colonies as perfectly safe in the present state of the British naval power, and whenever their valuable natural resources are generally known and the immense extent to which their fisheries may be carried is felt, I think I may venture to predict that their affairs will be put on such a footing as will at no very distant day render them the most powerful foreign dependency of the British Empire, that which will be most cherished and last parted with."

The vast sweep of Canada's present day Dominion was withheld from the writer's vision a hundred years ago. But the belief in a wider Empire, even then foreshadowed, was firmly fixed in his innermost convictions. It was a belief that was part and parcel of the staunch principles, warm affections and unyielding wills of these first Canadian settlers of whom the writer of this book stands as a signal type.





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

NO doubt one of the most notable events of the months has been the prize fight at Reno, Nevada, though it is somewhat of an old story now. The enormous publicity given the encounter between Jeffries and Johnson has served the purpose of disgusting the public at large with the whole world of pugilism with its atmosphere of coarseness, brutality and vice. There was comparatively little to be said against the cultivation of the "manly art," and not a little to be said in its favour, when the details of a fight were not obtruded roughly on all the world. There are plenty of people who enjoy the spectacle of a fistic encounter, and the training of men to a gladiatorial contest of this nature has nothing in it essentially vicious. In the days of Tom Sayers the patronage of the sporting section of the aristocracy lent a doubtful lustre to the prize ring, and some higher and lower elements of society were drawn together by a common interest; the particulars of a coming fight and of the fight itself were, however, confined to the sporting realm and were not served up at the breakfast table morning after morning for weeks at a stretch with all the concomitant details of the manner of life and domestic relations of the respective champions, for the edification of mild-mannered men who have no taste for stories of blood and of women and children who shudder

at the hideous photographs of athletic ugliness forced on their gaze.

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It is to the credit of journalism that some newspapers withstood the pressure of the noisy element and refused to give to the recent fight the same prominence as a war or on earthquake might have commanded, and the wide reaction against the exhibition of fight pictures is on the whole a hopeful sign of the times. Few things in journalism have been more amusing than the quick volteface of some of the worst examples of the yellow journal when they found there was a danger of the public conscience being really outraged by a continuance of the pugilistic publicity campaign. As to the attempt to dignify the Reno contest by ascribing to it the importance of a racial conflict because Jeffries was white and Johnson black, it is a far-fetched and futile effort to classicise an atmosphere that has become thick with commonplaceness and vulgarity.

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The vote on Women's Suffrage in the British House of Commons was not apparently a very decisive victory, since the measure at issue, a bill introduced by Mr. Shackleton, the Labour member, goes to a committee of the whole with the certainty of being no more heard of for the

present session. Before the next session the whole scene may have been transformed and the responsibility placed on other shoulders than those that now bear the burden. The vote shows wide divergence of opinion, and is evidence that the matter is not yet one purely of party politics. Mr. Asquith was frankly hostile, and urged with pseudo-logic that the natural and inevitable sequel to woman suffrage was the election of women to the House of Commons and the eligibility of women for nomination to the Speaker's chair. The position of sovereign is far higher than that of member of Parliament or Speaker and has been conceded to women as the accident of sex determines. If the world or the Empire were governed by logic, however, it would be easy to prove the uselessness of sovereign, Speaker and parliament altogether. When the English race becomes logical, it will have ceased to be practical. Logic, meanwhile, is in the air, and Suffragism having ceased to go on the rampage may score a victory at no distant date. That the cause of women, if there is or can be any cause of one sex as apart from or against the other, is not likely to be appreciably advanced by the exercise of the franchise by women is shown in the case of the states or countries where women have already voted for a number of years past, Colorado, New Zealand, Finland, none of them possessed of the highest responsibilities of nationhood, and none of them shining in their respective spheres with particular brilliancy; New Zealand, which is indeed somewhat startling in its radicalism, had started on its original and interesting career, which will lead we none of us know exactly where, before the vote was given to women, and the good or evil of its novel legislation cannot be set down for or against women's votes. It will be the same elsewhere; women's votes, when they come, will be an imaginary settlement of an imaginary grievance, and will not probably seri-

ously affect the way of the world, or the manner of dealing with the real problems of life.

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The knighting of ex-Premier Ross of Ontario is a tribute to the ability and public spirit of an eminent public man who in his sphere had done great service to the Dominion and to the Empire. Sir George Ross had the misfortune to become leader of the Ontario Government when its course had well nigh run, and the most brilliant tactics could not have long postponed the impending catastrophe, but long before this period of ill fortune set in Mr. Ross had as Minister of Education during the greater portion of Sir Oliver Mowat's long regime skilfully administered the school system of the Province, had brought the department with credit through the most severe political attacks, and had earned a reputation throughout the Dominion as a brilliant and forceful orator. His great gifts as a speaker have always been and are yet freely given to any cause identified with the upbuilding of the Dominion, and Sir George Ross has been for a generation an earnest and devoted promoter of that spirit of broad and patriotic imperialism which has swept Canada from end to end during the last decade and a half. Nor should it be overlooked that the vast development which the last few years have witnessed in Northern Ontario, with its Cobalts and Gowgandas and armies of miners, was appreciably hastened by the policy of railway-building inaugurated by the government led for a few years by Mr. Ross, while the railway remains as one of the last sources of revenue of Sir James Whitney's lucky administration.

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour of western Canada is an event of the widest national significance. When Sir Wilfrid last went across the prairies and the

mountains, sixteen years ago, he had not yet commenced his long Premiership, so the people of the West have never seen him as Premier. In any event, it is a new West since 1894. The West of that day had failed to attract immigrants and a spirit of pessimism and apathy was creeping over the land. It was about ten years ago that the real awakening began, and it is during that decade that the West has turned a score of struggling backward little towns into handsome flourishing cities, while the names of communities then unheard of are now household words throughout the Dominion. A million of people have gone into the West during the last decade and the organised life of Canada has been extended over its vast areas. Law and order have been in the meantime maintained to a degree that is truly marvellous when from this point of view we contrast the making of the West with the quick development of other lands. The story of energy and progress is a fascinating one, and though it is not yet by any means finished, it is well that the scene of this great transformation should be visited by the statesman who has guided the destinies of Canada throughout this brilliant period of her history; and it is not less fitting that as many as possible of this million of new citizens should have the opportunity of coming into contact with the appealing and forceful personality of the Dominion Premier.

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The cabled statement that Premier Botha had refused to live in Groote Schuur, the residence left in Cecil Rhodes' will for the use of future premiers of South Africa, caused an unpleasant jar to the feelings of many who had found in the soldier-premier almost an ideal exemplification of the virtues of conciliation and reasonableness; it is pleasant therefore to learn that the first cable, as alas! too frequently happens, was without founda-

tion and that the residence will be used for the purpose Rhodes wished. The gift of Groote Schuur was a generous one, but it is not this aspect of the legacy that chiefly appeals to the imagination; rather is one inclined to think of the absolute faith of the man who in the darkest hour of South African history looked confidently for a splendid dawn and emphasised his conviction in the peculiar Rhodesian way. On the whole, General Botha seems to have viewed the whole political situation broadly and generously, and his premiership will do much to reconcile the Dutch race to British ascendancy, an ascendancy which, in spite of the Dutch majority and the Dutch premier, is still a substantial factor in the near background. Some have criticised Premier Botha because he has allowed himself to be placed in nomination in the impending union elections against Sir James Percy Fitzpatrick, the well known author of "The Transvaal from Within," and not long since a visitor to Canada, on the ground that it is a violation of the truce he has himself proclaimed in racial strife; but this is part after all of the necessary opportunism of politics, and we must make the best of such small departures from the line of idealism. There can be little doubt that if Cecil Rhodes, the greatest of all South Africans, were living to-day he would be working in the closest comradeship with General Botha for the good of South Africa and the Empire.

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It is impossible for us in Canada to follow closely the trend of affairs in Egypt and India and other great outlying dependencies of the Empire, but with the increasing tendency towards a certain unity of responsibility for the government of the Empire, it is desirable we should note the main incidents of current history in this connection and their bearing on the problems of the moment. It is in Egypt that the situation has become

most acute, partly, no doubt, because the position of Great Britain in that country is more anomalous than that which she occupies in India. The latter country is frankly claimed and held as a possession, whereas Egypt is yet technically a possession of Turkey, its government being administered by England—temporarily, or until such time as withdrawal seems safe, for all concerned; the Egyptian position is one that can be defended only by results and the results fortunately leave no room for doubt as to the wisdom of the step taken twenty-five years ago in this direction by the British Government.

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Could Lord Cromer have taken a leaf from the book of our own wonderful Lord Stratheona and remained young and vigorous at ninety, the Egyptian problem might have been staved off for many a year. But Cromers are not bred every day and his successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, seems to have been of another kidney, of unimpeachable honour and decorum it goes without saying, or he would not have occupied a high station in the British public service, but lacking apparently much of the force and somewhat of the tact of his predecessor. One instance cited of the changed circumstances is that whereas in Lord Cromer's time when occasion demanded conference between the British representative and the Khedive, word was sent to the latter that Lord Cromer would call at a particular hour, and Lord Cromer called at that hour and found the Khedive ready and waiting to see him, nowadays the British representative waits in the Khedive's ante-rooms until the Khedive is pleased to be ready. This is a trivial example to quote, but it serves to show the different characters of the men. It is personal force that impresses the Oriental. It may or may not be wise and proper for England to rule the Orientals, but if she would rule them,

she must choose the proper mediums, and Sir Eldon Gorst by common report seems not to be one such; so Sir Eldon is being removed to a more suitable sphere, and the British Government is looking for another Lord Cromer. Sir Eldon's retiring disposition is not, however, reflected in the attitude of the British Government as expressed by Sir Edward Grey, who in discussing the whole subject in the House of Commons declared that "Occupation must continue, more so now than ever. . . . The agitation against British occupation of Egypt must have one result: to insist on one occupation."

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The settlement of the century old fisheries quarrel between the three English-speaking sections of the North American continent, Canada, Newfoundland and the United States, with Great Britain as the backer of the two first-named, goes on somewhat wearily at The Hague. Fragmentary cable dispatches appear relative to speeches of several days' duration by counsel for the different parties, but the press is not pretending to follow the subject in any detail. Some of the questions to be argued are purely technical, as, for instance, the familiar one, "When is a bay not a bay?" or words to that effect, involving the vexed point as to whether the three-mile limit outside which the Americans are admittedly restricted as to a portion of the Newfoundland and all the Canadian coasts shall be measured from headland to headland or shall follow the curve of the bay. Other questions carry us back to the days of the American revolution and involve in one case the point as to whether or not Great Britain when she recognised the independence of the United States yielded any sovereign rights over the territories that remained to her; the contention that any such rights were conceded is no doubt the extreme limit of the American claims and can only be

taken seriously because of the formality of the court. The British contention, on the other hand (on behalf of Newfoundland), which holds that any privileges enjoyed by American ships in British waters do not hold unless such ships are manned exclusively by American citizens, seems a little difficult to sustain. Whatever the result, it is to be hoped the rendering of the judgment will be clear and unambiguous, so that a hundred years hence the question may not still be plaguing our descendants.

*

British politics have not shown any marked feature during the past few weeks. The result of the conference of leaders is not yet known, the deliberations being, in fact, still unfinished. Extremists on either side are protesting against this practical though informal method of attempting a settlement, but the plan seems to find approval with the average man and if success is attained it is to be hoped it may be more frequently resorted to. The Unionists have scored their first notable success since the general election in a bye-election at Liverpool where their candidate held a seat by a largely increased majority over the same Labour candidate who

had been defeated in January last, but if there be truth in the cable dispatch which attributes the success to the Unionist opposition to the proposed change in the accession oath, the success is to be deplored as indicative of a reactionary sentiment opposed to an enlightened toleration. Mr. Lloyd-George's budget has proved a success as a revenue raiser and no difficulty is contemplated in raising the enormous income of £200,000,000, practically a thousand million dollars. Mr. Lloyd-George made a tactical error in creating the impression that he believed the sum devoted to naval defence, ample enough to please all parties but the Socialists, to be the outcome of a policy of insanity, and was immediately faced by two challenges from widely differing sections of the House, Unionist and Socialist, to resign if he did not approve the provisions of his own budget, a challenge which was not accepted. The Chancellor showed more courage, however, with regard to the whisky tax, which has evidently had excellent results and has been retained despite the extremist opposition from the Irish members, an opposition which may have serious effects for the Government at a later stage.





SWALLOW SONG

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest.
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading West.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, love has touched the fields of wheat,
And love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow love's white feet,
Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to
God.
But in the cliff-grass love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may
sleep.

—*Youth's Companion.*

*

WHAT an extreme commotion has been made during the last year by that "Chinese gong" citizen, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt! He really reminds one of Lord Macaulay's criticism of poor Robert Montgomery's poem on Satan, when the merciless reviewer remarked that the only diabolical characteristic possessed by the alleged Satan was that mentioned in the Book of Job: "From whence comest thou? From walking to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Mr. Roosevelt has, in a positively alarming degree, this propensity to locomotion. Shooting lions, defying His Holiness the Pope, telling the Germans how to conduct military drill, informing the French of their defects of temperament, instructing the British as to the government of Egypt — these are small undertakings for a gentleman of the robust vitality of Theodore the First. He takes himself with such blessed seriousness, this Czar of all the Americans, that it is difficult to believe that he is not a specialist in all subjects, from Norse sagas to the hunting of elephants. This continent has not the slightest doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is a most gifted and estimable gentleman, but it is becoming dreadfully accustomed to the sound of his name and the beam of his smile. In fact, if he were to take himself off to a Thibet monastery, and lead the life of contemplation for six months, a sigh of relief would go up from the civilised world.

*

ONE naturally associates California with sunshine, roses and smiling vineyards. Hence, it is not at all surprising that an unusually cheerful club has been formed at Los Angeles, bearing the name, "Jolly Old Ladies' Club." The members are the "young-

est" old ladies, because they boast about their age, bubble with optimism, and never intend to get old at heart. The creed of this Jolly Old Ladies' Club reads:

"Cheerfulness leads to perennial youth.

"Flowers are the poetry of fragrance and of colour.

"Life is eternal. There is no such thing as so-called death. Mortals merely 'pass on' from this world to another.

"Happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand.

"Dwelling on such subjects as sickness, disaster or death is strictly prohibited.

"As like attracts like, sweet tender sentiments, often expressed, mould a character of sweetness and tenderness. Be jolly at all times and resolve never to look glum."

To be eligible to this organisation one must at first be an optimist, possess an abiding faith in all things good, and have passed her sixtieth birthday. After that, when a vacancy occurs and one has qualified by never losing her temper and being able at sixty to laugh with the enthusiasm of sixteen, she may become a member of the Jolly Old Ladies' Club.

This appears to be the most sensible organisation on the continent, with an aim in life which is eminently worth while. *Mark Tapley* has always been my hero, above all others who stroll across the pages of fiction—the dear, delightful fellow, who was always doing a kindness to some one and whose whole creed was to be "jolly" when skies were dark and friends were few. These old ladies of Los Angeles appear to have taken a leaf out of *Mark Tapley's* book and are prepared to smile at the world, even if the shadows are lengthening on their way. After all, who should be more jolly than the old? It is youth which is hurt and tortured by the thought of what is to come. The second youth which follows life's fever

and fret has known disillusion and defeat and has come to see that this oblate spheroid known as the Earth is only a school after all, and that we are merely getting ready for a higher course of study in some other sphere. Of course, there are would-be wiseacres who would have us believe that we are only dust and ashes and that there is nothing for us but a grave. The jolly old ladies of Los Angeles know better, and so does every brave and honest soul, who has striven to make the best of this world, and has learned to smile over the heart-breaking failure, as well as over the stimulating success. We wonder what books the old ladies read. Surely, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is somewhere in the club, and the genial wisdom of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," to say nothing of the stories of Mark Twain and O. Henry. California is another spot which I am going to visit when a certain ship comes sailing in, with a cargo of gold and ivory. And may I be permitted, though the age of three-score is still some years in the twilight distance, to be the guest of the jolly old ladies and foregather with those choice anti-disaster souls. They are the right kind and may they all be spared to crack jokes at the age of ninety "upwards"!

*

SPEAKING of "jollity," what a cheering group of women journalists we have in the West! The annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club was held this year in Toronto and we had "a perfectly lovely party," in which the readers of these "Five O'Clock" columns may take an interest. Hamilton sent over two guests—Mrs. Coleman and Miss Nisbet—the former, our own "Kit," of the *Mail and Empire*, who can write fairy rings around the rest of us, the latter, a Hamilton journalist whose industry and brightness are in keeping with the best traditions of the Ambitious City. From the West

came two worthy representatives — Miss Cora Hind of the *Manitoba Free Press* and Mrs. Balmer Watt of Edmonton, who is "Peggy" of the *Saturday News* and who does a variety of columns for other journals. Miss Hind has a unique place among Canadian women journalists. She knows as much about Western wheat and financial affairs as any other authority in newspaper circles. At least, that is what the men tell us and we take their word for it. Miss Hind is a clear and business-like speaker, who tells modestly of her work in a straightforward and interesting manner. Her evident enjoyment of her department in journalism and her appreciation of its scope set many others thinking of the prospect afforded in this field of endeavour. The Press Club is genuinely proud of Miss Hind's work, as affording convincing proof, if such were needed, of feminine ability in finance. Mrs. Watt is as stimulating as Edmonton air—which is said to possess the wine-like qualities of the true West. She has written two books and manages to accomplish a surprising amount of work, with a merry ease of expression which makes "Peggy" a welcome visitor for a wide circle. One would have wished to see also that radiant exponent of "the joyous life," Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, who does more good in less time than any other scribe I have met over the tea-cups. Under the name, "Emily Ferguson," she has recently written "Janey Canuck in the West," a book which is sparkling with good cheer and which has an underlying texture of good sense. Another who would have been royally welcome was Mrs. Isabel E. MacKay. But alas! Vancouver is a magnificent distance from Toronto and we had to content ourselves with electing her vice-president for British Columbia.

There were masculine guests at that luncheon — four favoured gentlemen who made themselves so eminently agreeable that the feast would have

been flat without the flavour of their comradeship. Mr. George Ham is the godfather of the club and set it going under the benign auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Thus it has been going like a transcontinental express train ever since, and bids fair to rival the Canadian Press Association. There is hardly a more popular official in Canada than Mr. Ham, who would be at home anywhere in the universe and who is quite capable of being "chummy" with Kaiser Wilhelm himself. Mr. J. S. Willison is an esteemed guest with the club whose presence is deemed an essential at the annual luncheon. His address was characterised by gracious recognition of the claims of "sister journalists" and a subtle humour which gave a light touch to the occasion. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe of the London (England) *Daily Mail*, whose letters are a "colourful" feature of that sprightly publication, proved himself as gifted in speech as in descriptive paragraphs, and nobly disproved the charge that the Englishman can neither see nor tell a joke. Mr. J. F. MacKay of *The Globe*, the courteous President of the Canadian Press Association, acted the part of kindly brother and slyly hinted at such a possibility as affiliation between the two societies. Of course, there was a smiling assent at the suggestion of a joint excursion, and the prospects of affiliation glowed brighter, although, as in every proposed bond, there was a certain hesitancy over the decisive proposal.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion, which emphasised the great change that has taken place in woman's place in journalism. Ten years ago such a gathering would have been impossible, twenty years ago it would have been considered an idle dream. There are a few doleful critics who would deplore the fact that so many women are occupied in other than the domestic sphere. But woman is progressing very nicely, thank you — and wouldn't I like to

come back one hundred years from now to see just what she is doing—or not doing!

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TO infringe on "The Way of Letters" is always in order. Wherefore, I hope my readers will listen to a word of advice and read the book to which I have referred—"Janey Canuck in the West." It is brimful of good humour and a hearty sympathy with all sorts and conditions of humanity. The author's cheeriness is never forced — like the perfunctory philanthropy of Zona Gale's "Friendship Village." She writes of the various phases of Western life with a vivacity and discernment which enable us to see the country which is in the making and the manifold races who are engaged in building it. There is more than vivacity in the writer's reflections on the conditions of the West. This comment on a certain sermon is well worth the attention of those who may be disturbed by modern theological criticism:

"In the evening we went to church at Holy Trinity. The preacher was a theological professor from one of the lower provinces. I knew him once as a brilliant young student, and was pleased to see him mount the pulpit.

"But alas! 'how the devil spoils a fire God gave for other ends!'

"Our friend undoubtedly feels he has a reputation to keep up as a controversialist and dogmatist, and so turns the pulpit into a kind of theological fortification, from whence he pours down broadsides on the doubts and mooted questions which he imagines are greatly troubling us.

"The fact of the matter is, few of us are puzzling over the 'tangled Trinities,' over these analytical, metaphysical aridities which may be picked out from what Hume would designate as the 'speculative

tenet of Theism.' They are too much out of the beaten track, and besides, most of us are kept far too busy, week days and Sundays, fighting the world, the

and the devil.

"There are some of us—in truth, many of us—who do not care about the wonderful something in the future, nor do we desire, in the present, morbid self-introspection and gloom. We ask the Church to teach us how we may live life now; how we may have it in large abundant measure. We want to know how to be strong, healthy and holy (wholesome), happy and wise. And if there are other worlds we want the same things there."

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AMONG the various comments on the life and works of the late Goldwin Smith, these remarks from "A Loyal Canadian" in the *Montreal Standard* strike a note not often echoed:

"I would recommend the city of Toronto to erect a splendid monument to his memory, draped with the American flag, having the Stars and Stripes brilliantly prominent, with the following motto:

"Dedicated to the memory of Goldwin Smith,
In honour of his distinguished place in Canadian History."

"He was a brilliant writer who never allowed the opportunity to pass without belittling Canada and everything Canadian; continually wasting all the eloquence and energy he could spare in efforts to get the American flag floating over the Dominion."

It must be admitted that Professor Goldwin Smith was much more attached to Cornell University than to any institution in Canada and that his "Canadianism" was not such as to excite enthusiasm in the breasts of those who wish to keep "our own Dominion" separate from the republican nation to the south of us.

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

THERE are two outstanding characters in William J. Locke's new book, "*Simon the Jester.*" These are *Simon de Gex*, member of the House of Commons, England, and *Lola Brandt*, an animal trainer. *Simon* becomes afflicted by what he calls a "little pain," but one which the highest medical authorities say will cause his death in six months. He views the prospect with a sense of humour and betakes himself to what he believes is the most God-forsaken spot in England, namely, Mugglebed-on-Sea. Here he plans for the quintessence of happy-fatedness, as he puts it. His decision is to help fellow creatures. His time and wealth go to benefit others. The climax is reached in his endeavour to induce an intimate friend, *Dale Kynnersley*, to forsake what *Simon* believes is a foolish infatuation for *Lola Brandt*, whose morals he questions. But in the rescue work *Simon* becomes enamoured by *Lola's* charms. *Dale* returns to a former sweetheart of his own rank, while *Simon's* affections drift from she who was his fiancée till the doctor's ill-fated message came to the women against whom he had worked to protect his friend.

By a chance operation *Simon's* health is restored, and in time he marries *Lola*, whose human sympathy and wonderful magnetism had such power over the hearts of men, but whose breeding would bar her from what might be styled "London so-

ciety." *Simon* and *Lola* live happily in a social settlement in Lambeth. And even if social life is still a mighty factor in the motherland, and even if it be thought that *Simon de Gex* ought to have married other than an animal trainer to strive again for parliamentary honour, it perhaps should be admitted that under the circumstances his actions were somewhat justifiable and that ultimately he became annexed to work for which he was aptly suited. A curious humour pervades the story. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

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THE West is such an evolving, busy, money-making part of Canada that few people stop to realise what a mine it is for literary workmen with powers of observation of first quality. It is with all the greater pleasure therefore, that we welcome such a book as "*Janey Canuck in the West.*" by Emily Ferguson. The author, whose real name we believe is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, is already known as a writer of Western sketches. The present volume will greatly enhance her reputation, for it is redolent of the soil, and of the activities and difficulties which are characteristic of pioneer life. The author narrates a series of experiences covering a journey from Toronto and a residence of two years in a northern Manitoba village before settling in Edmonton. Her manner of writing recalls something of the charm of "*Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*"

and the frank love of all outdoors which marked that fascinating book. Instead of the cultivated forests and gardens of Germany, however, we have the prairie carpeted with "black-eyed Susans," the slough alive with wild ducks, the winter forest trails a mass of glistening snow; instead of humming Continental village life, we have glimpses of lumber camps, of lonely settlers and of servant girl problems that the old world would not dream of.

Mrs. Murphy has a terse, epigrammatic style, which makes her frequent use of quotations unnecessary and a little monotonous, but on the whole she has produced an eminently readable book. Her intimate knowledge of western conditions enables her frequently to hit off a situation neatly, as, for instance, when she says, "Lying is not one of the Westerner's failures; it is his success," or when she says, "There are not sufficient village girls to go around. The unequal distribution of trousers and skirts in Canada makes countless thousands mourn." (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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"PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT," by Baroness Orczy, is a bright story, attractively written, but without any claim to importance. It is built too closely upon the lines of the earlier and more successful "Scarlet Pimpernel." It may be suggested also that it requires more than a lavish use of impressive titles and long-past silks and satins to reconstruct the atmosphere of the court of King Louis and La Pompadour. One of the best things in the book is the brief sketch of the romantic and unfortunate Charles Edward, "the Chevalier Saint George." He appears for a few pages only, as "a young man with fair curly hair worn free from powder, and eyes restless and blue," making the eternal appeal of the uncrowned king. As for the hero, *Lord Eglinton*, he is almost too amiable to be convincing. And the fair

Lydia is a most unpleasant young person. In conclusion, one may ask whether there is no other period of time, no history save that of France, to which the novelists might turn their attention? One grows a little tired of the days before the "deluge" in that fair land. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

IT will be to such books as "John Sanderson the First," by his daughter, Camilla Sanderson, that the future historian of early life in Ontario will be greatly indebted. Miss Sanderson's work in itself is not a piece of literature; it is a chatty, fireside sort of family narrative with intimate facts and poems by the author which would have no place in a piece of impersonal writing. That fact aside, however, it is a mine of detail and colour of the life of a Methodist minister in the thirties and onwards of last century. John Sanderson was Irish by birth and with his highly-strung English wife and brood of little ones he laboured now here, now there, always with scant means and with constant mental anxiety, but ever with a cheerful heart and fun-loving spirit which drove away many a carking care.

The Methodist rule for frequent change of station by ministers was to the family a hardship, but to John Sanderson it was not. He regarded the Stationing Committee, who allotted the spheres of work for the ministers from year to year, as a sort of sub-Providence. His wife was expected to take a leading part in church work, but she was possessed of the good old English principle that a woman's first duty is to her family.

Miss Sanderson relates many incidents of life in the Peterborough district during the long sojourn of the family at different points in the Midland counties. Her book is so filled with human interest that it possesses much of the charm of a well-written novel, having in addition the fact that it is a true record and treasure-house



THE LATE JOHN A. EWAN

Associate Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, one of the best known and most respected of Canadian journalists, who died on July 28. Mr. Ewan conducted for several years the department of "Current Events Abroad" in *The Canadian Magazine*.

of historical material. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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THE charm of "The Book of a Bachelor," by Duncan Schwann, lies largely in the fact that it is exactly what its title indicates. We have had books by maidens and old maids and young wives and old wives; we have books of love letters galore, but a book telling something of the really life of a bachelor is something a little newer. One rather hopes, however, that all bachelors are not quite as *Gerald Hanbury* if they are, one is converted at once to the saying which one hitherto doubted, namely, that any girl is too good for any man; for of all egotistical, conceited, heartless creatures *Gerald Hanbury* is easily first! The young girl who reads the book will shut it with a thoughtful face and ten to one will become

a militant suffragette shortly afterwards. "Can it be possible," she will say, "that man really thinks as well of himself as all that? If so, I shall immediately proceed to disillusion him." One feels quite sure that if *Audrey Maitland*, the lady of *Gerald Hanbury's* choice, had any idea of his state of mind there would have been no wedding at the end of the book, and one feels sorry that *Cynthia*, the actress whom he permits to amuse him, never knows how worthless is the man who deserts her. Not that the book is intended to present him as worthless—bless you, no—the book represents him as a model of the frank and manly, at times almost too bright and good—but we refuse to be blinded by a prejudiced autobiographer. *Gerald Hanbury*, bachelor, is a cad, and we know him for what he is. Too bad that *Audrey* and *Cynthia* didn't! (London: William Heinemann).

*

IT is matter for regret that a publishing house of the standing of A. and C. Black should have sent out a book so carelessly written as "Canada: The Land of Hope," by E. Way Elkington. It is in many places superficial, abounds in hasty impressions and wrong inferences and would have been much improved by a careful revision by one well-informed on Canadian subjects. The author seems to have been angered by the prejudice existing in some quarters against Englishmen—a prejudice which he greatly exaggerates—hence his spleen against a country of which he should know more before writing a book upon it. (London: A. and C. Black).

*

ONE would have thought the Gladstone literature had been about all written. Instead, however, we find a new work of considerable magnitude entitled "Letters on Church and Religion," by William Ewart

Gladstone, edited by D. C. Lathbury. These two volumes show how near church matters lay to the heart of the great statesman during the sixty years of his active career. Mr. Gladstone was an avowed High Churchman and in early life a stout defender of the rights and privileges of the Church of England, yet later on he came to be regarded as the Parliamentary champion of Non-conformity and the prime mover in the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Whether Mr. Gladstone was a profound theologian may be open to doubt, but that he had an abiding interest in religion and the welfare of the church is beyond question. (London: John Murray).

*

NOTES

—"The Intrusion of Jimmy," by P. G. Wodehouse, is a fine detective story, in which a wealthy young man about town attempts, on a bet, to break into a house and escape undetected. Of course, the girl he loved but whose home he did not know, is the scene of his exploit. Hence many interesting situations. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

—"The O'Flynn" is the title of Justin Huntley McCarthy's latest historical romance. It deals with events in Ireland at the time of the coming of William of Orange and the last flickering days of the Stuarts. O'Flynn had been a soldier of fortune on the Continent for twenty years, and when he returned he found adventure, and a lady to love. The story is humanly interesting and has a tasty flavour of history and romance about it. (New York: Harper and Brothers).

—Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses" has been warmly praised in England. The London Spectator declares it to be "for the most part uproariously funny, and fairly entitles Mr. Leacock to be considered not only a humorist but a benefactor."

—"Troublous Times in Canada: A History of the Fenian Raids of 1866



MR. THEODORE ROBERTS

Author of "A Cavalier of Virginia," recently published by L. C. Page and Company, Boston

and 1870," is an historical work of some interest by Captain John A. Macdonald. The book is an inspiration to young Canadians from the picture it gives of the loyal response by the people of this country during days of unrest and danger. (Toronto: W. S. Johnston and Company).

—"The Wild Olive," by Basil King, is one of the best-selling novels in the United States. Canadian writers are not very numerous, but they have a high percentage of quality and success.

—Professor Hugo Munsterberg has written a new book called "American Problems: From the Point of View of a Psychologist." The outspoken professor finds fault with the prohibition movement as being psychologically wrong, blames the women for reckless expenditure on dress and pokes fun at the people for their fear of "nerves." The professor is ever interesting but not always convincing. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).



CHARITY AND PRUDENCE

The contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square, when he came upon a drinking-fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible: "And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard: "Please do not waste the water."—*Youth's Companion*.

*

THE WAY TO GO

"He was driven to his grave!"

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk there?"—*Pittsburg Observer*.



LADY: "Do you keep stationery?"

FLOORWALKER: No, madam, we continually walk about.

—*Life*

PUZZLING

Low—"I went to the phrenologist's last week."

Sue—"Oh, what did he tell you?"

Low—"Well, I can't understand. He coughed a little and then gave me back my money."—*Catholic News*.

*

INTENSIVE STEERING

A raw Irishman shipped as one of the crew on a revenue cruiser. His turn at the wheel came around, and after a somewhat eccentric session in the pilot-house he found himself the butt of no little humour below.

"Begorrah," he growled at last, "and ye needn't talk. I bet I done more steerin' in tin minutes 'n ye done in yer howl watch."—*Success*.

*

ELOPING UP TO DATE

The coatless man puts a careless arm 'Round the waist of the hatless girl, While over the dustless, mudless roads

In a horseless wagon they whirl. Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,

By smokeless powder driven, They fly to taste the speechless joys By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse Affords to them the means

Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod, With a dish of stringless beans.

He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe, And laughs a mirthless laugh

When papa tries to coax her back

By wireless telegraph.

—*Motor Record*



BOBBY (feudal baron): "Minion, who comes hither?"

BETTY (enthusiastic vassal): "Methinks, my lord, 'tis thy sworn foe."

PEGGY (younger ditto ditto): "My lord, me knows it is!"

—Punch—

QUITE DIFFERENT

Mrs. Subbubs (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—"Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan."

Lannigan—"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."
—*Catholic News*.

*

A HIT

Kirke La Shelle met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—*Success*.

BEEF AND—

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So in the happy days of yore
They licked the platter clean.

But now for neither fat nor lean
Can poor Jack find the means;
They neither eat a bit of meat
But both go in for beans.

Brooklyn Life.

*

THE CAT CAME BACK

Friend—"What became of that drawing of yours entitled, 'The Cat?'"

Artist—"It came back."—*Chicago News*.

*

HEREDITARY POWER

Hoax—"Poor old Henpeckke has to mind the baby."

Joax—"Yes, it's wonderful how that baby takes after its mother."—*Philadelphia Record*.



THE GOLDEN MIEN

—Life

REFORMED TOO SOON

An eminent speaker at the Congregationalist meeting in the First Congregational Church, East Orange, was telling the other day of a Westerner's opinion of the East.

"This man," said the speaker, "was a prominent churchman and had occasion to visit New York, where he remained for a few days. In writing of his experiences to his wife in the West he had this to say: 'New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted.'"
—*Newark Star*.

*

REASSURING

She—"Somebody has told me that you already have a wife—a blonde."

He—"I assure you, dear girl, you are the first blonde I ever loved."
—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

HER FAVOURITE SCHOOL

First Fair Invalid—"Which kind of doctor do you prefer — the allopathic or the homeopathic?"

Second Fair Invalid—"I prefer the sympathetic."
—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

WELL SUPPLIED

Benevolent Lady (to show-girl)—
"And, my dear girl, have you no home?"

Show Girl—"Yes, indeed. My father and mother have both married again and I am welcome at either place."
—*Life*.

*

GROWING OLD TOGETHER

Irate Creditor—"I shall call every week until you pay this account!"

Debtor — "Really. Then there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship."
—*London Opinion*.

*

A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE

By mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him: "Are you an alumnus?"

"No," said the farmer earnestly; "but I believe in it."
—*Lippincott's*.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

Illustration for "The Idol"

"THEN YOU BOTH FOOLED ME FROM THE FIRST"

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A VIEW OF CALGARY, FROM THE HEIGHTS ACROSS THE BOW

CALGARY: A STUDY IN OPTIMISM

BY JANE PRATT

CALGARY, the largest place between Winnipeg and Vancouver, has at present something like forty thousand inhabitants, but it is going to be a great city. Everybody tells you so, and a little study of the conditions convinces you that it can hardly escape its destiny.

Meanwhile it is a town of surprises, a fascinating combination of the old

and the new. The four Hudson's Bay stores fill up a good space on the main street, their windows displaying groceries, and dry goods, and furs; "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, incorporated 1670," reads the label on the can of spice we buy along with the flour and the butter, and while we are giving our orders to the

young man behind the counter, farther down an Indian and his squaw from the Reserve, picturesque in moccasins and blankets, ever faithful to their old friends, are laying in supplies. But as we step out we see a man in his riding costume who might be just from London, and a prosperous American couple enjoying a motor car. The Royal North West Mounted Police, sinewy and well set up, gorgeous in red coats and yellow-striped riding breeches, still scour the

Canadian Rockies, in the teeming new wheat lands of Southern Alberta. It is in the Bow River Valley, and at this point the curving and twisting Elbow joins the larger stream. Both streams come crystal clear from the mountain glaciers — Calgary is Gaelic for "Clear running water" — and the curves of the Elbow make charming spots for residences and parks. The central part of the city is on a level plateau. Around this, beyond the Bow to the north, and creeping to



FISHING IN THE BOW RIVER, NEAR CALGARY

surrounding country, while their Superintendent holds court and dispenses equal justice at the Barracks; but the city government is putting in practice the newest ideas in municipal management; great modern schools shelter the children, who come so fast they have to hustle with the building, and the morning paper preaches the rights of the people and cheaper coal with fine present-day fervour.

Geographically, Calgary is perfectly situated, among the foothills of the

the western mountains, rise bluffs and rolling hills, from the tops of which, reached almost as easily as the bird flies, the jagged white Rockies, sixty miles away, stand out very clearly. The elevation of Calgary is not far from thirty-five thousand feet above sea level, the air is of the driest, of a quality like wine, and though the winters are long, and the thermometer often goes low, there is none of the slushy snow and dampness which mar the season in many climates. The



A FEW CALGARY RESIDENCES



EIGHTH AVENUE, CALGARY

snow is a dry powder and the fall is light. The delicious humps of the low, brown hills look as if they had been sprinkled with the whitest of confectioner's sugar for a holiday; walking on the dry, black earth of the waggon trails, or over the fine, wiry grass of the prairies, is as easy as walking on the good smooth pavements which the city is pushing out as fast as it can to the newer streets. Little dampness and almost continuous sunshine—and for a change the chinook wind.

Surely the most interesting things in Calgary are the people. They are so vigorous, so hopeful, so proud of their city, so joyfully bent on making their fortunes. "You know," says the real estate man, "this is a very fine place," and he can not reconcile it with his conscience to rent us a house when he can so easily arrange for us to buy one which will at once, like an automatic toy well wound, proceed to go up on our hands. The woman at the little shop around the corner wants to know why the small



THE KIND OF THING THAT FIRST MADE CALGARY PROSPEROUS

This wind starts heavy with wetness from the warm Pacific, leaves its moisture on the top of the Rockies, and arrives in Alberta dry and warm. It often devours every vestige of snow in a night, and it gives us many days of charming mildness. "How do you do, Mr. Chinook?" shout the children as it bangs open the front door, and they escape without their coats for a wild race of jubilation.

boy is not going to school, and when he explains that he is moving, pounds the question, In or out? The answer being satisfactory, she hands out the accepted formula with the yeast cake, "Calgary is a very fine place." The handsome cow-boy from Arizona, turned milkman and head of a family, assumes a cynical and critical attitude, and even speaks slightly of the chinook, but we can not help feeling that this airy de-



A NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN

tachment from the prevailing point of view is more or less of a pose, allowable in one who must occasionally yearn for a bucking broncho. The shrivelled mason's assistant from Lancashire who helps plaster up the somewhat too much ventilated cellar says he should have been in his grave if he had stayed at home, and that this is the country for a working man; the laundry man is equally laudatory, but he does not like the coal. And the vigour and enterprise! Our little

postman, with his red collar and high peaked hat, is gone like a squirrel; the dignified delivery man from the dry goods store, encased in his big fur overcoat, says "Thank you," and fades away; the young fellow who comes to read the electric meter—a city employee, mind you!—gets time for "A pleasant day," somehow as he runs up and down stairs like a flash of his own lightning. Most surprising of all, the plumbers who come to put in the great bath tub have all



A VIEW OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY IRRIGATION WORKS, NEAR CALGARY



THE BOW VALLEY, FROM SPRUCE CLIFFS

their tools with them and work like beavers. Everybody is buying land. The pretty young French-Canadian woman who makes our clothes as white as Alberta snow has a husband with steady work, but she goes out washing because she is buying a lot in Sunny Alberta. The lady from Eastern Canada who asks us to dinner tells us marvellous tales of her investments, and she adds that she has just asked an outrageous price for the beautiful house in which she entertains us, not wishing to sell, but her offer was at once accepted, and she thinks she'll have to build again and move; the pleasant-voiced English girl, just over, who comes to sew, has a brother who is a homesteader and who owns irrigated land, and a lot near the railroad station which he bought for almost nothing, and which is worth now—but I was never good at figures.

But buying land is not the only amusement. A shop-keeper out of string ties explained that they had

been eaten up by the dances the young people had had. Skating, hockey and curling are very popular.

But to an ordinary person, accustomed to the usual round of life in the East, everyday living here seems to have something of the quality of sport. The sunshine and the broad reach of sky put one in the best of spirits. The carpenters at work on the new houses all around, regardless of the cold, beat a cheerful tattoo. There is the whistle and wheeze of a steam engine, and rushing to the window, we see it puffing up the hill with a steam plough and outfit. Another day a house rolls by with the farm waggons fastened on behind. Down the black trail dashes a cowboy with his lasso over his saddle, or a herd of broad-backed cattle, with a man on horseback on each side, crowd past.

I would not have you think this is an earthly paradise. It is rather a new, life-giving country which calls out strength and ambition. Some call

the climate changeable, and prefer a steady cold like that of Winnipeg. For some the air, the sunrises and sunsets, the continuous sunshine, do not make up for the scarcity of trees and gardens. This is really a serious lack, but there is an enthusiastic horticultural society which is doing what it can to stir up an interest in lawns and flowers, and to teach how they may be successfully looked after in this semi-arid region, where, just in Calgary, the many stones indicate the bottom of an old lake. But if Calgary cares for it there is no reason why it should not have as beautiful trees as Colorado Springs, which is in an equally dry situation.

At present the Canadian Pacific is the town's only railroad, with a branch running north to Edmonton and south to Macleod; it made the place and is still its most valuable asset. But three more lines are coming, branches from the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern, and Great Northern Railways are promised. Looking forward to these abundant transportation facilities, Calgary wants more manufactures, and its Hundred Thousand Club points out to the public its cheap steam, gas, and electric power, and that natural gas has been discovered, of an estimated production of from five hundred thousand to a million cubic feet a day. The price of coal is now not lower than in the East, but with more railroads, and the development of the mines in the region, it will doubtless become much cheaper.

But Calgary has a unique reason for a steady and healthful growth in the near future. The Canadian Pacific's great irrigation plant has its headquarters here. The city is the front door, so to speak, of this strip as large as the State of Connecticut, bordering the Bow River from Calgary to Medicine Hat, and traversed to the north and east by the Rosebud and the Red Deer. The development of this three-million-acre irrigation block is the greatest scheme of the

sort on the continent, and it is entered into by the Canadian Pacific with a broad and definite purpose. They have the land, acquired by them from the Canadian Government. They propose to make it the home of the most closely settled and prosperous mixed farming, stock raising, and dairying community in Western Canada. The road pushed its shining rails through a pathless and silent land; it is now turning its attention to making a thickly settled and prosperous country to furnish it more abundant traffic. Southern Alberta has soil and sunshine of the finest, but not much water; this the Canadian Pacific is furnishing through canals from the Bow River. "C.P.R. Irrigation Lands" reads the great sign on top of the dignified stone building near the railroad station, and the day we arrived there were five automobiles in front of it. The land is sold for from eighteen to thirty dollars an acre, and, because of the fertility of the unused soil, the net returns to the acre are said to be something like double those on old farms. The payments required are one-tenth cash, balance in nine annual instalments. Or the crop payment plan may be adopted. The average farm is one hundred and sixty acres. There is a yearly charge for the water of fifty cents an acre, and, strangely enough, it is said to be the settlers from the old country, hugging their new found freedom, who are most apt to object to this touch of landlordism, often trying to make some arrangement by which they can buy their artificial rainfall with their land. Winter wheat, Alberta Red, is the great cry of Western Canada now, and the cheerful blue-covered circulars of the Canadian Pacific Railway Colonisation Department display a golden border of golden grain, but there is no doubt that on the heel of the wheat will follow more diversified farming, and market gardening. Meat is cheap in Calgary, but garden produce and small fruits are high, and the increas-

ing demands of an increasing population must be profitably answered by the fertile farming country so near to the city.

Another reason why Calgary's future is bright is that it has started right in its municipal government. Municipal ownership is well under way here, and so far it has worked admirably. The city has had its own electric light plant for about five years, and has made an average of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from it in that time, the charge for light being eleven cents a kilowatt. In May, 1909, the city started to build an electric road, and by July fifth of the same year four or five miles were in operation. By October first twelve cars covered over sixteen miles. This autumn of 1910 sees the lines extending. It is too early to make a complete report on this experiment, and for some time new cars and extensions of the line will make use of the profits, but so far everything is going satisfactorily.

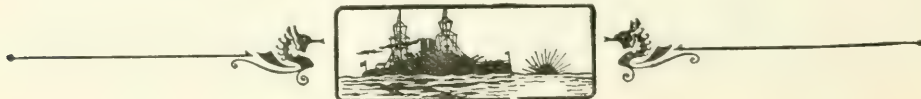
They are to have a new charter, but it will be on the same lines as the old; there is practically a commission form of government now, the mayor and two commissioners having control of affairs with little interference from the aldermen and council. More than that, the city now has a Superintendent of Parks, who knows a trick or two for getting appropriations from the rate-payers.

In looking for the causes of this successful experiment in municipal ownership we have to consider that only property owners and persons of a certain income vote here. Municipal matters are in charge of the property owners of the city. Men and women vote, and an unnaturalised American who lives here and owns property has a ballot in city affairs. In addition to this we have the English tradition of good government and

the Scotch thrift and business ability to take into account. The annual reports of the city of Calgary say loudly that the city government is a success here because the men who manage it and the voters who stand back of them mean that it shall be. They are refreshing documents, with nearly every department showing a balance of appropriation unexpended.

Of course, where the population is outgrowing the accommodations so fast rents are high and houses are hard to get. But they are being put up as fast as possible. We found, one day last winter a family—father, mother, and three children—living in a tent, with the thermometer twenty below, and a good-sized house near at hand, half finished. Another day, during another walk in the outskirts, we noticed a cheerful puff of smoke coming from the tile pipe which issued from the flat covering of a substantial looking basement, where some family were making themselves comfortable.

The English find the privations of pioneering harder to bear than the Western Americans, who are coming into these new provinces in great numbers. Americans are prominent in business affairs here, and are taking advantage in large numbers of the Canadian Pacific's irrigated land offers. Among the Canadians there is the most cordial feeling towards their brothers from over the line, increased by the fact that the money which they bring with them adds so greatly to the country's prosperity. We hear constantly that they are good settlers. The truth of the matter is that Western Canadians and Western Americans are only different enough to be mutually interesting and mutually helpful. It is certain that they are working together valiantly to make the last great nation. Canada's hour has struck.



IS THE OLD ROMAN RACE STILL DOMINANT?

BY STUART JENKINS

THE science of anthropology has been largely forced to become the science of craniology, because in dealing with the prehistoric races nothing but the bones are left. The skull in any event is an obvious part of the anatomy which lends itself, by certain basic variations, to an easy system of classification. But this classification is less valuable than at first sight appears. No one who has studied the splendid collections in London and Paris can have failed to be impressed with the fact that there are specific types which may occur in any one of a dozen races; and he must be an expert indeed who can determine at sight the particular human family whence any given skull may have been derived. But if those skulls were clothed with the flesh which in life encased the bony covering of the brain, few would err in guessing at the proper affiliations of the individual presented. The belief in this fact and its significance was brought to a curious focus in the mind of the writer a few years ago when passing through the entrance to the British Museum, on either side of which stand the Roman busts. Looking at these, I was strongly impressed not only with an indefinable community of type underlying the undoubted diversity of feature, but even more with the marked resemblance which they exhibit to certain common types of English faces.

Leaving the Museum with this im-

pression still fresh, I commenced to study the features and skulls of the people on the streets, and this course I pursued for the five months of my stay, during which I was brought in contact with all classes of Englishmen, both in London and other parts of the island. With every day the conviction grew and strengthened that here and in the offshoot nations, if anywhere, were to be found the true survivors of the old Roman stock, still dominant and triumphant, a world-compelling force, as they have a right to be by virtue of their descent. The keen, sensitive face of Cicero, the equally keen but more deliberate face of Julius Cæsar, even Agrippa, of a heavier but most powerful type—all, and many more, are to be seen every day amongst the various ranks of English life, not in ones and twos, but in hundreds. And I can assert from personal observation that, excluding members of our own race, the same types are not to be found on the streets of Paris or Marseilles, Naples or Rome. You find them in New York, and they are even more common in Toronto, which contains more native born Englishmen than most other North American cities; but in the Province of Quebec, amongst the French population, they are absolutely wanting; nor do the foreign immigrant races in America afford any examples. Even the most casual observer can distinguish them from those of so-called Anglo-Saxon de-

acent. The foregoing may seem fanciful, but I purpose to show in this article that history and common sense both seem to point in the same direction.

No one who has studied anthropology can fail to agree with Broca's belief in the permanence of type; but type in mankind includes many more elements than the shape of the skull, or colour, hair and stature; and I cannot see why man should be excluded from the operation of the laws which govern the other animals. The most available as well as the most authentic instances of the law of transmission are to be found in the breeding of race-horses, and no breeder has to be told of the value of a strong and dominating sire, nor would doubt his effect on his descendants. This fact is so well recognised that there is no need to enlarge upon it. And the transmitted qualities are mental as well as physical, the former in a race-horse being a pre-eminent necessity. It will be claimed that this is a case of artificial selection. I admit it; but, given the selection, the result is certain.

Turning now to history, let us see what can reasonably be deduced from that source. It will be necessary in taking up the inquiry to revert briefly to the condition of England before the landing of Julius Cæsar. We do not find Britain positively spoken of in any written work before the time of that cheerful old globe trotter Herodotus, the easy familiarity of whose style is so absolutely modern as to be startling. He flourished about 445 B.C., and simply mentions the "Cassiterides" as the source of tin. Aristotle, who lived a hundred years later, mentions the British Isles by name as Albion and Ierne. Polybius, 160 B.C., also names them and their produce of tin; but nothing more is historically heard or known of them until the time of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 56. Strabo, who flourished sixteen years later than this, quotes Pytheas of Marseilles (*circa* 330 B.C.), whose

work is unfortunately lost, as stating that he had traversed Britain wherever it was accessible. He tells us that in some parts at least the inhabitants were far from being mere savages. They grew wheat, barley and millet amongst other crops, and also "roots," fruit trees and other vegetables. He also notes that they threshed in barns, not on open floors. Cæsar's account of Britain, as it has survived, is full of contradictions, and has given rise to much misapprehension. It has, apparently, suffered in transcription. At any rate, the generally received opinion that the Britons were a barbarous race, going half naked and staining their bodies blue, is not justified by such information as can be gathered both from Cæsar himself and other sources.

Leaving aside the question of who were the progenitors of the Britons of Cæsar's time, which does not come into this discussion, it seems certain that the southern tribes of the island at least were cognate with those inhabiting the other side of the English Channel; that each understood the language of the other; and that there was a considerable trade between the two countries. Britain certainly exported wheat to Gaul, and some of the British chieftains (Divitiacus, for instance, in Cæsar's time) seem to have possessed territory in both countries. There are evidences too that the export trade was of greater extent than is generally taught in the accepted histories. According to Pliny, lead was exported, and in such abundance was it found that a law was passed limiting the production. Strabo (Lib. IV.), who wrote thirty years before the Christian era, names various articles of import and export and the duties levied upon them, showing that modern protectionists are no pioneers in the field of restriction. There are also evidences to show that the Britons were coining money at least 150 B.C., and the coins are Greek, not Roman, in character.

Pliny (Lib. IV.) speaks of the way

in which the Britons manured their land, another mark of progress. But perhaps the most interesting thing that Pliny mentions (*Lib. XVIII, c. 30*) is the reaping machine. He says: "Of reaping there are various methods. In the broad level fields of the Gauls enormous machines with teeth set in a row, placed upon two wheels, are driven through the standing grain, a horse being attached to the machine backward; the corn thus cut off, falls into the furrow (or barrow). It is hardly conceivable that even the most imaginative historian could have spun this story out of his own brain; we can only conclude that the report is based on a foundation of fact.

No notice of the early Britons would be complete without some reference to the Druids, at that time the priests, law-givers and scientists of Western Europe. This curious sept, of whom we know far too little, since none of their records have come down to us, seem to have been the dominating influence in the polity of the tribes inhabiting the country between the Mediterranean and the Baltic, and from the Rhine to the Atlantic. The Island of Mona, in Britain was the headquarters of the order, and according to Cæsar (*Lib. VI, c. 13-20*), vast numbers of the youth of the continent resorted to Britain for the purposes of instruction. What that instruction was we can only gather in fragments, but enough has survived in various authors to lead us to believe that the Druids were no barbarous "Medicine men," depending on spurious magic for their influence over the people; but rather students and philosophers who had penetrated into the secrets of nature as far as any of their contemporaries, and perhaps farther. Diogenes Laërtius assures us in his prologue that the Druids occupied the same position amongst the ancient Britons as the Sophoi or philosophers among the Greeks, the Magi among the Persians, the Gymnosophists among the Indians, and the Chaldeans among the Assyrians. In

their religious ceremonies they always wore a white surplice, a custom which is perpetuated in the English church to-day; that, however, is a mere interesting detail. That the Druids possessed the art of writing is clearly intimated by Cæsar, who, in speaking of the Druids of Gaul, says that "in almost all other public transactions and private accounts or computations they make use of the Greek letters." It seems also certain that they had a knowledge of geometry. One thing attributed to them by Diodorus Siculus has given rise to much speculation. He quotes a remarkable passage from Hecateus, in which it is stated that the Druids had some kind of instruments by which they could draw distant objects nearer, and make them appear larger and plainer; and by which they could discover even seas, mountains and valleys in the moon. We have it on the authority of Aristophanes that the burning glass (not the reflecting mirrors of Archimedes) was in use among the Greeks in the days of Socrates, 430 B.C. From the lens of the burning glass to the lens of the telescope is not such a far step that we need place it beyond the reach of minds as acute as those of the Druids. The fact that the Phœnicians were the discoverers of glass, and that according to Homer they were trading to Britain for tin at the time of the Trojan war, suggests at least the idea that the Druids may have got the knowledge of the lens from the Phœnicians and put it to the use stated. Be that as it may, there is enough to show that the Druids and the people whom they governed were a long way from being barbarians (in the modern sense of the term), and that no race of the time was better fitted to receive and perpetuate the physical and mental qualities of the Romans.

In dealing with the Roman occupation of Britain we are far better supplied with authentic records, and an analysis of these records is all in favour of the contention of this article. It

may be pointed out that it was not the habit of the Romans to wage wars of extermination. The various countries which were brought under the Roman sway received infinitely greater benefits, from the improved laws, stable government and advanced civilisation conferred upon them, than losses occasioned by the temporary injuries of conquest. To this rule Britain formed no exception; indeed, it seems to have derived greater advantages, and enjoyed, from its insular position, more stability than any other part of the empire, not excepting Rome itself.

Cæsar's first landing in Britain was abortive. The second expedition was more serious and was composed of 800 vessels having on board five legions (30,000 foot) and 2,000 auxiliary horse. The net result of the expedition was the exaction of tribute and a promise from the Britons not to molest those of their countrymen *who had abetted the Romans*. The last is important as showing that there was a part of the population who fraternised with the invaders. Cæsar describes the population as "*infinita multitudo*." It is estimated to have been at least 3,000,000. For one hundred years after Cæsar no military operations were undertaken in Britain; Augustus and Tiberius exacted tribute, and Caligula landed in one of his crazy fits and made himself the laughing stock of the whole empire. But in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 51, commenced the first serious occupation of the island when Aulus Plautius and Vespasian landed with an army of 50,000 men. (Note the number!). It took seven years, thirty battles, and large reinforcements from Rome to enable these generals to subdue the country southward of the Thames, and when the task was accomplished it left the Romans masters not of a barren and depopulated country, but of one of the garden spots of the earth and of a numerous population (with women predominating) who accepting the inevitable,

took the invaders to their arms, not only in metaphor but in fact. The race which founded a nation by the rape of the Sabine women did not we may be sure neglect its opportunities. Never again did this part of Britain rise against the Romans and the fusion of the races must have been complete. Any other conclusion is impossible. The conditions amounted to a forced (or artificial) selection. As an indication of the rapidity with which stability was established it may be pointed out that Salinus writing thirty years later mentions the hot Springs of Bath, and the magnificence with which the baths at that place had already been decorated for the use of bathers. Whether the temple of Apollo which stood on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral in London was a product of the same age it is impossible to say, but that it did stand there seems to be beyond question.

Passing over the outbreak under Boadicea which is chiefly remarkable for its bloody ferocity and vindictive slaughter we come to Agricola the real founder of Roman Britain. The character of this noble Roman as it has been handed down to us by his son-in-law Tacitus is one calculated to excite the profoundest admiration. As Conybeare (who appears to be no lover of the Roman) justly observes; "He seems to have been a very choice example of Roman virtue and ability He saw that Britons would never unfeignedly submit so long as they were treated as slaves; and he set himself to remedy the grievances under which the provincials had so long suffered. Military license, therefore, and civil corruption alike, he put down with a resolute hand. Under his influence Roman forums, dwelling houses, baths and porticoes rose all over the land; and, above all, Roman schools where the youth of the upper classes learnt with pride to adopt the tongue and dress of their conquerors. It is appropriate that the only inscription relating to him as yet found in Britain should be on two of the

lead water pipes (discovered in 1899 and 1902) which supplied his new Roman City of Chester."

From the time of Agricola dates a period of peace and prosperity unparalleled in the history of Britain. How widespread the prosperity was and how populous the country, is being increasingly demonstrated every year by the systematic use of the spade. In the Cam valley Roman remains have been turned up in incredible quantities, the coins representing every reign from Augustus to Valentinian III., while at Silchester the foundations of an entire town have been uncovered, laid out in rectangular blocks like an American city. These towns were unfortified and their remains exhibit no weapons. For centuries the *Pax Romana* (which might better be called the *Pax Britannica*) ruled in Britain, and but one result seems possible; by the beginning of the fifth century the people had become, not only in name, but in speech and race *Roman*. Let him who doubts travel through the Province of Quebec and look for the original inhabitants. Had the Indians been white all trace of them would have long since vanished. As it is the few survivors are no longer pure blooded and they speak the language and have adopted the customs of their conquerors.

It is not my purpose to attempt a history of the Roman empire, the materials of which are within easy reach of those who wish to study them. I would however utter a word of caution in regard to the bias of the various authors who have handled the subject. From their point of view, which is the Christian point of view, the Romans were *heathens* before the time of Constantine, and virtue was not in them. This attitude is flagrant in the early writers of the church, and its spirit has descended even to modern times. The moral reflections of Marcus Aurelius, which are exceptional only in the matter of their survival, might have taught them that

morality is as much an attribute of the human mind as any other form of ratiocination, and that a heathen may still be a good man. It is to the Christian point of view, embittered by the early persecutions (repeated later with incredible barbarity by the Christians themselves) that we may attribute the generally accepted opinion as to the sensuality, vice and corruption of the Roman world; but there is nothing in the facts as we know them to justify the conclusion. That there was vice in the City of Rome, as in all large cities before and since, is true. That there was prodigality and ostentation and debauchery amongst the *nouveaux riches*, who sprung up like mushrooms in that time of abounding wealth, is equally true. But I am inclined to believe that the historian of A.D. 4,000, who tries to construct a history of the present day from the fragments of the New York papers, will draw a far more lurid picture of the degeneracy of the 20th century than any contained in current Roman histories; and if he should happen to come across an address by some popular revivalist or temperance orator, or even some recent presidential utterances, his readers will feel that they have indeed emerged from the dark ages.

The truth is that then, as now, there were honourable men, modest and virtuous women, and good citizens; and they were in the majority; but like good citizens of the present day they attended to their business, and being less spectacular than the vulgar rich attracted less attention and consequently left little impress on the records of their time. The character of Trimalchio, as portrayed by Petronius, is one that might be picked out in any large city to-day, but it would not be fair to take it as typical. The details in any case are probably exaggerated for the purpose of satire. It is well to remember in this connection that the population of Rome reached 1,000,000 or more.

It has been too much the habit to

attribute the civilisation of Europe and the amelioration of its social conditions to the introduction of Christianity, whereas the immediate effect was to plunge that continent into barbarism. Nothing seems more certain than that the disruption of the Empire was as much due to the plots and machinations of the churchmen as to the incursions of the Goths. The Romans in their best days were never a priest-ridden people. They were quietly religious according to their lights, but they were never hysterical about it. That form of superstition was reserved for the Celtic races, and to the Celtic elements in the church are to be attributed the vagaries, the cruelties, and the ignorance of the Middle Ages. If any learning survived it was because a certain number remained sufficiently heathen to be intelligent; and what they had to contend with is well exemplified by the experience of Galileo. The elevation of a Christian emperor to the imperial throne was the culmination of centuries of priestly intrigue and marked the beginning of the end. The City of Rome had long ere this lost its Roman character and became a congeries of foreign elements, mostly Celtic, as fickle and unstable as modern Paris; and when Constantine moved the capital to Byzantium, its fate was sealed. Italy, Spain and France were Celtic, the last continually torn and harried by the savage Goths from beyond the Rhine, a spoliation finally so complete that we find Julian in A.D. 353 sending to Britain for 800 ships loaded with grain to feed his army in Gaul; a striking proof of the prosperity of the island. Intrigue, insurrection, invasion, these spell the later history of continental Rome; only in Britain was the race left to develop in its purity under stable conditions. Yet historians would have us believe that the Roman occupation of Britain was a military despotism, holding in subjection a conquered population for the purpose of extortion, and that within ten years after

the withdrawal of the garrison the whole elaborate system fell to pieces with a grand crash; those of Roman blood fled the country; and the native population lapsed into a state of "obscure barbarism." The thing is incredible. The legions kept in England were there for protection not for subjugation, and we know that the time-expired soldiers were encouraged to settle in the province, and if they had married (as they surely had) their marriages were legalised. The fact, pointed to by Doctor Johnson in the preface to his dictionary, that the tongue of the early Britons has left no mark on our language, outside the names of localities, is sufficient proof that Latin had entirely supplanted it, and this complete eclipse of the native speech is a pretty good indication of race fusion. For centuries after the Romans left, Latin was the language of culture and diplomacy, handed down with colloquial variations in its unbroken purity. The clearness of Bede's style shows that it was the speech he was born to; and this is confirmed by the letter of Cuthbert, to his fellow reader Cuthwin, describing the death of Bede, in which he says; "And being learned in *our* poetry (i.e. Saxon) he said some things also in *our* tongue, for he said putting the same into English, etc." And again, "He translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words: 'But what are these among so many, etc.' into *our own* tongue for the benefit of the church." Surely the conclusion is obvious! It is not a little remarkable that the Saxon Chronicle (the other source of our knowledge of the Saxon period) gradually expires, with the Saxon language almost melted into modern English, in the year 1154. From this period almost to the Reformation, whatever knowledge we have of the affairs of England has been derived, originally, either from the idiomatic Latin of our own countrymen, or from the French chronicles of Froissart and others. This leads to another conclusion, i.e., that the Eng-

lish pronunciation of Latin is the nearest to the original speech, and that the English language to-day, in spite of its Saxon elements, more nearly represents the tongue of Rome than any of the continental dialects.

It remains now to try and determine exactly what happened at and after the incursion of the Saxons, a task of extreme difficulty owing to the want of materials. This much seems certain, that they were a gross and swinish race of barbarians, without grace of either body or mind, and indifferent alike to justice, mercy, and intellectual development. They contributed nothing to the country's advancement, and exhibited no indications of the power of self government. During their ascendancy, and until they were bred out, they kept the country in perpetual turmoil and bloodshed; and while they imposed a certain amount of their language on the people, the imposition was not as widespread or complete as has been generally supposed, and the words are almost entirely words of the household. In all that pertains to the higher life we still use our original Latin, which by the educated classes in Britain was never lost. What effect the Saxons had on the religion of the country may be judged from the licentious debauchery of the Saxon monasteries..

It is well to point out here a fact which is strongly insisted upon by Broca, viz: that the imposition on a conquered race of the language of the conquerors, does not necessarily imply the survival of the conquering race. In India an Aryan language has survived after all trace of the Aryan race which implanted it has disappeared. It is much more reasonable to believe that this is what occurred in Britain than that the teeming Roman population was exterminated to a man (the women certainly survived). Unfitted as they seem to have become to cope in arms with the barbarous invaders, they certainly had not lost the subtlety of

the Roman mind; and alliances, both political and domestic, must have been, and as a matter of fact were, frequent. The wealth of the country was great, and the British Roman must have been quick to appeal to the cupidity and self-interest of the invaders, who from their own tribal jealousies were a long way from being a unit, and must, from lack of numbers, have found it not only expedient but necessary to gather beneath their standards as many of the native population as possible.

In the investigation of the Saxon period two sources of information are left to us, Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. In regard to the former it can only be said that the "Venerable" Bede was a most venerable pervaricator (to put it mildly); and when he has a story of greater altitude than usual to tell, he is careful to preface it by the statement that he had it direct from "a man venerable on account of his piety, and of undoubted veracity." However interesting he may be to churchmen, to the ordinary investigator he is in the last degree disappointing. Born at Jarrow, there is nothing to show that he ever left it, and his materials were gathered from men as credulous as himself. Here and there little points crop up which seem promising, but he immediately lapses into the dispute over the celebration of Easter, which seems to have been a fruitful source of occupation and amusement for over three centuries. Tribes accept the teaching of the church or fall back into the worship of idols; in the one case enjoying prosperity, in the other suffering the wrath of the Almighty. The worship of idols so often spoken of must have been a return to the old Roman temples and mythology, since the Norse tribes had no graven images as far as we know; and it is quite evident from the record, faulty as it is, that for many centuries Christianity was far from general throughout the island. It seems to

have caught the Celtic tribes at once, and the monastic life had apparently a strong attraction for the lazy Saxons; but whatever race formed the bulk of the English population, they were a stiff-necked breed, and did not yield easily to priestly influence, a characteristic which they have retained to the present day, and which they shared with their Roman ancestors. The Romans tolerated no division of authority in the state. For this reason they broke up the headquarters of the Druids on the Island of Mona; and the persecution of the early Christians was directed not against a new religion, of which they were ever tolerant, but against the attempts of the priesthood to secure secular control. Kingsley's picture, as vivid as it is true, of Alexandria under Cyril, culminating with the hideous murder of Hpatia, is a fair presentment of the attitude the church assumed towards the state.

Bede makes one statement which is interesting. He says: "This island at present . . . contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts and Latins, each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scripture, become common to all the rest." The general use of Latin seems at least probable, whatever may be thought of the reason assigned for it. About the year 447, when the Picts were taking a rest from their evil courses, he says that "the island began to abound with such plenty of grain as had never been known in any age before; with plenty, luxury increased, and this was immediately attended with all sorts of crimes; in particular cruelty, hatred of the truth, and love of falsehood; insomuch that if any one among them happened to be milder than the rest, and inclined to truth, all the rest abhorred and persecuted him, as if he had been the enemy of his country. Nor were the laity only guilty of these things, but even our Lord's own flock, and His

pastors also, addicting themselves to drunkenness, animosity, litigiousness, contention, envy and other such like crimes." These, remember, were the Roman Britons, for the Saxons were not yet, and they seem to have been both wealthy and prosperous. Then a severe plague swept them, but without improving their morals. Whereupon, not long after, a more severe vengeance, for their horrid wickedness, fell upon their sinful nation. They consulted what was to be done, and where they should seek assistance to prevent or repel the frequent incursions of the northern nations; and they agreed with their King Vortigern to call over to their aid, from the parts beyond the sea, the Saxon nation; which, as the event more evidently showed, appears to have been done by the appointment of our Lord himself, that evil might fall upon them for their wicked deeds."

Evil did, beyond question, fall upon them, if we are to believe the account. Both in Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, from this time until the Norman Conquest and after, we have nothing but one long recital of murder, rapine and spoliation. If the ruin has been as widespread and thorough as the account might lead one to believe, England in less than a century would have been a howling wilderness without wealth enough to tempt the cupidity of a Chinaman. But it was not; because this sort of thing went on from generation to generation, yet wealth increased in the hands of both the church and the laity; and heavy subsidies were paid to the robbers, running all the way from £10,000 to £36,000. In spite of what was paid and what was stolen, there was always more behind to invite the next raid. Blackmore's description of the Doones would very well fit most of these raiders. They fought one another, and they ravaged the country when they felt like it, and the people, the real Britons, carried

on their regular business and thanked God if they got three crops out of five.

That the Saxons governed England in any real sense of the word, cannot be contended for a moment. They lived in the country and they exacted tribute, but there is nothing to show that they provided any government that was united, continuous or efficient. And when we come down to the time of Sweyn and the incursion of the Danes, we find a body of robbers marching through the country (spoken of in the chronicle as "The Army") looting at their own sweet will, while "the King and his witan" calmly sat at the seat of government, wherever that might be, and voted subsidies to the marauders after the mischief was done. We can sympathise with the old chronicler who, writing in A.D. 1010, says: "Then went they (the Danes) to their ships with their booty. And when they went to their ships, until they should land; but then the forces went home; and when they were eastward, then were the forces kept westward, and when they were southward then were our forces northward. Then were all the witan summoned to the King, and they were then to counsel how this land might be defended. But although something might be then counselled, it did not stand even one month, at last there was no chief who would assemble forces, but each fled as he best might; nor, at the last, would even one shire assist another." A noble picture truly of the much vaunted Anglo-Saxon race and their bravery! They were no good. That is the one possible conclusion; and the native race did not care which set of robbers was in the ascendant. In five hundred years this is what the Saxons had accomplished, and they are supposed to-day to be a world compelling force. It is incredible.

The Danes never governed England, nor for a hundred years did the Normans, who certainly never stamped on our speech its Latin characteristics. Whence then came the sturdy stock whose strength is vitally dominant in the English speaking race to-day. Emerging in the bowmen who held the hill at Cressy, reaching the exuberance of youth after the reformation under Elizabeth, attaining to the full stature of manhood under Cromwell, are we to derive this potent strain from the sluggish Saxons? Again I say, incredible!

Statesmen, orators and lawgivers; fighters, pioneers and nation builders, the Romans were the highest product of Aryan capacity, and it is not to be believed that they disappeared almost in a generation and left no trace behind. Hidden for a time they might be by the cloud of medieval superstition, but that they survived, somewhere, is as certain as that one race-horse will transmit his qualities to another. Not one characteristic of them is exhibited by Latin Europe, sunk in the depths of superstition, and in the case of France plunged still deeper in an equally neurotic atheism. In them is found no trace of the steadfast self-governing Roman. The German is still the Goth of Roman times, aloof and menacing. In Britain alone, well called the mother of nations since she is the daughter of so great a race, are found the characteristics of that mighty people whom no obstacle of nature or vagary of fate could hinder or subdue, and whose absolute sanity and unwavering purpose are the best guarantees we possess to-day of the ultimate developement of the human race. And surely it is an inspiring thought that we can join hands round the habitable world and raise the old triumphant shout—"Civites Romani Sumus!"

THE TROOPER'S CALL

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

HOW the thing started, I don't exactly remember, for my brain at that time was in a jumble with rapid and exciting events. It was in the first South African war, and confused memories of the sharp fighting we had at Laing's Nek and the horrible tragedy of Majuba Hill mingle into my recollection of the tale, as I was told it, by the serious faced trooper of South African Horse.

The eve of Majuba was a queer setting for a sea yarn, but when you hear the story you will find that the time was singularly appropriate. When I came to my senses in hospital afterwards, I really thought that it was the creation of a disordered brain. A smash on the head from a heavy rifle butt would send most men's minds rambling into incoherent fancies, but, in spite of that, I am sure that the yarn was true.

It was after we had trekked from Laing's Nek. A party of us were lying in our blankets, smoking and gossiping. Some of the sailors from the *Dido* had been talking about the *Flying Dutchman*—the strange phantom ship that is supposed to haunt the waters off the Cape of Good Hope. One or two of the men scouted the superstition as being improbable, but the serious-faced trooper claimed that it was quite true, and an argument started. After a great deal of talk on the subject between the crowd of us, the trooper, after listening to our remarks, said that he would tell us a story of this sea phantom, that would give us something to argue about. I can remember the star-strewn dark-

ness of the veldt night, and the attention-compelling monotone of the man's voice as he told the story.

"Boys," said he, after filling his pipe, "you may talk as you like about ghosts and phantoms, but there are a lot of queer things happen that no man can explain. In regard to this particular subject, I have good reason to know more about it, than any living man, for myself and twelve other men saw the *Flying Dutchman*, and even boarded her—"

"Aw, come off," cried a sailor. "Is this a joke you're springin' on us?"

The trooper gazed at the man with such a tense look, that the fellow actually shrank beneath the glance.

"Aye," continued he, "call it a joke if you like, but it was a bitter joke. One that cost the lives of many men. Coolan, Evers, Callahan, Dale, Monsen—all gone, all gone. Poor beggars." The intense bitterness of his voice impressed us all, tough and all as we were.

"'Twas this way, boys. There was a party of us aboard of Barney Coolan's steam yacht *Induna*, making the cruise around the coast from the Cape to Delagoa Bay. Coolan had made his pile at the diamond fields, up Kimberlay way, and was a pretty rough diamond himself — ignorant, uncouth, but with a heart as big as his body. Besides myself there was Tommy Evers, an American from New York, and Jim Callahan, who was shot two years later in the Matabele country. Perhaps some of you fellows remember the story of his murder by Viljoenson. Of the whole crowd of us

that sailed on that cruise, I am the only one alive to-day. However, I'll tell you the story from the beginning.

"We were lying at anchor in Mossel Bay, and at dinner one night Coolan got full-up with champagne. The talk had swung to this very subject, and in the midst of the argument, Coolan made a bet with the Resident and the harbourmaster, who were dining with us, that he would find Vanderdecken and tow him past the meridian of the Agulhas into Table Bay. Of course, we laughed at the bet, as being only a drunken joke, but devil a bit of it.

"Next morning, when I thought that Coolan had forgotten all about the affair, he gave orders to get steam up. 'Where do we go now, Barney?' I asked.

"To find the *Flying Dutchman*," he answered.

"I thought he was only joking, but away we steamed for the open sea, on our fantastic mission. Evers, Callahan and I attempted to prove to Coolan the absurdity and futility of such a quest, but Barney's Irish blood was up, and the more we argued with him, the more determined he became. "'Tis no joke,' he told us. 'I am as serious as I ever was. The *Flying Dutchman* is a real ship, and has been seen hundreds of times. Historians can prove to you that Captain Vanderdecken and his vessel, the *Braave*, sailed from Batavia for Amsterdam in 1653, and every sailor that has doubled the Cape will verify the tale. Where there's smoke, there's fire, and I was damned sure that if we look for him we'll find him. I've been a deep-water sailor myself and know all about the whole thing, and I intend to cruise around these waters, and see if there is any truth in the yarn, and if I do sight him, I'll board him on his ghost ship, and I'll tow him around to Table Bay, and break the judgment against him.'

"After this there was nothing more to say, so we drank Barney's whiskey and discussed his superb meals, with-

out bothering to remonstrate with him. These self-made South African millionaires get queer ideas into their heads, and nothing can drive it out of them. Barney was no exception to the breed.

"For a solid week we cruised around the eastern edge of the Bank without seeing anything, and we were all beginning to get pretty well sick of banging and rolling around in the heavy Agulhas Seas, in a small steam yacht. Evers registered a complaint that he didn't derive much pleasure from crawling around a tumbling ship, and feeling sea-sick half the time, but Barney told him straight that he'd have to stay another week. If nothing turned up, he would discontinue the quest and return to Mossel Bay again."

The trooper paused in his narrative, and refilled his pipe.

"Did ye find him?" queried a sailor hoarsely.

"Yes," answered the trooper, "we found him. It was one night, when we were lazily steaming to the eastward. It was calm. By that I mean calm for the Agulhas Bank. No wind to speak of, but a long oily swell setting east. I remember that there was a glorious sunset that evening. The sky was splashed in bars of blood-red, with here and there a few streaks of sombre black clouds across the red of the sky. Everything was as quiet as this veldt is now. The only thing to be heard was the throb and ripple of the engines and screw. The night fell quick, and was azure dark and spangled with stars — just the sort of night that makes you shiver, and look around to see if you are alone. It affects me the same way to-night, and that's why I am talking. I have a premonition of evil.

"However, that's not the story. It was midnight when we sighted the ship. The skipper was just about to go below, when he raised a grayish loom, on the sea-line to starboard of us. Coolan came on deck with a rush, and, squinting through the night

glasses, declared it was the *Dutchman*. She was standing to the westward, under all sail, and just barely moving through the water. We put about and followed her at slow speed, keeping her huge poop lantern on the port bow. I am telling you this in a very matter-of-fact manner, but we were all feeling half-scared and half-curious as we followed the mysterious old ship, and all of us, barring Coolan, would have been glad enough to cut and run, if we could."

"What was she like, mate?" asked a sailor, "all ragged, patched and old was she not, an' shinin' in th' dark like wet matches?"

"No, she was not," answered the trooper. "She was in very good condition considering her age. Most people imagine that she'd look as if she were three hundred years old, but that was not the case. She was in fair trim. The sails were not patched very much, nor was the hull rotten in any way. She appeared to me to be in the exact condition that she was in, when the awful curse was pronounced against her and her crew. Weatherworn a bit, but by no means in decay. My theory is that all decomposition in regard to her and her men was arrested or suspended on the fatal night, and since then the ravages of time could not harm her.

"Well, we followed her all night, and at the first glint of daylight, we steamed alongside, keeping about a cable's length off. A line of typical Dutch faces lined her rails and gazed at us in semi-surprise, when Coolan hailed the man on her tall poop in "Taal" Dutch, asking him to heave to.

"The figure answered back. It was Vanderdecken himself who spoke, and immediately they backed their mainsail to the mast and rolled lazily on the long swell. When Coolan got the dinghy over the side, none of our crew would man her, so Evers, Callahan, Coolan, a fireman and myself pulled the dinghy across to the *Flying Dutchman*."

The trooper paused for an instant to light his pipe, and in the glare of the match, I could see the incredulous half-doubting looks on the faces of the listeners, but the narrator's face was pale and strangely set, while the hand that held the match trembled perceptibly.

"Aye, boys, we pulled for the *Dutchman*. It was a mighty queer picture that the sun rose on that morning. There was the old supernatural craft of Vanderdecken's, with her high poop, ornamented with carving and gilding, three stumpy masts, a spritsail on the exaggerated bowsprit, and the big patched squaresails aback and full, while to windward lay our trim little yacht, all brass and varnish, rolling to the Agulhas' swell. It was a picture few men would ever see again, and I saw it.

"Well, as I was saying, we pulled alongside, and climbed aboard, leaving the fireman in the dinghy, and it was a mighty queer looking crowd we landed amongst. Their faces were of the ordinary Dutch type, and they were clad for the most part in wide breeches, cowhide sea-boots, and coloured shirts. Pictures of old smugglers remind me of their rig out.

"We were the object of much curiosity amongst them, and they crowded around us, asking questions in Dutch, which I couldn't understand. Vanderdecken hailed us from the poop, and we went aft to meet him. He was a big Dutchman, with a patriarchal beard, and a face with a great deal of haughty dignity in it for a Dutcher. He looked to me more of a French type. It wasn't a very hard thing for me to believe that he had defied his God in the manner we have heard about. He struck me as being a proud, overbearing sort of man, with a great deal of the inherent devil in his nature. He did not know at first how to treat us, judging by the way he fingered the huge flintlock pistol he had stuck in his belt. Coolan did all the talking, and I could see the look of surprise creep across his

face when Coolan spoke with him.

"Barney came to the point at once. 'Captain Vanderdecken,' he said, 'I believe that you are having a hard time to weather the Cape, but if ye'll give us permission, I will tow ye across the Agulhas into Cape Town, where you can refit, and proceed to Amsterdam.'

"Vanderdecken's face contracted at this, and he paced the deck before replying:

"'You English are a strange people,' he said at last, 'and you have created some queer craft since I left Holland. Methinks there must be some devil's agency behind your country, for at nights I've seen strange vessels on these waters. Ships that go through the seas, against adverse winds, with much showing of smoke and fire. Would to God, I had some of this strange power. Cabo de Bona Speranza, they call it, but it must be the Cape of Blasted Hopes for Vanderdecken and his ship. Tell me, what is your ship? How is it things have changed so much within the year?'

"Of course, boys, you understand that the year to Vanderdecken was 1653.

"Coolan rigged up some feasible explanation in Boer Dutch, but I think the Dutchman thought he was insane, by the glances he gave him.

"However, to cut a long yarn short, we got his consent to tow, and, after passing him a strong steel hawser, and making fast, we hauled ahead.

"The crew of the *Braave* were all mustered for'ard gazing at our yacht and discussing the wonderful agency which was drawing them along. Vanderdecken furled his sails and peaked his yards to the wind, and we hauled him along all that day. The weather was fine and mild, and the old craft wallowed in the swell like a barge, but the barometer was going down and presaging bad weather ahead.

"Our skipper and crew were scared stiff, and all declared that something

would happen for meddling with such things. The sun went down that evening in a sky and sea of crimson, and as soon as the dark came we got a breeze.

"Coolan was in high fettle, and talked about the enormous sensation he was going to cause when he arrived in Cape Town with his tow, but the old skipper looked ominous and croaked gloomily. 'At midnight to-night,' said he, 'we cross the meridian of the Cape, and it'll be a case of stand from under an' God have mercy on our souls.'

"As the evening wore on, the sea became heavier, and the old craft astern yawed, bucked and plunged, pulling hard up on our steel towing-bitts until the hawser shrieked with the strain.

"I'll cut out the events of the evening and tell ye what happened at midnight. Evers and I were standing aft by the taffrail of the yacht, looking at the ship astern. We were smoking, and Evers was laughing and joking, when the ship's bell tolled eight strokes. He had just said to me, 'By thunder, Coniston, but won't this make a sensation in Old Broadway when I get back. One of the men who boarded the *Flying Dutch*—' but his sentence was never finished.

"The tones of the bell were still ringing in my ears, when 'Bang!'—away went the tow rope. I was struck with something and reeled back over the cabin skylight, half stunned. I saw a vivid flash of lightning illuminating the craft astern, and at the same time I saw the hawser catch Evers around the body like a huge snake, and whisk him into the sea. He gave a horrible shriek which mingled with the roar of wind and sea. The most fearful lightning I ever saw flashed before my terrified eyes, and in the glare of it I could see the *Dutchman* swinging off to the gale, and disappearing between the seas. I could hear the cries of her commander, as he roared for a rag of sail to be set, and the last I saw

of her was when she had rounded, and was scudding to the east'ard under her foresail.

"That's all I remembered for some time, for I lay insensible in all the pelting rain and wind, until Coolan hauled me into the smoking-room.

"Boys, hell was loose on the waters that night, and the devil himself was abroad looking for our souls. The yacht was swept and pounded by heavy seas, until her decks were practically cleared of fittings, boats, ventilators and rails. The wind came screaming in furious gusts from the west and the rain lashed our decks like hail. It was awful—the very skies seemed to press us down."

The trooper paused for an instant, and then continued in a weary, heartbroken voice:

"The first to go was poor Tommy Evers; then came our old skipper and the man at the wheel. They went when the bridge went over the side. My God, I can see their faces yet as they went into that hell's cauldron to loo'ard. It was horrible.

"The engineer went next—smashed to flinders by a broken piston-rod, which snapped when the engines raced.

"Then a steampipe burst, and a fireman was scalded to death. His cries resounded throughout the ship.

"There was eight of us on deck at one time, but a giant comber made a clean breach over us, and when I spat the water out of my lungs and opened my eyes, there was only Coolan, Callahan and myself left.

"At daybreak Coolan left us and

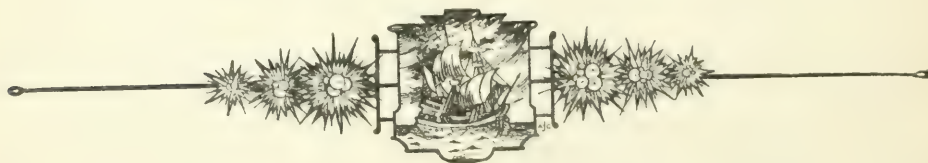
scrambled aft to the smoking-room. As he stepped inside, he turned and cried 'Good bye, boys.'

"When we went along there a few minutes later, he was lying in the wreckage on the floor, with a revolver in his hand and the top of his head blown off. Pleasant ending for a joke.

"About nine in the morning a Union Castle liner rolled through the smother, and she took us off, as the yacht sank under us.

"When I came to, I was in hospital at Port Elizabeth. I recovered slowly, and told a shipwreck story only. I did not mention anything about the other happenings, as I would not have been believed. I have never told the story until to-night. Something seems to tell me that my time has come. Poor Callahan went two years ago, and I'm the last of the crowd. It's the *Dutchman's* curse, and I guess I'll get my call soon. Good-night, boys."

That was his story, as far as I can remember it. I saw him again in the afternoon of the following day. Majuba was lost, Colley was dead, and a disorganised rabble of British soldiery were scattered over the country. Most of the South African Horse were killed, and I saw the trooper among a medley of shrieking and cursing soldiers, their ammunition gone, but game to the last, and pelting the Boers with rocks and stones. He got his call there among the rocks, with about twenty explosive bullets in his shattered body, while I nearly got mine a few minutes later.





VIEW SHOWING ROOFS OF BAZAARS AND OLD CITADEL, DAMASCUS

DAMASCUS THE TEMPTRESS

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

DAMASCUS is not a city to be reached by railway. One should file into it as part of a camel caravan; or, at the very least, come to it on horseback over the encircling hills, with the smell of many camp-fires in one's garments—a tent-dweller, a man who measures distances by days' journeys, a contemporary, in short, of this city of the past. But now that the railway runs into Damascus from two directions, the son of the present will seldom pay down either the time, the money or the comfort to enable his soul to enter by this gate. He gives up the joy of approaching on its own time—level this ancient city whose age no man knoweth; and says to himself that he will get smuggled in by railway, given a modern dinner at his hotel, and then arise in the

morning and let his fancy companion him into the past.

Happily, I was able to better this programme. The railway up from Semakh on the Sea of Galilee is very modern and very good. Through the boldly picturesque valley of the Yarmuk by which the line pierces the mountains east of Galilee, it is an engineering achievement and the views out of the windows were at times magnificent. But when the railway had landed us on the outskirts of Damascus and we had been whisked away from its unromantic atmosphere of clanking cars and odorous oil, dusk came with its curtain and obliterated the immediate past, and we drove up the long "handle of the spoon" from the El-Meidan quarter of the city with the flaring lights in the Oriental



FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, Omayyade Mosque

booths on both sides of us, and the strange shapes, the flowing garments, the rich colours and the curious occupations of a busy Damascus street but dimly seen amidst the fitful shadows they cast. It made one long to 'escape from the hurrying carriage and drift with the drifting crowds up and down this street of mystery.

I had been more or less in touch with Oriental scenes and city streets for over three months when, with a succession of hoarse warning cries, our driver made a way for his bumping carriage through that swarming thoroughfare; but I had never seen anything before which seemed to present at a glance so perfect a picture of what the Occidental, steeped in Eastern romances, expects the Orient to be. That drive through the luminous dusk, along an avenue of dancing lights which appeared to cast only shadows, without a European costume

in sight, with glimpses of cross-legged merchants in their booths, *nargheli* smokers in the cafés, great broad ovens with their rosy mouths open to the street, kitchens of native restaurants alive with servants and vivid with fires, gesticulating men bargaining vociferously on all sides, and all the other countless amusements of the Oriental engaged in the business of life, made every story of adventure from the good Haroun to the bad Ali Baba appear possible and real.

It also convinced us—unwillingly enough—that we needed a guide to make the acquaintance of Damascus. The genus "guide" is the greatest nuisance which besets the traveller. He is perverse, stupid, unimaginative except as to facts, ignorant, positive, censorious, fawning, tyrannical, perpetually in league with merchants, unreliable, always devising some scheme to extract a few more pennies.



TOMB OF SALADIN

wasteful of your time and strength in his own petty interest; consequently an evil only to be endured when absolutely necessary. I am not moved to write this tirade by any recollection of our Damascus guide; for he was rather better than the most, having been in America and so better able to judge what would be interesting to us. But I greatly pity people who are always trailed by a guide. Unless they find a jewel—that is, a guide who knows his limitations and attempts to do little more than act as a human map and finger-post—they seldom are allowed to see anything with the eyes of the spirit, and they are loaded up with a heterogeneous mass of mis-information whose only virtue is that it is easily forgotten.

We elected the next morning to be taken first to the bazaars. The guide made the journey unnecessarily con-

fusing and after a couple of days I could find my way about them alone; but it did seem that first plunge as if they were a hopeless labyrinth of covered streets which had neither beginning nor end. It is, I think, the fact that the bazaar streets are roofed in which makes them appear so great a tangle. You cannot see the sky and so you cannot keep your direction easily; and, after a few turnings, you have lost the points of the compass. Then, too, you are deprived of that guidance which in a European city you get from tall structures, such as church towers or great buildings.

The bazaars at Damascus are really impressive and important public institutions. They have none of that haphazard appearance which makes one feel that the bazaars at Cairo may be gone next year, and, that, indeed, they are kept up largely for the amusement of confiding and gul-

lible strangers from the West. Then as Damascus is a mighty metropolis, its bazaars are much greater than the businesslike edifices of native Tunis or the half-rural, half-barbarian bazaars of Tripoli. Best of all, they are wholly and frankly for the people of Damascus and the surrounding country. There is not a foot of them that you suspect has been stocked with goods for the "tenderfoot" tourist. There are plenty of Birmingham and Manchester wares in them; but they are imported because the natives want to buy them and they are openly and even boastfully announced as such. They are not cheap imitations of Oriental fabrics brought in to cheat the stranger.

Most of the Damascus bazaars have fine high roofs in the form of round arches which spring from tops of the buildings that line their streets. They are airy, cool in the sunshine, and moderately light. The eye, in fact, soon becomes accustomed to their

twilight. The roofs rise so high that they form a conspicuous architectural feature of the city as it is seen from a height. As they follow the lines of the streets, and branch and intersect freely, they look at a distance—say, from the top of the Jebel Kasyun, a neighbouring hill—like enormous stems carrying the houses of the city as a gray and white foliage. You may get an idea of their appearance at close range from one of the illustrations accompanying this article.

Some of the bazaars have quite large shops opening off them into which you can walk and buy your goods at counters, but the majority of the merchants sit in their little alcoves open to the street where they can reach most of their stock without getting up. There are stools for you to sit on in front of their diminutive counters, and, if you are long in bargaining, the merchant will send to a neighbouring café for a cup of coffee to keep you in good humour. Much



THE MINARET OF THE FIANCEE



TOMB OF THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

of the buying is done—as with us—by the women who come down the street veiled but who throw back their veils when they desire to examine anything really important. The women—at all events of the middle classes—are by no means as secluded or shy as Westerners imagine. They wear heavy veils in Damascus, and their faces are wholly invisible; but they move briskly about the streets and bazaars, bargain vigorously with the merchants, and raise their veils whenever it is necessary to get a good look at a thing.

Of course, many men hurry through the bazaars and bargain and buy at the shops. Not a few are from the interior, wearing the wild costumes of the mountains and the deserts. At times, an Arab gorgeously arrayed will clatter through the crowd on horseback; and the pedestrians have by long practice gained great skill in dodging out of his way, and avoiding

also the loping camels and the jiggling donkeys which are much more numerous. It always seems a trifle odd to see a horseman dash through the bazaars, for the reason, I fancy, that, being roofed in, they resemble a huge shop; and a man on horseback in Simpson's would create a commotion. Among the buyers were not a few Bedouins, a little awed by all this magnificence of a great city but too proud to show it, their faces tanned to a rich brown and marked by the curious tattooing they affect. The Bedouin women were, of course, unveiled.

Through the crowds go other merchants selling chiefly things to drink and eat. The lemonade sellers will first attract your attention with their great glass jars ornamented with polished brass, and rattling their brass cups together as a summons to customers. Others sell sweetened water, and still others raisin-water or a

drink flavoured with oranges and apricots and cooled by the snows of the Lebanon. This last touch is no fiction; for you can see the snow slowly melting in the attractive-looking fluids, and up in the Lebanons we subsequently saw carloads of snow being carried down the railway to both Damascus and Beyrout. All these vendors have musical and fanciful cries. They do not call out "lemonade" but employ such phrases as "refresh thy heart" or "allay the heat." When they wish to emphasize the coolness of their beverage, they say, "Take care of your teeth." They are of the race of street storytellers and camp minstrels, and they bubble over with humour, the regular cry of sellers of bouquets being—"Appease your mother-in-law."

There are countless sweetmeat shops, and the sweetmeats look very tempting. Frequently there are bake ovens where a round flat bread is constantly being baked by the process of laying it on the surface of the hot oven or clay stove. Passers-by pick out a cake which pleases them and eat it warm. The *kebab* of Damascus is famous. It is made of small bits of mutton through which a long spit has been run, with strips of the fat tail of the sheep between them, and then the whole slowly roasted before a charcoal fire. As served in the hotels, it is certainly delicious, and it looks just as good when revolving before the fires in the open cooked meat shops of the bazaars.

But the bazaars are a fascinating subject, and I shall never get away from them if I do not resolutely walk out of their enticing twilight. I cannot do better than walk into the great mosque—the Omayyade Mosque—which can be approached from the end of one of the largest bazaars. This mosque has the distinction of having at one time been used by both Christians and Moslems simultaneously. Under the Emperor Theodosius a Christian church was built here on the ruins of a Roman temple; and

when the Greeks surrendered to the Moslems in the seventh century, they both agreed to share this church. Subsequently, however, the Moslems bought out the Christians by guaranteeing them possession of several other churches in and about Damascus, and built here a magnificent mosque which was unfortunately burned down about the time that William the Conqueror came to England. The present mosque is a restoration after a destructive fire no longer ago than 1893.

The first ceremony on entering any Mohammedan mosque is to get your slippers. Usually the attendant who keeps slippers for the use of those who will not take off their boots, is just inside the gate, and he must be summoned by either pounding on the gate or calling. Soon he shuffles out with an assortment of huge slippers in his hands, which he and his assistants slip over your boots and tie fast by a cord over the ankle. They are so large, however, that even this does not guarantee that they will stay on; and you are perpetually afraid that you will inadvertently step out of them and so defile the sacred rugs which cover the floors. There is a pet theory among tourists that what the Moslem dreads is that an infidel foot shall touch the floor of his mosque; but this favourite idea is somewhat damaged by the fact that any of his own people who will not remove their shoes must wear slippers too. It is the dirt of the street that he dreads; and you see the reason for it when you watch a Moslem at prayer kneeling on the floor and frequently prostrating himself and touching his forehead to the rug over which, perhaps, you have just walked.

We entered by the Arch of Triumph and found ourselves in the large uncovered court. This is surrounded by cool corridors behind a row of columns supporting slightly horse-shoe arches, and down its centre stand three structures—the graceful "dome

of the treasure," the fountain for ablutions and the "dome of the hours." The fountain is said to mark the central point in the pilgrimage route from Constantinople to Mecca. Above us rose three minarets — the minaret of the fiancée, the minaret of the bride and the minaret of Jesus, so called from the belief that Jesus will stand on its top at the beginning of the Last Judgment.

Walking across the court, we entered the interior of the mosque, a soaring edifice of the basilica form, carpeted with thick rugs and richly decorated in the Eastern fashion. A conspicuous object in the middle is a black quadrilateral building bearing a dome and surrounded with great candles. This is the tomb containing the head of John the Baptist, long the most sacred relic in the possession of the Damascenes. The head itself was shown here in the time of the Christians and the men of Damascus still swear by it. Much of the decoration of any mosque is the writing of sacred names and of passages from the Koran in ornamental fashion about the walls, and this is done in lavish style at Damascus. Then there is the richly inlaid "mihrab" or prayer niche which looks toward Mecca, and the tall pulpit with its flight of steps.

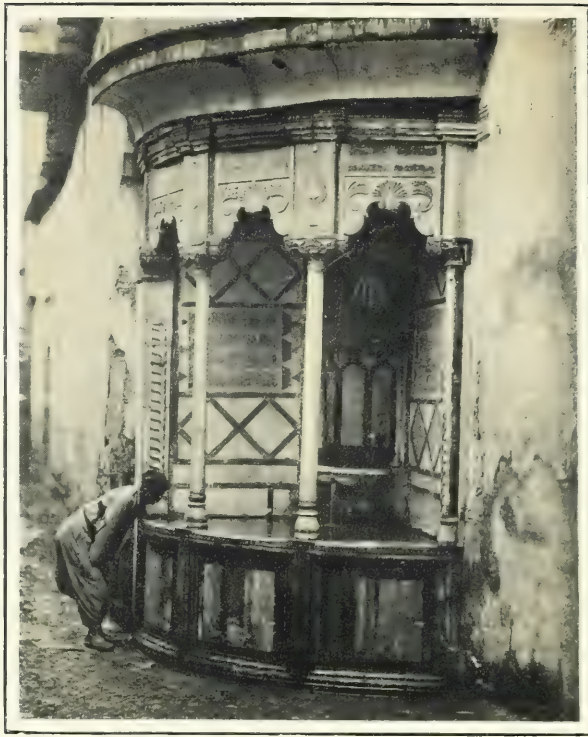
On the other side of the court we passed into a quiet and quaint little garden which contained a domed tomb mosque in which sleeps the mighty Saladin. It is a modest tomb as befits a rugged soldier, though the decorations in fayence are exquisite. The tomb itself is of marble, beautifully carved. When the German Emperor was here, he paid a visit of respect to this grave and left a wreath of flowers which they still preserve in a glass case.

Just outside the mosque is one of the most curious of the bazaars, the bazaar of the goldsmiths. It is a huge building by itself in which scores of goldsmiths are at work on their dainty and costly wares. Each man or firm has a little enclosure, separated from

the passage-ways by no more than a railing; and the workmen sit on raised platforms amidst their flaming lamps, blow-pipes and graving tools. Some of the results of their labours are shown in glass cases fronting the passages, but the best things are hidden away in little black iron safes which stand unceremoniously in the middle of the apparent confusion of their workshops.

The cafés of Damascus are one of its most striking features. They seem to be everywhere. You are always turning a corner and stumbling into one, for they spread out over the sidewalks and often into the roads. Where at all possible, they lie beside a stream of running water; and that is very easy in most parts of this child of Abana and Pharpar. Abana runs right through the city, usually under ground; but it is split up into a dozen little streams which appear at most unexpected places, apparently for the benefit of the cafés. One afternoon I walked down through the city to the lower end where the river emerges in full vigour; and there I found the famous garden cafés which seem so near Paradise to the thirsty Oriental traveller just arrived from a long journey across the blazing deserts. They are stretches of wooded sward bordering the rushing stream; and under the trees are long soft sofas and groups of comfortable chairs. As you enter the gate, you tell the gate-keeper what you would like to drink; and then you stroll through the garden at leisure and pick out your seat. When you are quite comfortably settled, a waiter arrives with your order, brings a table from somewhere and puts it at your elbow—and then vanishes. You are alone and at peace, with the rush of the river in your ears and the coolness of the shade about you. If you want anything more, you rap on the table or clap your hands; but unless you really do want something more, you will not be disturbed.

They provide in every way in



A STREET FOUNTAIN IN DAMASCUS

Damascus for the thirsty. The many fountains on the street corners evidence this. When a pious Moslem desires to leave a worthy legacy to his people, he does not found a library — he builds a fountain where forever after the weary wayfarer may drink his fill for nothing. These fountains are usually works of art; and, when surrounded by a picturesque Eastern group, they are a delight to the eye and a temptation to the kodaker. For the Oriental loves decoration everywhere. One day near "the street which is called straight," our guide took us into several Damascus houses where they like to have strangers come and admire their lovely rooms. A cool court always lay in the centre of the dwelling with fountains at play and flowers brightening the smooth marbles; and off it were the various apartments for winter and summer. In each was a lavish

decoration of the walls which carried our minds back to the Alhambra in far-away Granada, though now there was more purpose in the tracery and variety in the design. It is the same race, but centuries as well as leagues lie between.

It is only as you get away from Damascus that you realise its position. It is a city in the midst of an orange grove. From the heights near it, it looks like a handful of gray stones flung down in the midst of a field of grass. A vast green plain encircles it on all sides, and beyond that everywhere the deserts and the barren hills. No marvel that to the Arabian poets it has always seemed the symbol of Paradise. No wonder that Mohammed, approaching it from the desert, looked upon it from afar, but feared to enter, lest its delights should tempt him to abandon his great mission.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE MYSTIC CROSS

BY WARD FISHER

JONES and I were at the pier on the arrival of the *Empress*, to meet friends who had been spending the summer in Europe. Among them were Edith, sister of Jones, and one of her chums, Florence Dunsworth.

After greetings we passed through the sheds, the girls chattering jubilantly at having successfully passed the customs officers.

As we came to the waiting cabs and carriages, we were jostled and pushed aside by a tall man in dark clothes, who was closely followed by a large, squat Chinaman in flowing robes, and bearing a grip in either hand. Without a word of apology they quickly made their way to the nearest public carriage, which the Chinaman entered. After a whispered direction to the driver the tall man followed, and they were rapidly driven away.

The apparent rudeness, and haste of the pair caused our party to stop in indignant surprise, and as the man turned from the driver to enter the carriage, we got a full view of his face.

"By George, that's Legere!" said Jones in astonishment.

"You are crazy," I responded, "Legere was a well-set-up man. And he is dead, anyway!"

"Dead or not, that's Legere! I would know those eyes and the way he carries himself among a thousand."

"But what would make such a change in the man?" I responded.

"Legere was an unusually healthy and masterful fellow, except during his spells of periodic sickness, which he accounted for as attacks of malaria, resulting from his life in Central America. This man is cadaverous, and without that buoyancy that characterised Legere!"

"Drugs!" was the laconic reply. "He has the opium face. And you will remember that some of us said that Legere was an opium fiend."

"But Legere's body was found in the East River, just after the steamer, on which he had taken passage, had sailed!"

"I know the verdict. But it was never proved. You know that Fraser always held that he had seen Legere at Nicaragua three months afterwards."

As we were slowly driven through the crowded streets, we had a lively discussion. The girls could give little information, notwithstanding the fact that they had crossed the Atlantic on the same steamer with the pair. During the voyage the tall man had not been seen, keeping closely to his stateroom, and being waited on by the Chinaman, who prepared and carried the meals to his master.

We had a lively remembrance of Legere. He came from Central America and was put up at the Club by his banker. He had an unlimited supply of money, and tried to make himself popular by lavish hospitality. But, somehow, there was an instinc-

tive reserve practised toward him that could not reasonably be accounted for. He seemed to be always on guard, as if against the lurking devil in his eyes, which showed itself more and more as he became conscious of the reserve against him.

His finish came through the "Four Chums," as Edith and Florence and their two bosom friends, Elsie Donald and Helen Cowans, were called by their set in society.

At first Legere's power as a conversationalist was a great attraction, and he caused many heartburnings by his assiduous attentions to the more desirable and popular young ladies of good social position. This was especially true of his attentions to the "Four Chums."

His first direct rebuff came by the rejections of his proposals to Elsie. Then he was rejected in turn by Helen, Florence and Edith.

The end was sensational. I was the accepted suitor of Edith Jones, and she was the last of the four to reject his attentions. One night at the Club he spoke slightly of the four chums, and I promptly knocked him down. He came to his feet raging, and attempted to draw a pistol, but was hustled out of the place, with orders never to enter it again.

Then came his death by drowning, and he was well-nigh forgotten until he was brought again before us by the resemblance of the stranger on the dock.

The incident was quickly forgotten, as many of our friends were deeply interested in a new religious propaganda which was arousing much attention.

The headquarters was the old Fulham Dana house on Beacon street, recently leased by a Thibetan lama, who was accompanied by four prisets. The interior of the house had received extensive alterations, and was furnished in Oriental splendour.

The "Mystic Cross," which was the prominent sign of the new order, became a fad.

This cross was formed by the letters "Su" and "Ti," making the word "Suti," which is the Pali form of the Sanskrit "Swasti," a compound of "Su" (well) and "Asti" (it is), the chief dogma of the Buddhist sect calling themselves "Swatiskas," or "Followers of the Mystic Cross."

There were three degrees of initiation, called "The Gradual Way of Perfection," and the house was arranged to conform with the raising ranks.

The first degree was the Chamber of Svaraka, or the lecture-room, the place of the common auditor, and was presided over by the god Sangha.

The second degree was the Chamber of Pratyeka, the place of "those who turn not out of the way," and was presided over by a superior god Dharma.

The third degree was the Chamber of Chang Chhubb, or those who have attained the true intelligence in the gradual way of perfection, and was presided over by Buddha himself.

The Dana reception-rooms on the first floor had been arranged for the formal lecture-room. The more interested, including many of the religious faddists, were soon separated from the novitiates and idle curious, and formed the second rank which met at stated times in the Chamber of Pratyeka, situated on the second floor, in the room which had been used by the Danas as a ball-room for the select parties given by this exclusive family. This had been heavily hung, window places and all, by rich yellow curtains, and was illuminated by lamps of curious design, which gave out a soft and reposeful light.

Before the shrine of each god were kept bowls of incense of delightful odour. The figures had a singular effect on those susceptible to religious contemplation. They were of such flesh-like appearance that the very veins were discernible, and seemed to throb with life. Whether this effect was gained by a combination of

rising incense and cunningly placed lights, or by some uncanny power, was a subject of debate.

They possessed a curious fascination that compelled attention. Every time the eyes were drawn toward either of them, the devotee was led to involuntary expectancy, as if the figure was about to speak.

Those who formed the followers of the middle chamber were frequently led to conditions of ecstasy of a most bewildering kind. The strange music that seemed to come from every part of the room, would rise and fall, as if coming from and retreating to a great distance. The apparently human sigh that would penetrate the room, would be followed by a dream-like voice, in softly modulated tones, which affected the more susceptible with hypnotic spell.

To the surprise of the four chums, after a short attendance on the lectures, they were admitted to the second rank, although they looked upon the whole thing as "too deliciously sweet for anything."

The secrets of the third rank were for the specially elect only. These meetings were held irregularly, and by special summons. But whether the call came in the morning, afternoon, or evening, the favoured ones chosen from the second rank eagerly obeyed.

Whatever influences were brought to bear were successful in the keeping of the secrets of this inner circle. No definite idea could be gained by the eager questioners. The elect spoke in a hazy way of music and visions, and of the power of the "astral self" to leave the shackles of the flesh and visit the bounds of Paradise. They would continue for some hours after each meeting, in a blissful and almost automatic condition.

Jones and I were mystified. We occasionally accompanied the chums to the lectures on the first floor, but after they had been called to the second rank, we very rarely attended them.

We could see no danger, as the gatherings were composed of the better element of society, among them being many of our own set. The chums looked upon the whole affair as a lark, and awaited with curiosity the mystic summons to attend the chamber of Buddha.

The only suspicious feature was in connection with the financial side of the propaganda. While the expenses of the establishment were large, no offerings of any kind were asked for. Indeed the greatest contempt was shown toward money, as being at the base of the materialism which hindered the development of the astral body.

And yet, notwithstanding this opposition to materialism, the attendants on the first two chambers were freely invited, as a test of their development, to add to their riches by accepting the guidance of the presiding genius, which was written at each meeting on a tablet placed before the shrine.

For some weeks, partly from shame, and partly from suspicion, none took advantage of the opportunity. Curiosity and avarice overcame the scruples of several, and they copied the lines on the tablet, which gave the name of a listed stock, and, invariably, the price at which they were to buy, and the price at which they were to sell, always limiting the amount of each investment, with a warning that if any bought over the limit they would lose all. This provision, it was explained, was simply to show the power of the astral body to gain a complete knowledge of the mind of the material world. Therefore, as the circle developed in subliminal knowledge, they would have the secrets of the world at their control.

The remarkable fact that every investment was a gain gave great prestige to the mysteriously veiled doctrine of the priests and opened a wide and interesting field of speculation.

At first Jones and I hailed these

revelations as the development of a gigantic bunco game. We soon came to the conclusion that our suspicions were unfounded, as the priests could easily become fabulously wealthy by taking advantage of their apparently intimate knowledge of the markets.

The newspapers were giving considerable attention to the new teaching, and were readily granted interviews by the Lama, who impressed all as a man unusually well-informed regarding world affairs.

Some uneasiness was manifested at the inside knowledge of business affairs possessed by the strangers, and prophecies were made of the coming downfall of our financial structure.

If astral bodies were developed, what was to hinder their presence at the secret meetings of the financial boards, or, indeed, of a knowledge of the workings of the human mind? The material world would be at the mercy of the new cult.

Jones and I often talked the matter over, but were unable to discover any ulterior motive. Indeed we cautiously, through pure curiosity, invested on the advice given, and invariably came out good.

For several months the Fulham Dana house was the centre of a select and growing cult. The interest was deep, and the agitation was spreading.

We were becoming weary at the growing interest of the chums and of their eagerness for the call to the Chamber of Buddha, when, without any warning, we were horrified by the sudden death of Elsie Donald.

For several days the only information we could gain was that she had been out the previous evening, returning about ten o'clock. The maid-servants reported that she looked very ill, and went at once to her room, refusing all assistance. In the morning, not appearing for breakfast, her mother visited her room, and found her in such a condition that she wished to summon the doctor, but Elsie vehemently objected.

About ten o'clock, a messenger delivered a package addressed to her marked "Personal—Important." This was taken to her, and shortly after her mother, going again to her room, found her almost lifeless on the bed.

The doctor was hurriedly summoned, and on entering the room, after a hasty examination, he had a message sent for Mr. Donald, and he ordered the room closed to all except her mother. Before Mr. Donald arrived Elsie was dead.

The doctor was seen to hastily slip into his pocket a small vial that was on the bed. On the table was a small dressing-lamp, and the table was covered with ashes of burnt paper, and pieces of charred heavy card, so burned and broken that all marks were indistinguishable.

Her death was announced as "heart failure," and the funeral was strictly private, only the immediate relatives being present. "Suicide" was whispered, but the rumours would have soon subsided if there had not been the fearfully double shock that came by the equally sudden death of Helen Cowans, another of the devoted chums, who had been living with her uncle since the death of her parents.

What made her death unusually shocking was that the facts connected with it were the same as in the case of Elsie. She had returned home the previous evening and went at once to her room. The maid, whose room adjoined, heard her during the night, sobbing as though in pain, but was not allowed admittance.

In the morning she looked so wretched that the maid insisted on her remaining in bed. About ten o'clock a messenger delivered a package for her, marked "Personal — Important." She listlessly opened it, and after a glance at the contents became greatly agitated, and ordered the maid out of the room, locking the door after her.

At two o'clock another package came, similar in form and marked the same as the first. The maid took it

to her room, and knocking, was peremptorily ordered away. On stating that there was another package for her, the door was quickly opened, and the package eagerly grasped.

The hasty glance of the room by the maid showed much disorder. There was a faint smoke, and an odour of burned paper. About four o'clock the housekeeper knocked on the door and insisted on entrance. No reply came to the repeated knocking, and, becoming alarmed, she telephoned for Helen's uncle, who soon arrived and forced open the door.

Helen was found lying lifeless across the bed. Doctor Garrison, who had been the attending physician in the case of Elsie, was called at once. On entering the room he was startled out of his usual composure by finding a vial in the hand of the dead girl, and the same appearance of the table with the burned and charred paper, as in the case of Elsie.

Her death was caused by suicide, beyond a doubt, and the fact could not be suppressed, as the servants had gathered, horror-stricken, before the doctor arrived, and had gathered possession of facts sufficient to make impossible any statement to the contrary.

The two tragedies made a great sensation. The cause was announced as despondency over the recent death of her friend, Elsie Donald.

Jones and I had an interview with Doctor Garrison. He was greatly mystified, and gave us cause for further alarm by holding that the poison was one unfamiliar to the American medical practitioners.

The vials were of simple form and without mark of any kind. The poison was the same in both instances. It had come, apparently, in the mysterious packages which so greatly disturbed both Elsie and Helen. And the fact that every scrap of the wrappings had been carefully destroyed gave great uneasiness to us.

The tragedies could not have been caused by an enemy, for there could

be no doubt but that the poison was self-administered.

The only conclusion we were led to was that there had been a suicide compact between the two girls.

We had an uneasy suspicion arise in our minds which needed no words for a mutual understanding. For some evenings our steps turned involuntarily toward the Fulham Dana house, which we eyed with wordless distrust, and yet had nothing upon which to base any definite suspicion.

On the Friday evening, just one week after the death of Helen, we were walking home after spending several hours at the club. As we came within a short distance of the Fulham Dana house, a veiled woman coming toward us drew our attention. She was evidently suffering and several times hesitated, and tottered slightly.

Something familiar about the figure caused us to hasten our steps. As we drew near, Jones, with an alarmed cry, "Good Lord, it's Florence!" rushed forward.

At the sound of his voice she shrank back against the iron fence, grasping the rail to support her faltering body.

The heavy veil hid her face, but her whole body revealed such extreme agitation that we knew she was bordering on physical collapse.

Going to her, and taking the hand that hung limply by her side, Jones said: "In God's name, Florence, what has happened? Are you sick?"

With a pitiful sob she tried to speak, as she clung closed to the rail, and dumbly sought to withdraw her hand.

"Get a cab quick!" he said, addressing me without turning his head.

I hastened to the Somerset Club, only two streets away, in front of which there was a public cab-stand, and returned in a few moments.

Jones helped her to enter, while I took a seat with the driver, and urged him to drive as rapidly as possible to her home.

I hurriedly rang, while Jones assisted her to the door, which was opened by the servant accompanied

by Florence's mother, who had been alarmed by the sudden peal of the bells.

With a heart-breaking sob, Florence fell into her mother's arms. Jones explained how he found her on the street, and then made haste to call Doctor Garrison.

Florence was carried to her room, while we waited anxiously for the doctor, who fortunately was at home, and soon made his appearance.

With a nod to us he passed upstairs, where he remained nearly an hour. On coming down he saw our questioning faces, and said, "Nervous collapse."

We went out and walked with him to his office. Not a word was said, for we saw plainly that he was greatly disturbed.

On taking a seat, the doctor said to Jones: "Did she say anything?"

"Not a word. In the cab she shrank from me as if I were the plague." Then his pent-up feelings exploded, and he cried fiercely: "There's some devilish work going on!"

The doctor made no reply. We sat there some minutes in silence, when the doctor arose and dismissed us with the words: "Come down in the morning."

In the morning we called, but were told the doctor had been out several hours. Then we went to Florence's, and found that the bell had been disconnected, and a card with the words "Please call at the side door" pinned on the door.

Going to the private entrance designated on the card, we knocked, and, on being admitted by the maid, we inquired about Florence, and were told that the doctor had been with her all the morning. We sent a note to him, and received a message to call at his office that evening.

About four in the afternoon I accompanied Jones to his home, where Edith was giving a tea to her friends, and found that a number of them had received the precious summons to a

gathering that evening of the inner circle of the followers of the Mystic Cross.

Edith was greatly disappointed, as she had not been among the lucky ones. Jones and I were glad she had not yet been advanced to the elect circle, and sought to make light of the whole affair, especially as that evening there was to be a reception at the club, and the ladies had all planned on being present.

They claimed they could easily attend both gatherings, as the Buddhist Chamber meetings had always been dismissed before ten o'clock. Whatever unspoken misgivings in regard to the events of the past few weeks might have been, we could see no possible reason for misgivings, as a large number would be at the Fulham Dana house. And, especially, as Edith would not be present.

That evening, on calling at the Doctor's, we were told that he had not yet returned from attendance on Florence.

I went alone to the club; Jones went home to bring his sister to the reception, planning to arrive about nine o'clock.

On arriving there, I was surprised to find a number of those I had met at Edith's in the afternoon, and who had received the mystic summons to the Fulham Dana house.

Meeting a bevy of the young ladies, I joked them about their fall from grace in deserting Buddha for such a grossly material gathering as a society reception, and was told with many pouts of disappointment that about seven o'clock they had each received a missive saying that the "influences were unfavourable," and the meeting, therefore, postponed.

About nine o'clock Jones arrived alone, and said that Edith had received her "call" to the Fulham Dana house, and would arrive later with the other girls. In consternation I said: "Edith gone there! Why the meeting has been called off! When did she get word?"

"About half-past seven the message arrived. What do you mean?" Jones was plainly startled, and all our suspicions came surging in full force.

If the missives from the Lama calling the meeting off had been delivered about seven-thirty, how came Edith to receive her invitation at about the same hour.

As we quickly made our way to the hall, we met Doctor Garrison, who was just entering. On whispering to him the late developments, he alarmed all our fears by saying: "For God's sake let us get there as soon as we can! I came on purpose to talk to you."

The Fulham Dana house was only a short distance away and, walking rapidly, we soon approached. We immediately crouched, watchful, in the shadow of the doorway. The gate opened, and three of the priests, carrying suit cases, came out, and, getting into the cab, were driven away.

"Let us try the side door," the doctor whispered tensely. "We must get in at once."

Hastily entering the gate, we came to the door, and found it unfastened, giving admittance to what used to be the Dana kitchen.

One gas jet was burning dimly, but there was sufficient light to see that the room had been used for storage purposes. We quickly, and quietly as possible, made our way up the back stairs to the first floor, which was in darkness.

Going along the hall we came to the stairway near the front door, and we groped up in the darkness with our eyes and ears alert. The soft carpets deadened every footstep. The second floor was also in utter darkness, and we stood hesitating, not hearing a sound, not knowing which way to turn.

"Wait till I light a match," said the doctor, and, striking a light, we saw by its flare that the stairway to the third floor was situated the same as the one on the first.

The match burning low, he was

about to light another, when the silence was broken by a sudden noise on the upper floor, and a cry of a woman's voice, "Let me go! Don't touch me!"

We were so startled, that for an instant our bodies stiffened. Hoarsely I cried, "God! That's Edith!" and made my way in the darkness to the stairway, up which I stumbled, followed by the doctor and Jones.

The upper hall was also in darkness, and, as no noise could be heard, we cautiously made our way toward the large front room where the Third Chamber meetings were held. Through the curtains which hung across the doors a dim light was burning. Peering through the curtains we saw the room was unoccupied, and entering, we listened intently, and heard beyond the curtains at the end of the room, the quick, heavy breathing, as from a person in mortal fear.

"Doctor, you stay here. Jones, keep the door," I whispered, and softly made my way in the direction whence the sound came. Pushing aside the curtains in the corner, I glanced out, and saw that an aisle had been formed between the Chamber of Buddha and the two large rooms adjoining. The entrance to these rooms had been hung with portieres.

Moving slowly along the aisle, I came to the portieres of the door of the farthest room, being guided by the heavy breathing of the occupant.

Peering through the hangings I looked into a room luxuriously furnished. Impelled unconsciously, my eyes turned toward the lower corner, and was startled into low exclamation to see, half crouching against a divan, with fear-stricken eyes and heaving bosom, the form of Edith. Her arms were held as if in defence against some enemy. Her face was turned toward the portieres between the two rooms. I was about to speak, when the curtains parted, and the dark, livid face of the Lama appeared. Dumbfounded, I gazed. The flowing

robes and head-dress were gone, and he was dressed in evening clothes. There could be no mistake. It was not the Thibetan priest I saw, but the face of Legere, who was counted dead for two years past.

Coming to a table in the centre of the room he stopped, and calmly looked upon Edith.

"Miss Edith, your greeting is not very cordial. It is some time since we met face to face. You remember the question I asked at our last meeting? I well remember your answer. I am going to ask you the same question. Be careful how you answer."

His sullen, heavy eyes lighted as if the lurking devil had come out into the open. Edith's fear-lit, wide-open eyes grew tense as she watched every movement.

Then, very deliberately, he said: "Miss Edith, will you be my wife? Hold!" as she was about to speak, "don't answer till you hear me through! For nearly three years I have waited for this moment. For nearly three years I have been in hell! Your answer will either bring me to heaven, or cast me into hell forever."

"Listen! You had three friends. Where are they to-night? Three years ago I asked them and you to marry me, and each one of you laughed at me. Three weeks ago I again asked Elsie Dunsworth to marry me. Again she scorned me. She is dead. I asked your friend Helen Cowans, and again she refused. She is dead. Last night I asked your friend Florence Dunsworth. She refused. Do you know where she is? Perhaps you haven't heard. She is home insane. To-night I ask you again. Be careful how you answer. Will you marry me?"

Edith's hands had fallen to her side as she listened, and her body quivered as she heard the fearful news about Florence. Suddenly her body straightened. The desperate emergency had driven away her fear, and she answered sharply, and without a tremour:

"Marry you! I would die first!"

Turning his head toward the door by which he had entered, Legere cried, "Kling!"

At the call a tall, heavily-built Chinaman entered, clothed only in a breechclout, his yellow body shining as if oiled.

Kling came to the table, and stood near Legere, gazing fixedly at Edith, who shrank back from the glare of his wolfish eyes. Legere stood motionless, and in the same steady, monotonous voice, said: "Once more I ask you to marry me. You say you would rather die. There are some things worse than death to women of your kind. What killed your three friends? I will show you. Do not answer my question till you have learned the secret of their death.

"Look!" and taking up a package from the table he held it toward Edith. She leaned forward, and reaching over the table, took the package, and slowly unfolding the brownish paper in which it was wrapped, she turned a large square card upward and looked upon it.

With a gasp of horror she threw it on the floor, and cried, "My God! You fiend!"

Raising his voice and showing considerable excitement, he shouted, "Now, for the last time, will you marry me?"

"No! Never!" cried Edith, almost palsied with terror.

"Kling!"

As he called the name, the swarthy, naked Chinaman started toward Edith.

His hands were outstretched, and with crouching form, licking his dry lips, he came near.

With a sudden spring, as if electrified, the desperate girl suddenly grasped a large pair of shears from the table. Gripping them tightly, she raised her arm, crying, "Stop! If you come near me, I will kill you."

Kling stopped. Legere laughed mockingly.

"You poor fool. Do you think you

can escape? Look!" And taking from his vest pocket a small vial, he held it before him.

Unfastening the stopper he approached the hanging lamp which was swinging over a small side table, saying, "Just a few drops of this on the burning wicks and you will become unconscious."

With a laugh, he was about to pour the contents of the vial into the bowl, when I recovered from the spell of the scene, and, throwing aside the curtains, sprang into the room, shouting: "Stop, you scoundrel!"

He turned, and a snarl came to his lips as he looked at me. "Oh! My beloved friend Jack, the lover of Miss Edith! This is better luck than I had hoped for!"

Turning quickly, he took from the mantel a long, deadly-looking Malay kris, and with a sharp cry "Kling!" he tossed it toward the Chinaman, who deftly caught it.

"Get him!" he said, pointing at me. Kling, gripping the knife, came slowly toward me. I was absolutely defenceless, and the Chinaman was between me and Edith. When within a few feet he crouched, making ready to spring, but we were startled by a pistol shot, and the Chinaman fell to the floor, cluthing at his shoulder, from which ran a stream of blood.

The curtains at the lower end of the room were thrust aside, and the doctor came into the room, holding a smoking pistol, followed by Jones.

Legere's eyes ominously dilated. Recovering his composure, he laughed cynically: "We are favoured with unexpected callers to-night!"

Then with a sudden "To hell with you all!" he thrust the vial into the bowl.

With his first movement, quick as a flash I caught the side of the heavy table, and upset it in his direction, knocking him to the floor.

At the same moment the doctor's pistol flashed, the bullet striking Legere's wrist, smashing the bowl of

the lamp, so that the oil and burning wicks fell to the floor. A pungent odour pervaded the room, growing more suffocating each moment.

At the fall of the table, I bounded toward Edith and caught her in my arms.

"Be quick! This way!" the doctor shouted, and darting forward to assist me, he picked up the fatal package which Edith had thrown to the floor. I managed to stumble, gasping for breath, through the curtains, with Edith, into the Chamber of Buddha.

There Jones caught her, and, hastening to the hall, we made our way in the darkness to the lower floor, and out through the gate by which we had entered.

We were weak from excitement, and, crossing the street, we crouched in the shadow of a doorway. Looking across at the Fulham Dana house, we saw a glare in the upper floor.

An alarm of fire rang out. A crowd quickly gathered, pounding on the door. In the confusion we made our way to the corner of the street, where, hailing a passing cab, we saw Jones and his sister driven away to their home, with the promise that we should call later.

By the time we got back to the fire the whole upper portion was in flames, and soon the floor fell with a crash.

With the words "Come! It is all over," the doctor took my arm, and we turned toward Edith's home.

Each was occupied with his own thoughts. As a memory came to me, suddenly I said:

"Doctor, where is that death package you picked up in the room?"

Quietly he replied: "It is in the fire."

"What was it?"

"It was the picture of——" and he hesitated, as if about to utter a name, and then gravely continued, "a horrible picture, involving the Chinaman."

THE CONTINUITY OF MUNICIPAL POLICY

BY D. B. GARDNER

THE growing complexity of social conditions in our larger centres of population is presenting problems which are taxing our existing municipal machinery in a manner which is bringing it dangerously near the breaking point. Large projects are coming to the front, requiring trained and developed intelligence to deal with them in a safe and satisfactory manner for the welfare of the communities concerned, notably in the direction of utilisation and management of public utilities.

In Canada our efforts in this direction, so far, have been on a small scale, and more or less tentative. In the United States attempts have been made under similar municipal conditions to those which exist among ourselves, with no very satisfactory results. Nothing like the variety or magnitude in the shape of municipal activities has been attempted with us as has been tried and successfully carried out in communities in Great Britain and Continental Europe.

Social conditions and a growing public desire for the ownership of those utilities directly ministering to the comfort and needs of the community at large, make it a matter of interest at the present to study the question of the constitution of the governing powers which exist in the various communities that have been most active in the working out of these problems, and the composition of similar bodies amongst ourselves; to see whether there may not be points of dif-

ference which would account for the slower growth of public opinion and action amongst us, and possibly account for the comparative failure of the projects where they have been tried.

It will be at once apparent that to initiate and carry forward such projects successfully and continuously necessitates a continuity of policy and personnel in conjunction, not merely for the education of public opinion to the point of initiation, but for the subsequent operation, where success or failure lies. No student of our municipal machinery can fail to be impressed with its quickly changing personnel, especially in the large centres, and to this fact, probably more than to any other, is due the lack of progress made along the lines of public ownership amongst us as compared with the old world communities. Change of men produces change of ideas, and projects which are to the front at one period, are relegated to the limbo of forgotten things at another, according to the whim or the interest of the men in the lead for the moment.

It is somewhat remarkable that this very idea of continuity, which we find embodied and exemplified in other directions amongst us, should have been lost sight of in the sphere in which, of all others, it appears to be most needful. In Dominion affairs we propose a five years' term of service, in our Provincial administration the term is shorter, but is neverthe-

less for four years; each of these has the possibility of renewal, giving opportunity for the planning and carrying out of work under matured conditions and intelligently continuous action.

The contrast in this respect with our municipal machinery is striking. Probably no part of our governmental or administrative methods comes more closely into touch with the people or affects them so vitally at so many different points and yet, of them all, it is the one which is most frequently subjected to the turmoil and changing conditions brought about by frequent appeals to its constituency. Thus the very elements of permanency and continuity, which, in working out the varied and complex problems presented to it, and which are most necessary for it, are those least at its command. Another point which militates against the municipal administration under its present conditions, as compared with the services carrying longer periods of incumbency, and which will be noted by the close student, is the power which is thrown into the hands of the more or less permanent official class. The representative, however able, under present conditions has not the opportunity of so familiarising himself with departmental work as to be sufficiently independent of the executive officers. A representative who throws himself into his work with intelligent zeal may only be beginning to grasp the working of affairs when he may be retired, and his knowledge and skill are thereby lost to the community. And an administrative head, however capable and desirous of effecting improvements, finds himself practically at the mercy of his executive officers, and the ordinary everyday work of a community gets done after a fashion, and the larger questions coming to the front are debated academically, or looked at askance, or gone into with a fearful-looking forward to of probable muddle or possible failure in prospect.

It is fortunate for us that for the most part the executive officials have not been subjected to the same frequent changes as like officials among our neighbours to the south, but have enjoyed a permanency analogous to those of a similar class in Great Britain. We have thus escaped to some extent many of the evils which have overtaken the municipal systems of the United States.

It cannot be said that it is from any lack of intelligence in our people as compared with those of the old World, and yet the urban communities on this side of the Atlantic are completely out-distanced in effective and democratic municipal administration by the communities of Europe, notably those of Great Britain and Germany.

The systems in Great Britain and Germany may be outlined briefly. In England, the municipal council comprises mayor, aldermen and councillors. The mayor, elected by the council from its own number, serves one year. The aldermen, elected by the council from its own number, serve six years, one-half retiring every three years. The council is elected by the people for three years, one-third retiring each year.

In Germany, broadly speaking, the councillors are elected for six years, one-third retiring every two years. In some cases, however, the councillors are elected for nine years, one-third retiring every three years; in others the council has a three years' term, one-third retiring each year. The mayors are appointed for twelve years, and officials termed magistrates one-half for twelve and the other half for six years. These are salaried officers, and if their administration proves effective they usually have their terms renewed.

In France the council is elected by general ticket. It elects the mayor from its own number; he in turn selects from two to twelve members called "adjuncts," who act practically as chairmen of departmental

committees, and the terms of all are for four years.

The contrast presented between these various systems and those of Canada and the United States is notably the continuous terms of service of longer or shorter duration common to all, and all renewable. A reasonable freedom of action is assured to these bodies, and they are not encumbered with legislative checks and balances limiting the powers and hampering the action of one branch of the municipal body politic as compared with another. Thus an elasticity of action is secured, and within reasonable but comprehensive limits scope is given and certainty is assured in the carrying out and continuity of whatever plans and policies may from time to time be adopted, which, under present conditions, is entirely wanting amongst us, and which would seem to be the crucial point of difference as between ourselves and these overseas communities in the success or failure in the inception and carrying on of municipal utility schemes.

"The whole system is favourable to the selection and retention of capable and honest men. Once seated in the Council faithful service may reasonably be counted on to make a man's place secure from term to term for as long as he may be willing to serve.

"Great average stability is characteristic of all the councils of Great Britain, few of which are without their nestors of from twenty to fifty years' continuous service.

"The system is as simple, logical, and effective as the American system is complicated and incompatible with harmonious and responsible administration. City government in America defeats its own ends, by its checks and balances, its partitions of duty and responsibility and its grand opportunities for the game of hide-and-seek. Infinitely superior is the English system by which the people give entire management of their affairs to a big committee of their own number which they renew from time to time." (Shaw: "Municipal Government in Great Britain").

The conditions thus set forth by Shaw are emphasised by Goodnow in "City Government in the United States":

"We can hardly avoid believing that the economic and social conditions at present existing in the urban communities of the United States are such as to make good popular city government extremely difficult, if not impossible of attainment."

It may be largely the growth of this feeling that has recently prompted the adoption in many States of the radical change from present methods of civic government to the plan of government by commission, as a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. How far this method is to prove a panacea, time alone will tell; it is yet too early to dogmatise.

Former President Eliot in a recent address in connection with the new charter for the city of Boston, which creates a civic government of nine with a mayor, retiring at varying intervals and elected at large, says in effect:

"The method is yet too new to gather definite results from, or to determine positively its permanent value, but at least we may say that it is an interesting experiment in city government and encouraging from this point of view, in that it reduces the numbers to be chosen, and gives a certain continuity to the terms of those elected, it invites, and provides for the serious consideration of the electors, in the limitation of the numbers to be selected at any one time, and to those offering, a continuous term of service, both of which should be factors in securing better men for civic positions."

In many States, notably those of the south and west—Texas, Virginia, Tennessee, Iowa, Idaho, Oregon, and Kansas—this method has found acceptance, and many cities in these States have seized on it. Amongst ourselves it has begun to find advocates, but in a recent address at Guelph, Ontario, Mr. J. P. Downey, M.L.A., utters the same note of hesitancy in connection with the matter as former President Eliot, and it is a question whether the genius of our people does not tend more towards a closer assimilation to the procedure of Great Britain than to such a radical breaking away as the adoption of this method would mean.

Of late years in Great Britain a flexibility and elasticity of procedure eminently adapted to meet the changing circumstances of municipal government, arising out of the increasing adoption of public utilities as municipal ventures, has been provided through the medium of the Local Government Board. Under its guidance and through the wise exercise of its various powers, municipalities have been enabled to take up and prosecute enterprises with the minimum of cost and legislative interference, and yet under a wise and effective supervision which has safeguarded all interests concerned. This system, of course, tends to a certain lack of uniformity, but this may be very well offset by preponderating advantages, for although

"The lack of uniformity in municipal powers is, of course, very confusing to the student of municipal government, and yet the English system of granting different privileges to different boroughs has much in its favour, since the conditions and needs of a municipality vary with its size and situation, they cannot be as adequately provided for by general enactments as by specific laws and orders, a fact which the English practice recognises by permitting the adoption of local powers to local problems, with a degree of precision unknown to the legislative systems of other States. . . . One might almost say that with the growth in importance of the system of giving authority by provisional orders the adaptation of borough powers to local conditions has become as effective as it can possibly be made.

"In this respect the English system has come to differentiate itself sharply from the condition of affairs which exists in many of the American States where constitutional provisions absolutely prohibit the giving of any privilege to one city not accorded to all.

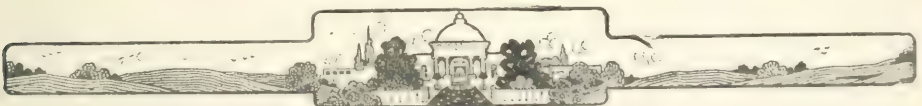
"English municipal administration has not been conducted in wasteful fashion; on the contrary, there are few English boroughs which cannot give lessons in civic thrift to even those few American cities which profess to be bending their

energies in the direction of economy." (Munro: "Government of European Cities").

The point of wisdom in the management of our civic affairs would therefore seem to be not in the hasty following of the example of our southern neighbours but in retaining our own present methods and their closer assimilation to the saner and assuredly successful methods of the mother country. We have added to municipal machinery of Toronto, for instance, the Board of Control, which might reasonably take the place of the standing committees of the British system.

To bring us more fully into unity, the only needed change would be to confer on the Board of Control full executive powers, the Council retaining control of its legislative functions, which would be somewhat analogous to the German system, with both bodies possessing varying and extended periods of service, following the British practice of a three or four years' term, a fixed proportion retiring each year. The smaller number to be elected would enable the "ward system" to be done away with, and leave the positions to be filled by election at large.

If, along with this change, the powers of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board were enlarged and increased along the lines of the British Local Government Board for dealing with all municipal matters and adherence to the general Municipal Act rendered less rigid in conformity with British practice, our system of municipal government would be steadied and improved, and we would work out our problems, in the coming wider field of the management of public utilities, more in consonance with our political instincts and traditions.



GRANDPERE FALARDÉAU, HABITANT

BY JAMES FRASER

IT was a beautiful evening in beautiful Charlesbourg, which lies on the rising slope of the valley opposite Quebec; and it was fifty years ago, or a little more. The farm work of the day was done, and the traffic home from the city nearly over. Only an occasional empty hay-cart, wooden-spring *charette*, or a *calèche* clattered up the highway at the gable-end of the house. The family sat on the long, narrow platform in front of the dwelling.

Old *grandpère* was there in his *bonnet bleu*, his home-made wooden leg extended before him, his staff upright between his legs, and his hands resting one above the other on top of the staff. On rush-bottomed chairs his daughters, Madame Toussaint and Mam'selle Falardeau, sat on either side of him; and, using the platform as a seat, were the children Jean, Georges, and Adèle. On the ground at their feet lay Bufté, the useful dog that every morn and eve, harnessed to the little two-wheeled cart filled with milk cans, preceded Madame and Jean to and from the pasture, and that some years later, when his usefulness in life was over, yielded up in death his skin for leather and the fat of his body for soap to his thrifty owners.

They talked and, looking across the valley, watched the yellow lights appearing one by one as the lamp-lighters plied their evening task in the streets of the city. Suddenly

there sounded from the towers of the village church the three clangs of the bell, thrice repeated, and the regular ding-dong that followed. It was the evening *Angelus*. Conversation ceased, and with bowed heads the annunciation of the Saviour's birth was reverently recited: "The Angel of the Lord came to Mary and said, hail, full of grace the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women. Fear not Mary, thou hast found favour with God. Lo thou shalt conceive and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus." A short silence followed and the old man spoke, a tone of sadness in his voice.

"We are living in times of great changes," he said, "perilous times, my children. It is only two years ago, since they stretched a wire on poles from Montreal to Quebec, and it is said they use the lightning to send letters on the wire. Are they not afraid? Such presumption against heaven was not known in my young days. Then, not content to travel in the good, old safe way, people must speed between Quebec and Montreal in great carriages, on iron rails, with terrible steam engines puffing out clouds of sparks and smoke, thundering along at twenty miles an hour, spoiling the quiet of our villages, and disturbing the placid cows in their pastures. It is not sober sense that at present rules, but madness. Good for us here is it that the Grand Trunk

is on the other side of the river. But the change is everywhere; it is even invading our customs and manners of social life. They call it the progress of civilisation, bah! *Mon Dieu*, I know not what is to become of us. There's Flore Bedard, and the others in the parish who are kept busy with their looms, weaving our linen and wool; we men with our fields of flax and our flocks of sheep; our women with the whirr of their spinning wheels enlivening usefully the long evenings of the winter—what are we all to do, if our young men will not wear home-spun linen and *étouffe du pays*, and if our young women discard the national costume, and deck themselves in gay ribbons, and calicos, and hooped-skirts, and prunella boots? It makes me sorrowful, and afraid to think of the future."

"But," broke in Adèle, "dear *pa-père*, you know that it is only on Sundays and holidays of obligation that we put on our nice dresses and becoming hats."

"Yes, I know it too well," said the old man. "It is the beginning of the deluge, and it is that which troubles me. Your mother does not do it."

"Well," retorted Adèle, "you can't put a young head on old shoulders. Who, now, could be prettier than mother, when she comes out of her room on Sunday morning ready for mass, with her dear, old-fashioned black bonnet enclosing all around her beautiful face the pretty white frills of her freshly done up linen cap, with her nice black merino dress, her black shawl enlivened in front by the intermingled white and glossy black strings of her cap and bonnet, and with her black silk gloves. And then, *pa-père*, her dress is not homespun, nor was it made at home but by the *modiste*, her bonnet the same, and her gloves were they not bought three years ago at Glover and Fry's, the most fashionable shop in Quebec?"

"Ah, *ma petite* Adèle, poor *grand-père* never had it in his heart to hold out against his grand-daughter."

"But I have more to say, *mon grand-père*. Mother has told me that she and father and my aunt and you desire that I should be espoused to 'Poleon Berthiaume, and that Monsieur and Madame Berthiaume are of the same mind with regard to Napoleon and me, for you have all talked it over together. I am obedient. I like 'Poleon too; he is a good worker, and he makes himself very agreeable when he comes with his father and mother for dinner on Sundays between Grand Mass and Vespers. I am sure 'Poleon likes to see me smartly dressed, and I think he would like me more if I had a hoop-skirt, *grand-père*. I have never worn but a stiff buckram petticoat under my *mousseline-de-laine*, because you did not like crinoline. Will you not say that your little Adéc may drive to town with aunty next market day and satisfy her desire, if she promises not to buy a great big ugly set, but one just spreading out a little, a very little, evenly all round? Besides, when we were driving to mass last Sunday I saw 'Poleon in the distance meeting Josephine Pepin on the road. Together they walked across "The Place," up the steps and into the church. Josephine looked lovely in her crinoline. I wonder if she noticed us coming up the road? I am pretty sure she did; but I do not wish to be jealous or think ill of Josephine. It is not Christian. Then our good *curé* has not forbidden our wearing "these skirts."

"It is true, Adéc, that *Père Benoit* has not spoken against this bad fashion. Perhaps it is because our parish is so near the city, and we have such frequent opportunity of observing, that the clergy of the town could not have warned their parishioners against it, that he has restrained himself. Yet it is to my mind a departure from our national traditions and a giving up of our old customs. Many of the clergy so regard it, and some maintain that it is immodest as well, an invention of the devil to at-

tack the present purity of our Canadian social life. In this connection it is only this morning that Xavier Dufour told me of a very serious happening, in the distant parish of Saint Tite des Caps; and his story must be true for he has just returned from a visit to Chateau Richer, where he heard it, and Chateau Richer is not a great many miles from Saint Tite. His account of what occurred is like this:

"About a month ago Monsieur le curé of Saint Tite des Caps had preached a very solemn sermon to his young people on this latest fashion, strictly charging them to observe the good old manner of dress, and to resist the temptation of this sinful innovation. The week after his solemn charge, a young girl who was at service in Quebec and whose name is withheld because she has suffered much and has received absolution, returned to the parish to help her family with the haying and harvest. Ignorant of what the curé had said, and wishing perhaps to create a sensation among her young friends, she arrayed herself in her city finery and went to the church to pray and give thanks for her safe return. It was early in the afternoon that she knelt before the altar. At seven in the evening the *bedeau*, after ringing the *Angelus*, made his round of the church before locking up for the night. In the dim light he observed a figure prostrate before the altar. When he approached he saw who it was, and, addressing her by name, told her that she could not remain longer at her prayers, for he was about to close the building. With red, tearful eyes she looked up at him imploringly and said: 'I have been here

since soon after mid-day; I have tried and tried, but I cannot rise. Give me your hand to help me up.' So he extended his hand, which she took hold of with her two; and he drew upon them, but it availed not. Then he put both his hands around her arms near the shoulders, and lifted with all his might, but uselessly. She could not be raised from the floor. Terrified as much as she, he ran in haste to the *presbytère*, and returned to the sacred edifice with the curé, who, when he saw the weeping girl kneeling on the floor with her hooped skirt spread around her in a circle, understood at once the nature of the case. Sending the *bedeau* to a pew near by, he stood beside the girl in pity, sorrowing that she had put herself in Satan's power, and exhorting her to repent. Poor child, she was only too glad to have opportunity to express her contrition. Then the curé took her hand and gently raised her up. As she rose, the skirt lifted a little at one side, and something like the form of a great toad hopped out, and in three great leaps down the middle aisle, reached the threshold of the open door. Here it hesitated for a moment, its shape faded out in a shimmering tremble, and it was seen no more. Assuredly it was the devil."

Just then the flash of the cannon on the citadel of the city was seen; three seconds later the softened boom of the report was heard, followed by the faint blare of the bugler's nine o'clock call; and *Grandpère* Falardeau, without waiting to see the effect on Adèle of his recital, exclaimed, "Why, my children, already it is nine o'clock. Let us enter and say the Rosary before we go to our bed-rooms for the night."

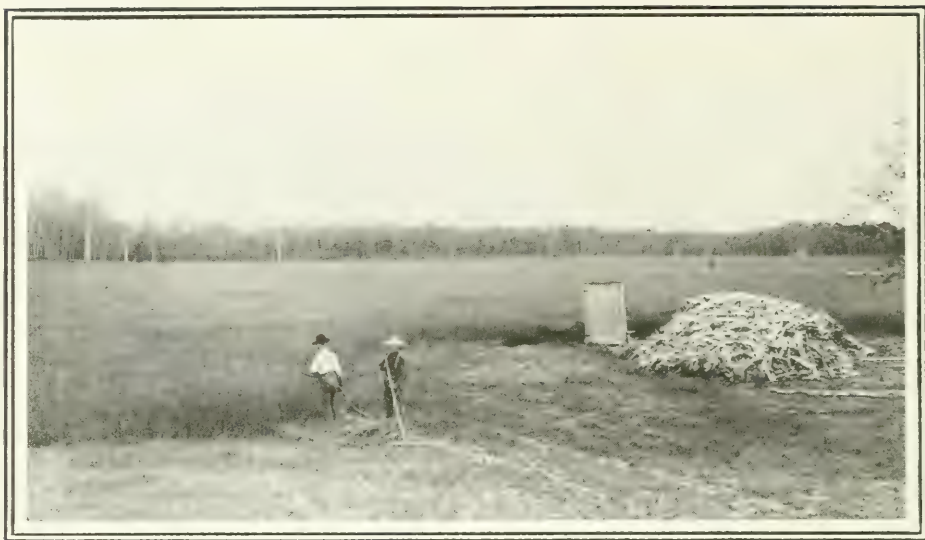


THE NORTHERN ONTARIO CLAY BELT

BY FRANK H. NEWTON

SOME twenty-five years ago it was the prevailing impression in Ontario and Quebec that all the agricultural areas of the public domain had passed into private ownership. While there was plenty of available territory in each Province it was merely of value for the timber that grew upon it and once cleaned off by the lumbermen the land would be of no practical use. Intending settlers were accordingly directed to the West where land was available. Not only immigrants but the sons of the farmers of the eastern Provinces naturally took the same view, and for some years the population and advancement of the older Provinces was at a standstill. The result was the Canadian West grew in population and wealth at an enormous rate, and the people of the East, especially of Ontario, felt that the prestige and chief control of Dominion affairs which they had so long exercised would soon centre in the newer Provinces west of Lake Superior. But during the last few years of the Reform Administration of Ontario an effort was made to counteract this by learning and if possible developing any resources that might be discovered in the northern part of the Province. The mining industry had begun to take new life through fresh discoveries of nickel, silver and copper in the Superior, Northwest and British Columbia districts. Pioneers and trappers began to bring down reports of large sections

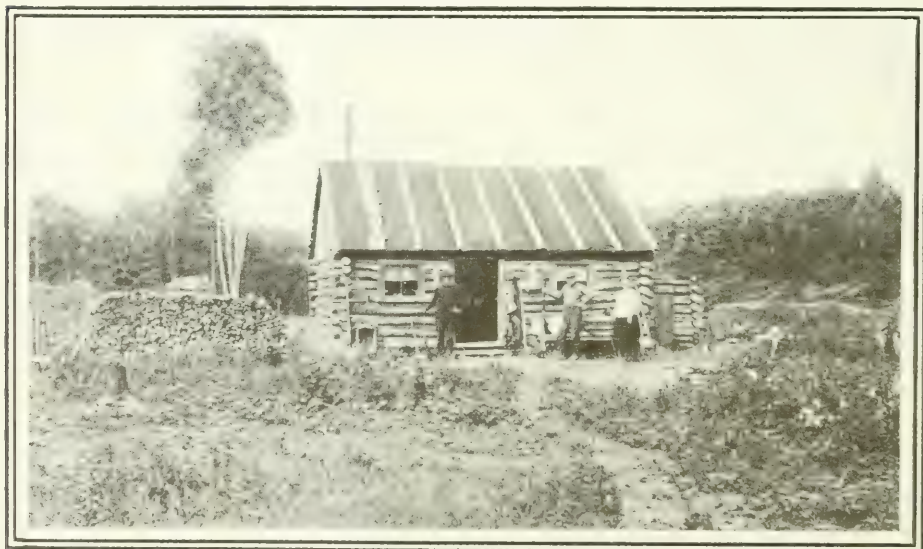
of good clay lands and valuable mineral samples from and over the height of land, but the inaccessibility of the country and its remoteness from present civilisation frustrated any permanent attempt at occupancy. The Ontario Government finally decided to build a colonisation railway with a view of opening up the north country and affording the adventurous spirit of the time an opportunity of fuller discoveries. It was a somewhat doubtful undertaking, but as events have proved, was a beginning of greater prosperity and a larger national growth than anything that has been achieved since the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Dubious as prospects looked at the beginning of construction, no sooner had the occasional wayside train begun its meagre passenger and freight service than the rich silver deposits of Cobalt were discovered and the richest silver mining camp of its size on the globe made known to the world. Then quickly followed the Larder Lake goldfields, the Elk Lake and Gowganda silver mining industries, as well as other mineral deposits of more or less value. Pushing forward a few miles farther was entered what is known now as the great clay belt, which in time will prove to the people of Ontario to be a region of greater wealth than even their mineral lands. The value of this great tract of level, fertile land awakened still keener interest in the minds of the leading



OPENING THE WAY, CUTTING SEASON, NEAR KRUGERSDORF, ONTARIO

capitalists and legislators of the Dominion, with the ultimate outcome of another transcontinental railway between the East and West and the opening up for settlement of larger tracts of agricultural land in both Ontario and Quebec than those now under cultivation. with all the at-

tendant opportunities for general trade and commerce. In another twenty years there will be as great, if not greater, population north of the height of land than there is south of it, so far at least as Ontario is concerned, and still will remain a greater territory around the shores of Hudson



A PIONEER'S HOME IN THE CLAY BELT

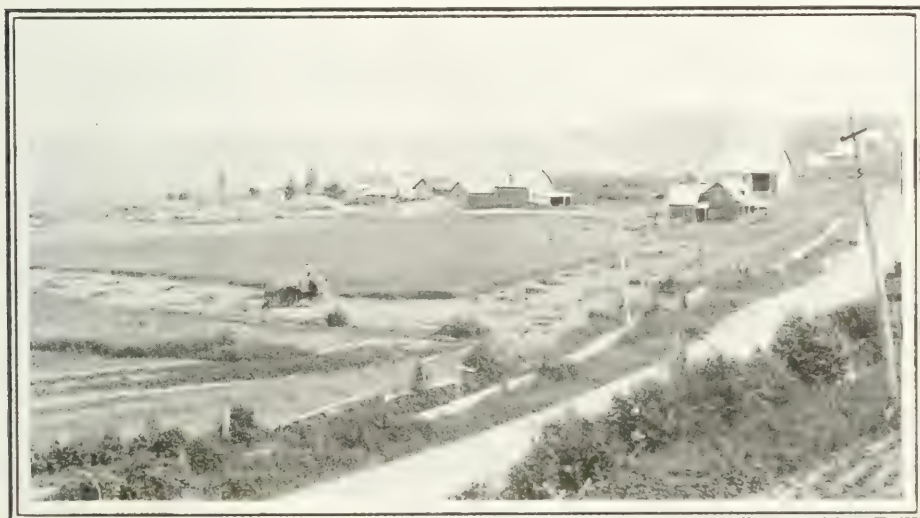


A FINE CROP OF OATS IN THE CLAY BELT

Bay for the restless energy of the adventurous pioneer.

The great clay belt has its beginning in Northern Quebec. At the head of Lake Temiskaming it enters Ontario and continues in an irregular line west to and beyond Lake Nipigon. The northern boundary is James Bay and the District of Keewatin. Its

extent is estimated to be two hundred miles wide by four hundred miles long. While it usually presents a gently undulating country, there are at wide intervals ridges of a few miles in extent of rocky slopes interspersed with lakes, sand and gravel hills, more especially towards the east, but scarcely any portion of it is incapable



MAKING HAY, NEAR NEW LISHEARD

of cultivation. The Transcontinental Railway runs through the centre of this tract mile after mile without the slightest curve, except and only for the better grade or to obviate some engineering difficulty in crossing some wide river, flowing into James Bay or Hudson Bay. The first river to the east, in Ontario, is the Abitibi, where a magnificent bridge resting on three high piers is about finished; at Frederick House River, Mattagami and Ground Hog Rivers others are in course of construction. Beyond bridge building there is really no heavy work but chopping the timber and grading through banks of clay, so level is the country from a railroad standpoint. Still there are disadvantages here, as elsewhere. The land everywhere is good; in fact, it is scarcely possible to find better for Canadian farming, but much of it is low and flat. To cut down the timber, compared with the same undertaking in what is called up there "Old Ontario" is an easy matter, but to make the land productive it must be well burned over after chopping, and this will be no easy thing unless the land is at the same time drained. In fact, drainage of a greater part of that country will be necessary before it can reach its highest capabilities. The fall seems to be good in every direction, but so great is the extent of some of the flat districts the individual farmer will scarcely be able to cope with it, and either the Provincial Government or the county councils, when formed a few years hence, will require to take the matter in hand. There are, of course, large tracts of upland which the earlier settlers will secure and begin farming operations, but the lands will always be cold and early and late frosts prevalent till the country is properly drained. The capabilities of the extreme northern territory are as yet unknown. The only lands so far opened for settlement here are the four townships at the junction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario

Railway and the National Transcontinental Railway. These townships are known as Glackmeyer, Clute, Larmarch and Brower, which were opened a year ago. They are fair samples of the land throughout the whole country. The land is sold at fifty cents an acre to the extent of 160 acres, on the instalment plan, but settlement duties and compulsory living on the land six months of the year for three years are required. To the present date since the opening in May there have been disposed of by the Crown Lands agent at Cochrane upwards of 10,000 acres, but so far only the preliminaries of settlement, such as cutting roads, building shacks and cutting down timber, have been attempted. The growth of the soil has been left to another season. But there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of those best able to judge that the lands in these townships, and, in fact, on all the lands along the whole length of the Transcontinental in Ontario, will grow to perfection every Canadian farm product, as was done this year at Englehart in the same clay country a hundred miles south on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The seasons are shorter than in central Ontario; it is even asserted there is frost every month in the year; but even the most pessimistic admit with drainage of the low-lying sections, crops of all kinds will be raised as successfully and as cheaply as is done around Winnipeg, and in many respects the climate is preferable. The best authorities on the subject agree that the spring season begins about the middle of April, with the lakes and rivers clear of ice by the first of May. The summer season is hot, with seasonable rains, while the winter is looked for about the middle of November. The winter climate is dry and cold with plenty of snow. Occasionally the cold becomes intense, said to be fifty to sixty degrees below zero. Though it is undoubtedly cold, it is just possible that here, as



THE WATERFRONT, AT COCHRANE

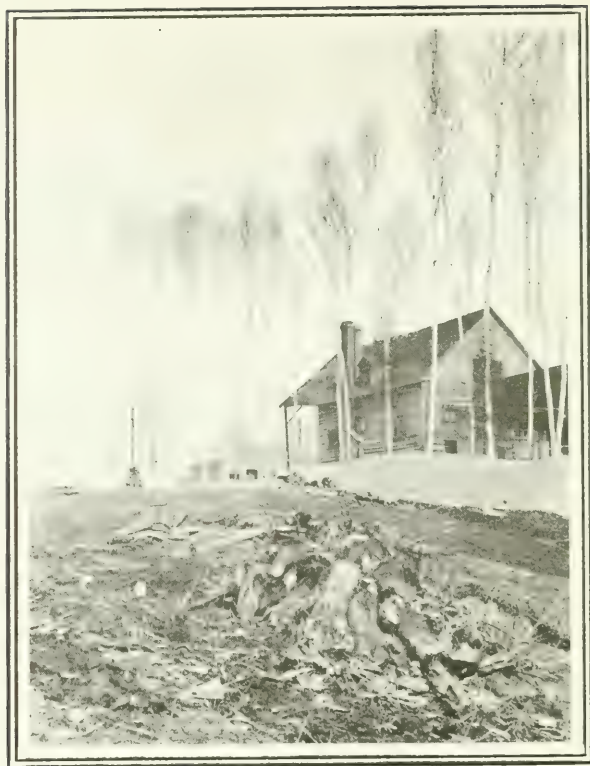
in other new districts, for want of proper facilities for gauging the temperature there may be a slight inclination to exaggeration. However, there is not the least doubt of the general healthfulness and salubrity of the climate for the Canadian constitution, and, assured of this, the creature comforts will follow as settlement advances.

Another drawback to be found in the clay belt, and one which would

scarcely be looked for, is the want of timber. The land is surely bush. trees are everywhere, but they are mostly small and scarcely of thirty years' growth. Along the large rivers some fair specimens of spruce can be found and on the higher lands poplar, spruce and balsam, with a sprinkling of birch, but through the level districts chiefly medium spruce and balsam will be seen. A sandy ridge will grow red pine, but these are few and



STREET-MAKING IN COCHRANE, AT JUNCTION OF TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO
RAILWAY AND NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY



OPENING A NEW STREET IN COCHRANE

far between. The clearing of the land will therefore be light. An experienced chopper will cut and prepare ready for burning in some places half an acre a day, while in the heaviest timber he would have no difficulty in cutting an acre every four days. A good burn would so clear it up that logging would scarcely be worth noting; but the numerous small stumps would bother him for a few years. Some who have begun farming in the southern part of the country stump the clearing at the time they are logging, but as the roots do not penetrate far into the ground and the land is usually seeded with grass for the first few years, it is considered by many a waste of time and labour. However, the farmer who goes into the clay belt must not place too much dependence on the proceeds of his sale of the timber on his lands. The

country is vast, and there is undoubtedly some timber and also fair quantities of pulpwood; but the Transcontinental Railway is using a great number of ties which are being secured largely by their own people along the route. Pulpwood is of value, as it can be shipped, and may or may not pay for its production. In any case, the departmental regulations as to the settler are exceedingly strict and until he is well on with his settlement duties his exportation and sale of pulpwood might be stopped by a Government inspector. Added to this, the danger of fire through his woods (which will be sure to overtake him as the country is cleared, in spite of all precautions), it is scarcely worth while placing much value on his timber except for use on the farm.

Any one who carefully studies the aim of the Department of Lands.

Mines and Forests at Toronto in disposing of the clay belt lands cannot fail to recognise the generosity as well as partiality towards actual settlers. The man who wants to farm is offered every inducement and accorded every opportunity to improve both his farm and his resources; but the mere speculator, under whatever pretext, is quickly turned down. More than one attempt in this way has been reported, only to end in financial loss to the individual. In the older settled parts of the country along the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway the requirements and conditions of settlement are better understood and lived up to, but in the newer sections along the Transcontinental Railway which are likely to rise in value more quickly, there is still a desire for speculation in one form or another. Fortunately for the residents of that new section, the Minister controlling that department has long been a resident of the north country and is well versed in all that pertains to the growth and prosperity of young and struggling settlements. This is evidenced by the fostering care in the growth of Cochrane by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission. This new town site was opened for sale a year ago and now has two hundred or more buildings

erected. It has been made a divisional point for both railways and a good union station of concrete, costing some \$40,000, is in course of erection. Rumours of town plots in opposition to Cochrane for speculative purposes have resulted in all the lands for a mile and a half on either side of the Transcontinental Railway from the Abitibi River to beyond Frederick House River being withdrawn from settlement, and thus every attempt at speculation has been blocked. The cry of the Department at Toronto is for actual settlers only, and while every consideration will be shown the farmer, the country, vast as it is, has no room for the speculator in lands or timber. Perhaps it is as well that it is so. The clay belt is essentially an agricultural country and the farmer is the man who can best develop it. After he gets going other industries will naturally follow. The speculator's field is in the mining lands and the timber to the south and west. The great clay belt is destined to contain the prosperous homes of many thousands of our younger farmers, and even then though plenty will still be left for another generation there is wisdom on the part of the Ontario Government in carefully regulating the supply in accordance with legitimate demands.



THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

ACT IV.

THE QUEST OF TRUTH.

SCENE; Same as Act III., five hours later. The writing-table has been supplanted by a velvet-curtained cabinet, draperies of a richer tone, gilt chairs, piano-lamps, ornate panel-screen, soft divan, with heaped pillows, cut flowers, all over-lavish and bourgeois. The electric lamps are softly shaded. Mr. Slater and Mrs. Tupper are discovered as the curtain goes up, Slater standing gloved and transitory, with hat and book in his hand; Mrs. Tupper in opera cloak and long gloves and diamonds, obviously prepared for an evening out; picks through a box of chocolates as she talks.

Slater. [Proudly.] Helen Rider's made, Mrs. Tupper—made. She's done the impossible. She's going to show 'em lightning hits twice in the same spot.

Tupper. [Indifferently, as she shakes candy-box.] She's made, is she? Sounds like she was a mince pie. *[Quite unimpressed.]* And how's she made?

Slater. [Flourishing proof sheets.] By this. By her new book. It'll be out in two weeks.

Tupper. [Looking up.] Did that cat have a book up her sleeve, all the time? *[Swallowing chocolate.]* The

luck o' some women. And I couldn't have got one of my sonnets in type if I was to hang for it.

Slater. Not luck, Mrs. Tupper. Genius. Pure genius.

Tupper. Genius for taking root where she's not wanted.

Slater. [Shocked.] I'm as proud of Helen Rider as though she were my own—h'm—my own child. This'll run into a hundred thousand. She's made, I tell you, made!

Tupper. Then I'll leave you to tell her she's made. I've got a call that isn't made, and I'm keeping my car waiting. You know I'm taking up another course of trance-reading—going in for the psychic again.

Slater. [Consults watch.] I'll run in to-morrow, when Miss Rider's at home.

Tupper. [Coolly.] We'll be spirit-rappin' here to-morrow, Mr. Slater.

Slater. [Undisturbed.] Then the next day. Ah, you should be a proud woman, Mrs. Tupper, proud to think that a book, a book that's bound to have a hundred thousand readers, came from under your roof.

Tupper. From under my roof. I'd rather it came from under my hat. *[She listens.]* There she is, now.

Slater. Pardon me, but are you in any way—h'm—annoyed at Miss Rider?

Tupper. No, I can't say it's annoy-

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ance. But I guess Helen Rider's too truthful for my tastes. [*Sighs.*] I feel I'd like to bask in the admiration of a brilliant liar for a month or two. [*Helen enters, dressed for street, her movements hurried and restless, her face pale and anxious. She ignores Slater and scarcely looks at Mrs. Tupper, who resents the apparent slight.*]

Helen. [*Anxiously.*] Isn't Paul Whitgreave here? [*Staring about.*] Hasn't he been here? Didn't my messenger come back?

Tupper. [*Ring bell.*] You'll find that out by asking the servants.

Slater. [*Intervening.*] Miss Rider, you're made. Made. [*He waves proof sheets before her.*]

Tupper. [*As Wilson appears at door.*] Wilson, I want you to see that Miss Rider's trunks get off to the Grenoble, first thing in the morning. [*To Helen.*] I believe it's the Grenoble, isn't it? [*To Wilson.*] And Wilson, I want the cabinet fixed for to-morrow. [*Crosses to door.*] And attend to the lights when Mr. Slater goes. Good-night, Mr. Slater. [*Exit, without glancing at Helen.*]

Slater. [*After her absently.*] Good-night. Good-night. [*To Helen.*] But this is impossible. Out of the question. The Grenoble. It must be the Plaza. Or the St. Regis, at least. This new book of yours is going to—

Helen. [*Facing him, and flinging the words at him.*] That is not my book.

Slater. [*Drawing back, and then recovering himself.*] H'm. [*Confidentially.*] That was a clever move of yours, Miss Rider, that anonymous title page. But we'll have to drop it now, you know.

Helen. I tell you this is not my book.

Slater. [*Hardening.*] Then whose book is it, if you please?

Helen. It's Paul Whitgreave's.

Slater. I really fail to follow you.

Helen. I say every page of this book is Paul Whitgreave's work. And

it must be printed and known as his work.

Slater. Are you mad?

Helen. Perhaps I am; perhaps I only have been. But after this I'm going to be sane.

Slater. But I don't quite understand this. We must talk this over, quietly, reasonably.

Helen. I can't talk this over to-night. I'll come to your office to-morrow.

Slater. But you can't explode a bomb-shell like this under me, and then expect me to wait a week for an explanation.

Helen. [*Distraught.*] I can't talk this over to-night. [*She stops pacing back and forth to ring bell.*]

Slater. [*Looking over shoulder at her.*] The woman's mad. [*Wilson enters in answer to ring.*]

Helen. Wilson, has any message come for me during this last hour? A telegram? Or a telephone message? Or even a note?

Wilson. Your mail was all put in your room, Miss.

Helen. In my room?

Wilson. Yes, Miss. Mrs. Tupper gave orders it wasn't to be left down 'ere.

Slater. Miss Rider—h'm—

Helen. [*Absently.*] It may be there, then. [*Crosses and exit.*]

Slater. [*Looking after her, as he turns to go.*] The woman must be mad. [*Exit Slater. Wilson turns down lamps, adjusts furniture, inspects book, shakes his head, and lifts curtains of cabinet, with open contempt.*]

Wilson. Which means a 'alf-year of the trance ladies and gentlemen again. [*Jerking curtains once more shut.*] And I was 'oping this would be a nice 'ealthy house for us all again. [*Enter Paul, quickly, unannounced. He is excited, dishevelled, and obviously indignant. Wilson starts, coughs, and switches on lights, making sure the intruder is not a ghost. Paul wheels.*]

Paul. Where's Miss Rider?

Wilson. Upstairs in her room, sir—in what was her room, sir.

Paul. I must see her—at once.

Wilson. I'll tell her, sir.

Paul. Tell her I must see her.

Wilson. Yes, sir. [*Exit. Paul strides back and forth, with repeated gestures of indignation. As he does so, and his back is turned, Helen enters. She stands close to door, pale and quiet, uncertain, yet resolute, watching him until he turns. The two stare at each other; despair creeps into her face as she continues to watch him.*]

Helen. [*Suddenly crying out.*] You've seen John Burke.

Paul. I've seen Slater.

Helen. [*Despairingly.*] But you've seen John Burke?

Paul. No; I've not seen John Burke. I don't want to see him. But God knows, I've seen and heard enough.

Helen. [*Creeping towards him.*] Paul, what have you heard?

Paul. [*Ignoring her.*] Oh, God.

Helen. What have you seen?

Paul. [*Releasing his passion.*] I've seen that you've taken that yellow mess, that sophomore rot, that mush of green-sick sentimentality, and let the world think it was yours. You've deliberately—

Helen. Paul, I sent a messenger to you to-day. I sent you a check for twenty-two hundred dollars. Didn't he come? Didn't you get it?

Paul. He came; of course, he came. And I sent him and his check back to Slater.

Helen. But that money was yours.

Paul. Mine? What makes it mine? I try to earn things before I accept them. I make sure a thing is mine before I take it!

Helen. Don't. Only let me explain.

Paul. Explain? Explain that you've taken a book that wasn't your own, and made use of it for your own purposes. You've taken my book.

Helen. That isn't true. I can show you it isn't true.

Paul. True! Didn't you pass that book on to Slater and have it printed as your own? Haven't you taken money from Slater's office for it? Can't I see what you've done?

Helen. [*Catching at him as he tears away.*] Only let me explain to you, Paul.

Paul. You can't.

Helen. I can explain everything. I haven't taken anything from you. I couldn't take anything from you. Only let me explain. It wasn't for myself, even what I borrowed. Oh, Paul, don't be unkind.

Paul. Be unkind? Have you been kind to me?

Helen. I've done you no injury. You've lost nothing through me. You've only gained. You can't help but gain.

Paul. You've stolen my book. Is that nothing?

Helen. No, no; not stolen. I've told Slater. He was the only one I deceived. And he knows, now. Everything is to be put right. Every penny will go to you—every penny will be returned to you. Everybody will be told the book is yours.

Paul. Oh, it's not the book. I don't want the book. I wouldn't take it. I thought it was buried and out of sight. It's the thought that you could trick and dupe me this way. It's the fact that you've calmly deceived me, that you've been living a lie to me, all these weeks.

Helen. [*Despairingly.*] No. It wasn't that. It wasn't all deceit. I meant to tell you. I meant to explain. I kept waiting, waiting for a chance. I wanted to be honest.

Paul. Honest! And with this between us every day we were together. Oh, I was a fool.

Helen. [*Following him as he draws away.*] Paul.

Paul. In a Fool's Paradise, for two whole weeks!

Helen. I can pay you back, Paul, doubly, ten times over. I can work for you. I can help you in the things

you don't understand. I'd plan and work for you, always—always.

Paul. And go on the way you've gone, to the end, a cheat, an impostor.

Helen. Paul.

Paul. [*Breaking away.*] Don't touch me.

Helen. [*Staring at him.*] What do you intend to do?

Paul. There's only one thing to do.

Helen. You don't mean you're going to let this come between us, without trying to—

Paul. I'm going home.

Helen. Home?

Paul. Yes; back to England.

Helen. You're going to leave me?

Paul. Leave you? How can I leave you when we were never together? When there was always this stone wall of deceit between us?

Helen. But you said you—you cared for me. You made me believe, against my will, that you cared for me. You said you would believe in me, and help me, always.

Paul. I did believe in you, until you killed my belief.

Helen. [*Staring at him.*] And it only went that deep? Only that deep, this great love you were trying to teach me to depend on?

Paul. But look at the way you depended on it.

Helen. And you kept asking me to put it to a test. To give it a trial.

Paul. A trial? This isn't a trial. It's an American lynching. You've taken the only sacred thing in life and strung it up—and when you've strangled it, killed it, you want to talk about the merits of the case.

Helen. [*More quietly.*] Paul, I'm being terribly truthful with you now. I'm being terribly sincere. This is one of the moments when a whole lifetime hangs in the balance, in some way. Everything seems to have narrowed up to this one moment when we stand together here, when one small word or two can start us down the opposite slopes of some great canyon. And there'd be no going back.

It isn't often a woman talks this way. I'm almost pleading with you. I'm begging and asking you to be more generous.

Paul. [*With a scoff of amazement.*] Generous!

Helen. To be truer to yourself, to—

Paul. [*Breaking in, with contempt.*] This, from you.

Helen. [*With intense repression.*] I want to be honest, and upright, and what you'd call a good woman. I want to, oh, so much. And I came to think that you were the only person who could help me, the only person who could save me from myself.

Paul. And you used and duped me, from the first.

Helen. No; I was honest with you, as honest as you would let me be. Paul, look at me.

Paul. I can't. Oh, this is hateful.

Helen. [*Clinging to his arms.*] Can't you see how you've humbled me? See how much I must need you. Paul, can't you even have pity on me, in this?

Paul. No; no.

Helen. [*Slipping almost to her knees as he struggles back, and catching blindly at him.*] Can't you? Why can't you? [*John Burke enters, so quietly he is unobserved. He goes to withdraw, but is held by the attitude and the words of the other two.*]

Paul. I tell you I can't stand this. I won't stand it.

Helen. [*Clinging frenziedly to him.*] But only listen to me.

Paul. I can't. I don't want to. It's too late.

Helen. Oh, help me. I can't face it all, now, without help.

Paul. I can't.

Burke. [*Clearly and quietly, without moving.*] Why can't you?

Paul. [*Starting, turning and peering at Burke.*] Then you know of this, too?

Burke. Yes; I know of it. [*Burke crosses to Helen, takes her hands, and half lifts her to chair.*]

Paul. [*Resentfully.*] And you

knew I was being led about by the nose, all along?

Burke. I knew you'd told a woman you believed in her, and that she'd come to believe in you. And I envied you.

Paul. Ha, envied me? What is there to envy in being thimble-rigged and gulled and made an ass of?

Burke. Wait. Aren't you thimble-rigging yourself? Aren't there things about this you haven't understood?

Paul. I wish there were. But it's all too damnably plain. She *lied* to me.

Burke. Don't say that.

Paul. I've got to. And what have I left, if I haven't truth?

Burke. Truth. How are we to know truth when we see it? What is truth, after all?

Paul. We all know what it is well enough.

Burke. What do you think it is?

Paul. It's the one thing that makes love worth while, that makes life possible.

Burke. [*In quiet kindness of tone.*] But, my dear boy, what is truth to-day is sometimes a lie tomorrow. Should you or I always judge, in a case like this? What may be truthful in letter is often false, terribly false, in spirit.

Paul. That's mere hair-splitting.

Burke. [*Still patient.*] Most of us human beings, Paul, are like this panel-screen. We have to be put crooked before we can stand straight. And it's usually when we try to stick to the unwavering line that we take our worst tumbles.

Paul. You can't sweep a month of lies out of my life with a paradox.

Burke. When you're as old as I am you'll know good and bad, in this world, always come mixed. It's only in books we're all black or all white.

Paul. [*Showing more and more his self-centering obduracy.*] Anyone can dish out a mush of concession to extenuate indecency. I've no love for mire. I prefer keeping clean.

Burke. And how do you keep clean? By soap and water, my boy, a good many times a day. And even then you'll find your hands not always spotless. No; the saints are only the sinners who kept on trying.

Paul. [*With growing self-pity.*] But why couldn't she have told me? Why didn't *you* tell me?

Burke. [*His sternness increasing.*] This is only hurt pride. This is only your egotism that's wounded.

Paul. Egotism? It's the way I'm built. It's the way I've always lived and thought.

Burke. [*His feeling mastering him.*] But, good God, boy, look at *her*. Think of her for a minute or two. Is all this helping *her*?

Paul. I can't think of her, now! I've got to believe in things. Once my faith is shaken, everything is over.

Burke. That's arrogance. The arrogance of youth. It's not until your beautiful boyish faith is shaken, shaken brutally, shaken like a tree, that you'll ever get your hands on a ripe thought! So you've got to believe in something. Then believe in love! That makes the other things take care of themselves.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] I *do* believe in love! But not the kind that schemes and plots and makes use of a person.

Burke. But that's what love is for. To make use of. To be tried with the acid-test of service.

Helen. [*With sudden and shrill revolt.*] Paul, don't you see what he's doing? He's leading you on and letting you degrade yourself in my sight. He's trying to make me hate and despise you—just as he made me hate and despise myself. He's trying to talk you away from me. He's making you write yourself down as small and mean. He's secretly degrading you.

Paul. Degrading me? It's *you* who have degraded me, made *me* small and mean.

Burke. You're wrong—both of you. What have I got to do with your loving or hating? You're only tortur-

ing yourself with your own blind pride, both of you.

Paul. But why couldn't she have acted openly, aboveboard? Why wasn't she honest with me?

Burke. Don't you know? Can't you see that yet? Because she wanted your love; because she hated to have you hurt her—as her very protest shows how you have been hurting her!

Paul. But she's hurt me! She's knocked the bottom out of everything for me. She ought to have been honest with me.

Burke. [*With wearied patience.*] She would have been honest with you, Paul, but love is a strange thing. It makes us afraid of ourselves, sometimes. Look at me, her old friend—a mere friend. Yet she told me everything, openly—everything.

Paul. [*Suddenly.*] Ha, that makes it worse than ever; that shows she intended using me, from the first.

Burke. [*Puzzled.*] But Smoking Torches was written long before she knew you.

Paul. What has Smoking Torches to do with this?

Burke. [*After pause of bewilderment.*] Nothing! Nothing! Now! It's over and done with. It's atoned for. It belongs to the dead past. [*He turns to Helen's crouching figure.*] But can't you see you've been breaking her heart?

Helen. He's not breaking my heart. It's you—you!

Paul. [*Still self-pityingly.*] I think she's broken mine. [*Then swinging suddenly round to Burke.*] Good God! You don't mean she stole Smoking Torches? You don't mean she's always done this sort of thing?

Burke. [*Pausing, controlling himself with great effort.*] There's been too much of this.

Paul. Did she steal that, too?

Burke. [*Fence for time.*] What have you accused her of stealing?

Paul. My book—a book of mine.

Helen. [*Starting up.*] I've told them it's yours. I'll cry it's yours

from the house-tops, if you want me to.

Burke. There'll be no need for that. [*Quickly to Helen.*] Was this what you did for Syd?

Helen. Yes. But he'll get his book now. He'll get it—

Paul. I don't want the book. I won't take it. I've never asked for it. I abhor and despise it.

Burke. Then the matter becomes a simple one. It comes down to a question of motive. It—

Paul. [*Peremptorily.*] Wait! I insist on getting this thing cleared up, before we go any farther. Didn't you say she stole her first book, as well as her last?

Burke. [*Instinctively shielding her.*] I object to that word.

Paul. It's the only word. And I intend to know if her whole life is jerry-built or not.

Burke. [*With sudden finality.*] Do you love this woman?

Paul. What has that to do with it?

Helen. It has nothing to do with it. Nothing! I'll not endure more of this.

Burke. It has everything to do with it.

Helen. No! Nothing!

Burke. Do you love her, now, there, as you see her before you, at this moment?

Paul. I'll not answer that question. What you've got to do, is answer mine. Did she or didn't she steal Smoking Torches?

Burke. [*Steadily.*] She came by it more honestly than you or I have come by the right to stand here and question her. There's a kind of moral thunder, that can sour even the milk of human kindness.

Helen. I don't want you to plead for me, in a thing like this! I can't allow you to—

Burke. [*Interrupting her and facing Paul.*] But what right have you to question her? What right have you to be torturing her—

Paul. I've got to know! I must

have the truth and the whole truth!

Helen. [*White-faced, confronting him.*] The truth. You want the truth! Then you shall have it!

Burke. From me!

Helen. [*With rising passion.*] No, from me! There's been a great deal of prating about truth and honor and love here to-night, now you shall have the truth.

Burke. [*Warningly.*] Wait! Please wait!

Helen. [*Tumultuously.*] No; there'll be no more waiting. I'm through with that sort of thing. I'll not rest under this lie—for it is a lie, you know it! I'll not skulk behind anyone's falsehoods, after this! [*She turns to Paul.*] I did steal Smoking Torches! I stole it—do you hear? Every page and chapter of it, every line and word of it. What John Burke said was a lie. It was a lie to shield me, a cowardly lie to keep you in the dark.

Burke. There's such a thing as too much truth! Too much truth can deceive, just—

Helen. [*Shrilly, tempestuously.*] No; don't stop me! What I say is true. I stole this book. I stole my first book. I've stolen everything. I made use of the manuscript you left with me. I trafficked in it, to get an advance from Slater. I baited my hook with it, to get twenty-two hundred dollars, for my own use. I hoodwinked you—I tricked and duped you, since you used those words. I used your book, your work, your money, your faith in me. And now you'll get it back, every line and page of it, every dollar and penny of it, every rag and shred of it.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] I don't want it! I don't want the cursed book. I've said that a dozen times.

Burke. [*Shortly.*] Then what do you want?

Paul. I want to get away from this. I'm sick of all this court-room rowing and wrangling. I'm sick of trying to judge—

Burke. Of trying to judge? What right have you to judge?

Helen. [*Letting herself go.*] What right has either of you to judge? What right have you, or you, to judge me and what I've done? I'm not a convict. I'm not a slave on an auction-block. I'm not a child. I'm not asking your charity. I know what I've done. What I'm doing. You cried for the truth, and I'm giving it to you—to the last drops. I hate myself—I hate myself for being too cowardly to tell you before. You're right. Every day of this past two weeks has been worse than a fool's paradise. It's been like living on a volcano. Every day I tried to build my happiness up on that poor rotten crust of deceit. And every day I could feel the fires under it. Every day I wanted to tell you—waited for the chance to cleanse my soul of the whole thing, the whole polluting thing! And every day I put it off. Every instinct kept warning me you weren't as big as I wanted you to be. I was afraid of you. I was afraid for you. And now I see I was right. And now I'm afraid no longer. I'm down, now. You can't harm me. You can't hurt or lower me, either of you. I've put myself so low you can't drag me lower. I'm back where I belong. And I'm free now. I'm free, and I'm glad of it. Glad of it!

Burke. I won't allow this to go on!

Helen. You can't stop it. You must allow it to go on. You've stripped me naked, between you. You've shamed me and degraded me. You've hag-gled and wrangled over me, as though I were something to be bought up and carried away. You've judged and weighed me and trumped up excuses for me. But I don't want your excuses. I don't ask your forgiveness. I'll go my own way, now, alone, as I began. You'll have neither my friendship nor my lies to drag you down. All I want is to be alone. Do you hear, alone! Go! Go! Go! Both of you!

Burke. Not until you explain why this money was taken. You've got to play fair with yourself, with him.

Helen. I don't ask for fairness. I'm through with excuses. I'm giving him what he wants, what he demanded. If truth, naked truth, hurts him, he must go back to you for another lie.

Paul. [*Turning on Burke as Helen sinks, panting, into chair.*] Then you, you too have lied to me.

Helen. Yes. You're hedged about with lies. You're tangled and smothered in them.

Paul. [*Horried.*] Lies! All the world is lies. Life is a living lie. You've deceived me, all of you.

Burke. You're right. It's a pit of deception. And I'm afraid it always has been, from Adam down.

Paul. [*Hotly.*] And it's thieves who always stick closest together.

Burke. It's a pit of deception, and only the love that rises above it saves it in the end.

Paul. You're both against me.

Burke. No; you're against yourself.

Paul. That means you think I'm narrow and small-minded. But how can you expect me to believe in a woman whose whole career is nothing but sham and shoddy?

Burke. Her career hasn't begun yet. We're a hopeless pair. But if you haven't faith in us, what have you faith in? Where, in this old world, are you going to find somebody without a humanizing sin or two?

Paul. There's one girl, thank God, I can still believe in. I can always believe in her. God knows, I've got to believe in *something*.

Burke. Then you're lucky. Wherever our faith lies, we must turn to it. You can't keep us away from it, any more than you can keep leaves from the light.

Paul. [*Miserably.*] I don't think I could go back to her now.

Burke. Don't think too much of yourself. Think of her.

Paul. [*Peevishly impatient.*] Oh, I can't think here. I've got to get out

in the open air. I've got to straighten everything out, by myself.

Burke. Then you're facing something I can't help you in. But are you going, this way, without a word? [*Crosses to Helen.*]

Paul. [*Stung into resentful anger at Burke's protecting solicitude as the latter stands close to her.*] Why have you been so interested in all this? And in her?

Burke. [*With quiet strength.*] Because I've been witnessing the most beautiful thing in all life. I've just seen a good woman. [*He takes Helen's passive hand.*] a good woman redeem herself.

Paul. [*Bitterly.*] More preaching.

Burke. But there's nothing more beautiful than redemption, foolish, old-fashioned redemption. To lift a human body up out of suffering is fine enough, in its way. But to save a soul, a struggling, aching human soul—what's better or more beautiful than that?

Paul. [*Understandingly.*] Why, you're in love with this woman, yourself. You've been in love with her, all along.

Burke. Always!

Paul. Then you've both fooled me, from the first! [*He wheels, with a gesture of repudiation, and strides out. Helen and Burke face each other.*]

Helen. Oh, why have you done this?

Burke. I've done nothing. I'm only a chip on the current—the current none of us can control.

Helen. [*Crying out.*] Oh, you think I've acted selfishly?

Burke. No; only blindly, mistakenly.

Helen. It was never for myself. It was always for someone else—after that first mistake. I got nothing out of it. It never brought anything to me.

Burke. Misery, my child; a great deal of misery.

Helen. I deserved that. But why do you still shame me with kindness like this?

Burke. But was it kindness after all? You see how I went wrong, myself, simply because I wanted something? How we are afraid of even our blessings in disguise?

Helen. [*Wanly, with flash of old humour.*] But the trouble with these blessings in disguise is that the disguise is always so perfect. Ah, how can you still believe in me?

Burke. Don't you know?

Helen. I only know that you've made me hate myself, hate everything I've done.

Burke. But think how much is left, to love. Not with a boy's love, Helen. But with a man's, a man who is a bit on in years, and knows the tangled old world,, and its right and wrong.

Helen. [*Crying a little.*] My true, good friend.

Burke. [*Shaking his head and smiling.*] That's not enough now.

Helen. I knew! I knew, all along! [*Business.*]

Burke. I'm off to Santa Barbara to work on a new lighthouse to-morrow. Won't you—come with me?

Helen. With you?

Burke. [*Very quietly and not touching her.*] Yes, with me.

Helen. But there's Syd.

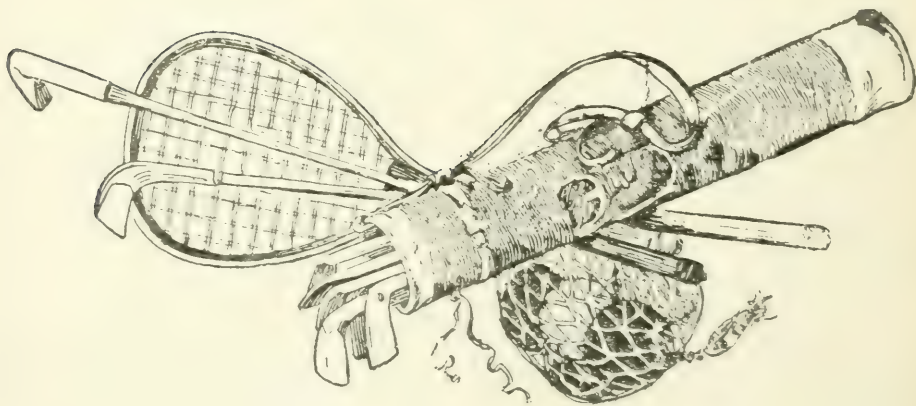
Burke. Syd will be there, waiting.

Helen. I want to go away, now, far away.

Burke. Alone?

Helen. [*Slowly, and with softening and lightening face.*] No; not alone! [*Burke holds out his arms, quietly and gravely, as she gazes questioningly and mournfully up into his eyes.*] No; with you!

CURTAIN.





THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, OTTAWA

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN CANADA

BY FRANK YEIGH

THE Young Men's Christian Association, with its 750,000 members in 6,000 associations reaching in fifty countries of five continents, has won for itself a unique and assured position among the religio-civic organisations of the world.

In no country is the movement so prosperous as in Canada, where there are Associations reaching from Halifax to Victoria, while the influence of the Association is reaching the thousands of men employed on the great Canadian railways. The membership in the Canadian Associations represents a keen virile manhood force that constitutes one of our richest national assets. Standing as it does for the

development of the highest life of man and for high ideals and lofty character, the Association has properly been termed a great man-making institution.

One reason for the continued steady growth of the movement, since it was founded sixty-six years ago, has been its adaptability, like Christianity itself, to the need of men of every race and clime, and the wise expansion of its programme to meet newly recurring situations.

The Young Men's Christian Association is the only international organisation in the world whose aim is the practical moral, intelligent, physical and spiritual well-being of

young men. It is well organised to realise its aims. It is cosmopolitan and democratic, welding together its membership of widely differing ideas, nationalities, races and social castes. It therefore makes effectual the unity of humanity; it is a great world expression of brotherhood.

The old type of Association concentrated its efforts along distinctly evangelistic lines. It was an association without a gymnasium or an educational class or a dormitory. It was satisfied with a parlour and reading-room equipment, and accommodation for the holding of meetings. Yet this type did its work well and effectively under limited conditions; it did a pioneer foundation work that should not be overlooked.

The Association of to-day is, however, essentially modern. It is keeping in step with the development of the modern spirit, civic, commercial, and religious. Its programme of interests and activities is broader than

ever before—a programme that is constantly being enlarged to meet new demands, but the same religious purposes underlies the Association of 1910 as underlay the first Association of 1844.

The expansion of the Association movement has been remarkable to a degree, not only relating itself to its threefold conception of life as physical, mental and spiritual, but reaching out to men rather than waiting for them to come to it. Thus there are the industrial, the boys, the rural, the military and the foreign work departments—a subdivision of interests that was not known a quarter of a century ago. The Association is moreover concerning itself with and relating itself more closely to the work of the churches, and movements of a religious character.

One of the leading supporters of the Association holds that it should place itself in such a relation of co-operation with all federated move-



THE READING-ROOM, COLLINGWOOD Y.M.C.A.



SOCIAL ROOM, WEST-END Y.M.C.A., TORONTO

ments as to be able to constantly adjust itself to changing conditions and to ensure the most effective co-ordination of all Christian agencies.

The Association is successfully interpreting the spirit of Christianity in modern city life.

The Y. M. C. A. of the present day is also interesting its members in citizenship and civics, in practical lines of social service, in clean athletics, in high standards of life in every department. It is interesting itself in the foreigner and the immigrant, in the boy who has not had a fair chance, in the lad in and from the country, in the red man of the West, the *Jack Tar* on the man-o'-war, and the *Tommy Atkins* in the barracks, in the industrial worker in shop and factory, in the railway employee, in the lumberjack and miner. It is enlarging the scope of brotherhood vastly beyond what was hitherto con-

ceived. And because of this wide-based programme, it has won the goodwill of men of all shades of thought and belief, men high in authority and influence. It has indeed become a recognised factor in every populous community, as much so as the church or school, the library or art gallery. It has an assured position as one of the factors in the working out of a high and sound civilisation.

The recent development of the Association in the Dominion is evidenced in the many building campaigns that have been successfully brought to a conclusion. The citizens of Toronto subscribed over \$600,000 for four new Y. M. C. A. buildings in May last. Montreal has raised \$320,000 for new buildings and equipment, in addition to \$115,000 invested in the McGill University Students' Association, to which Lord Strath-

cona donated \$30,000. Ottawa raised \$200,000 and has to show for it the most complete Association building in Canada. Halifax and Victoria have subscribed \$100,000 each, Hamilton \$55,000, Regina \$40,000, Calgary \$85,000, Edmonton \$53,000, Lethbridge \$35,000, New Westminster \$35,000, and Vancouver is talking of raising \$450,000.

In addition, a number of the larger towns, such as Owen Sound, Orillia, Woodstock, etc., have been generously provided with new buildings. Belleville has recently raised \$41,000 for a new building, and Guelph will conduct a building campaign in January next. In a four-day campaign \$22,000 was raised in Oshawa—a town of only 6,000 population—and in one

ings are complete. The Board of Education, the Trades and Labour Council, the Board of Trade, and other important bodies are co-operating with the local Y.M.C.A. in this regard.

In the realm of athletics the Association has also done splendid work, indeed it might be claimed that the organisation has made itself worth while in this department alone. As a pioneer in the control of amateur athletics it has fought a strong battle for clean sport, the results of which are apparent to all who are in touch with the recreative life of the country. A revolution has in fact taken place along these lines, and much of the credit is fairly due to the Association. As a result, its influence is practically



THE SUMMER CAMP AT LAKE COUCHICHING

day 400 members were there obtained on a five-dollar fee basis.

One of the most attractive departments of the Association work is educational in its nature. Taking North America as a whole, 50,000 students are enrolled in Association classes, and in these classes "fifty-seven varieties" of subjects are taught. The Canadian Associations do excellent work in this department, meeting the need of hundreds of young men for supplemental work and helping them to meet the ever-increasing competition of modern times. A carefully selected commission is investigating educational conditions in Toronto with the view of placing this work on a scientific basis when the new build-

paramount in many departments of amateur athletics.

A paragraph must be given to the railway work of the modern Association, which has assumed very large proportions. That this is so is proven by the fact that there are Associations on railroads comprising over eighty per cent. of the total railroad mileage of Canada, the United States and Mexico, there being no less than 242 railroad associations in these three countries, touching the lives of 86,000 employees. The railways contribute thirty-five per cent. of their up-keep, and \$3,500,000 is invested in buildings. In Canada there are twenty-eight Associations devoted in whole or in part to railway men, having a



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT KENORA, ONTARIO

real property value in buildings and equipment of \$1,138,760.

The Grand Trunk Railway has long been the advocate of Railroad Associations, there being fourteen in connection with this system. This railway has spent large sums during the last twelve years toward Association buildings, besides contributing very generously to their support and up-keep. Mr. Charles M. Hays, the President of the System, has given the following testimony to Railway Y.M.C.A. work:

"We believe that the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has been and is doing a very necessary work for the social, mental and physical improvement of our employees, and because of this opinion, the Grand Trunk Railway Company has contributed to December 31st, 1907, the sum of \$72,758, towards the construction, enlargement and improvement of the fourteen Associations located at divisional points on our system of railways.

"The Company is also contributing a large sum per annum towards the expenses of operating and maintaining these Associations with the belief that the indirect benefit in a financial way is in excess of the amount expended, because of the better condition of our men, both

mentally and physically, to perform their duties in connection with the operation of our trains, the maintenance of our road and the service generally."

The Canadian Pacific Railway also has of late years taken up this phase of social service for their army of 77,000 men. Fine new buildings have been erected at such important points as Schreiber, Chapleau, White River, Ignace and Kenora, the Company contributing \$125,000 towards their erection and assisting in the running expenses.

The Mayor of Chapleau has said that the establishment of the Association in that town has been a great moral uplift to the entire community. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a fine Association building at Revelstoke, and has made a grant for another, at Cranbrook.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. on behalf of the boys is comparatively a new feature but a most popular and beneficial one. There are thirty-one boys' associations in the Dominion, with 6,345 members, over half of whom are enrolled in Bible classes.

The boy was for many years not thought of in connection with Association work, but every new building is equipping itself for a large work of this kind and the pressure is very great on old buildings to provide the necessary accommodation. The advantages of this department are too obvious to need elucidation.

Another class whose interests are now being recognised is the young man and the boy in the country. Under the title of county work, the plan is to organise a number of small Associations in a county, under the direction of a trained expert. Two counties have been organised in Ontario, namely, Huron and Bruce, with ten small town organisations therein. When it is remembered that more than seventy-five per cent. of the men in the cities are country born, it will be seen how rich a harvest there is in the rural parts of the country. When the country member of the Association moves into the city, he is looked up at his destination and helped to fit into his new conditions. A much needed department is also being organised in relation to the play life of the country boy. His physical

needs are for the first time being studied and improved and none too soon. The Association has a rare field of activity in the rural districts.

Canada was a pioneer in Association work for the military men. For many years the Association has attended the militia camps, where the Y.M.C.A. tent has been a well-known sight, and officers high in command now regard the work as an indispensable feature in the summer training camps of the Canadian Militia. The service rendered to the soldier boys of our land is one that appeals to them with great force and in this department alone the Association is doing a work that is of distinctive national value.

Within recent years the Association has extended its efforts to foreign lands and its work in this department has been remarkably successful. Eighty-two secretaries are now working in thirty cities of thirteen foreign countries, namely, Argentina, Brazil, Ceylon, China, Cuba, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Korea, Turkey, Mexico, the Philippine Islands, and Uruguay.

The work in many of these centres is twofold: It seeks to serve not only



THE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, WOODSTOCK



THE Y.M.C.A. AT SUMMER MILITIA TRAINING CAMP

the natives, but the English-speaking male population. The secretaries who are manning these strategic centres are the cream of Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and many of them are of statesmanlike calibre, as they need to be when dealing with the literati of China and Japan and the native students of India. Canada's contribution of men towards this work in the Orient has been of outstanding value. Mr. J. N. Farquhar, M.A., the National General Secretary for India, is supported by the Canadian Associations. In Mr. Farquhar's opinion there is an immeasurable and ever increasing opening for work among the educated young Christians in India. Mr. J. L. McPherson, formerly of Toronto, is Secretary of the European Y.M.C.A. branch in Hong Kong, and Mr. C. E. Trueman, of Strathroy, represents a group of Canadian Associations in Japan.

Reference to this foreign work sug-

gests what might be termed the Home Mission department of the Canadian and American Associations for dealing with the immigrant. Now that Canada has become the melting pot of the nations, with one out of every five of our population an immigrant who has arrived within the last ten years, any service that can be rendered the newcomer is a service that will count. Association representatives meet the incoming steamers at the Atlantic seaport with the hope of rendering them any assistance in their power. Their representatives are stationed at the outgoing foreign and British ports, so that there is a systematised effort to help the men who are forming the great migratory movement of our times.

A final word remains to be said concerning the Association work among the students of Canada. Branch Associations have been organised in fourteen universities and col-

leges, eleven of which are in Ontario and Quebec. The influence exercised through this channel cannot be over-estimated. An outstanding feature of the student work is its Bible study movement. In Toronto University, for example, no less than 1,000 students were enrolled during 1909-10 in 100 groups of Bible classes, and what has been done in Toronto has been accomplished to a greater or less degree in other educational centres. It may be added that Bible study is

a recognised feature of the Association programme on its religious side.

The foregoing outline of the scope and activities of the modern Y.M.C.A. will give the reader some slight idea of the importance and standing of this organisation and of the part it is playing in developing character and manhood. The Association is, in a word, an essential factor in the higher life of the Dominion, and worthy of the generous support of its citizens.



THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT POINT ST. CHARLES

IN THE GRAY OF THE YEAR

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

In the gray of the year, the longing leaves
 Glad quilt the silent earth in colours rare,
 The sun dyeing the patches, unaware,
 Yellow and red and russet brown, sad grieves
 O'er the fast-moving, miser winds—the thieves
 Who rob the gold of autumn and ensnare
 The singing birds and strip the meadows bare
 Of everything of beauty life perceives.
 The gray time of the year, and in the heart
 The tenderness, the silence and the tears
 That wake from out the buried yesteryears
 Warm sunshines and bright flowers, and the start
 Of Love's first summer—lilac-scented ways
 That led to heaven in those golden days.

“THE BYSTANDER” AND CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY W. S. WALLACE

TO compile a bibliography of all the fugitive journalism which came from the pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith would be a task of impossible dimensions, to achieve which one would have to thrid the labyrinth of modern newspaper fyles in at least three countries. But to trace his connection with Canadian journalism, during the years he lived in Canada, is a somewhat more modest ambition. The number of Canadian journals has never been as the sands of the sea; and even when they were most numerous, Mr. Goldwin Smith's trail through them was always easily followed. If he did not blaze the trail himself, his critics did it for him.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's connection with Canadian journalism commenced almost as soon as he arrived in Toronto in the autumn of 1871. Just at the time of his arrival, a plan was being projected among Toronto journalists for the publication of a magazine which proved to be for ten years a real ornament to Canadian life, *The Canadian Monthly and National Review*. The editorship of the magazine, the first number of which appeared in January, 1872, was offered to Mr. Goldwin Smith. Mr. Smith declined the editorship, but gave the directors of the magazine the fullest assurance of his advice and assistance, and contributed generously to both the literary and political departments from the first. His contributions fall under three heads:

first, unsigned contributions; second, papers signed by his own name; and third, a few papers to which is attached the now familiar pseudonym of “A Bystander.” The first of the Bystander papers was printed in *The Canadian Monthly* for February, 1872. It is an impartial discussion of the fall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government in December, 1871, entitled, “The Recent Struggle in the Parliament of Ontario.” No more illuminating treatment of this incident of Ontario history has been published up to the present time. That a stranger to Canadian politics should have written it is marvellous in our eyes, and goes far to show that “A Bystander” was not so backward in understanding Canadian affairs as some people would appear to believe. Other papers by “A Bystander” followed this first adventure: “The Woman's Rights Movement,” “The Late Session of the Parliament of Ontario,” “The Dominion Parliament,” “Colonel Gray on Confederation,” and “The Oneida Community and American Socialism.” To the unsigned articles in *The Canadian Monthly* it is perhaps difficult to point with certainty. In September, 1872, there appeared an article on “Political Struggles on Both Sides of the Line” which must probably be attributed to Mr. Goldwin Smith; and in December of the same year, there was initiated in the magazine a monthly review of “Current Events,” to which Mr. Goldwin

Smith contributed largely, but not to the exclusion of other writers—a fact which caused confusion among the ranks of the party journalists, who were sometimes betrayed into criticising as the “ignorance of a stranger” the remarks of a Canadian journalist long conversant with the affairs of his native land.

In December, 1874, Mr. Goldwin Smith, considering *The Canadian Monthly* to be fairly started on its way, severed his connection with that journal, and joined the staff of *The Nation*, a weekly paper which had begun publication in the spring of 1874 as the organ of the “Canada First” party. For over a year Mr. Goldwin Smith contributed one, two, and sometimes three leaders a week to the editorial page. These articles caused a great troubling of the waters in Canada. The writer found the wrath of both parties soon concentrated on his devoted head; for though all articles in *The Nation* were unsigned, it was not difficult as a rule to distinguish those which might have been signed by “A Bystander.” And in February, 1876, finding the controversy distasteful to him, Mr. Smith resigned from *The Nation* and returned to those pursuits which had been interrupted by his journalistic labours.

For several years, he appeared but seldom in Canadian journals. One or two articles on “Berlin and Afghanistan,” or something equally remote, alone broke the silence. In 1879, however, “A Bystander” once more stepped on to the stage. In that year four “Papers by a Bystander” appeared in *The Canadian Monthly*; and in January, 1880, there was issued the first number of the little publication which made the *nom-de-plume* of *The Bystander* known all over the English-speaking world.

A complete set of *The Bystander* is now not without a scarcity value; bibliophiles are proud to have the four volumes in their libraries. The complete set is composed of three

series: a monthly issue was published from January, 1880, to June, 1881; then a quarterly issue from January, 1883, to October, 1883; and finally, a monthly issue from October, 1889, to September, 1890. It is on these pamphlets that the reputation of Goldwin Smith will possibly rest. Those who have been familiar only with the weekly comment which in extreme old age he contributed to *The Weekly Sun*, can have no idea of the lightning that he wielded in his prime. In *The Bystander* papers there was no question of current politics and thought which he did not touch upon, and touch upon to clarify. The student of political history a hundred years hence will probably regard *The Bystander* in much the same way as we regard *The Rambler* of Samuel Johnson or the pamphlets of Locke and Milton.

Between the issue of the second and third series of *The Bystander*, a new weekly was launched in Toronto under the name of *The Week*, and Mr. Goldwin Smith was pressed into service here. The first number appeared in December, 1883, and for over a year “A Bystander” contributed several columns regularly under the heading “Current Events and Opinions.” After January, 1885, nearly all his contributions were anonymous; but for several years longer he contributed generously to its columns. *The Canadian Magazine*, both at its inception and in later years, he aided with occasional articles. And in August, 1896, he began to contribute a weekly column of comment signed “A Bystander” to *The Weekly Sun*, a paper addressed to the farmers of Ontario. This weekly contribution he kept up until within a few months of his death, when his advanced age compelled him to relinquish his pen.

There was no man who had the true interests of Canadian journalism more at heart than Mr. Goldwin Smith; and in spite of the fact that none of the publications he helped to found

exist at this day, probably no man did more for Canadian journalism than he did. That his influence was not greater than it was, was largely due to his unfortunate relations with the party journalists. He had not been long in Canada before he fell out with the journalists of both the Grit and Conservative parties. He gave offence to both of them by his "no-party" views; he had to read them repeated lessons on respecting the anonymity of the press and the courtesies of public discussion; and with the public generally, he made himself unpopular by the expression of his views, wholly academic though they were, as to the political destiny of Canada.

He was first attacked by *The Globe*. The editor of *The Globe*, Mr. George Brown, was a politician who was ruled by his likes and dislikes. He was in the habit of using the columns of his paper for the venting of what bears a strong resemblance to personal spleen. On more than one occasion he seems, to a later and less violent generation, to have merited the horse-whip or the horse-pond. The language with which he assailed Mr. Goldwin Smith is language for which contempt is a mild and inadequate feeling. A few excerpts may serve as illustrations:

"The truth is Mr. Smith is a dreamer, not a statesman; one who instead of being worthy of a 'traitor's trial or a traitor's doom,' is, as we said, and as we repeat, too insignificant for either or both." (*The Globe*, Nov. 7, 1874).

"Mr. Goldwin Smith is like a fast beauty who flirts so as to shock her friends and her circle, and is then shocked because she is spoken about, and furious at being considered frail." (*The Globe*, Jan. 4, 1875).

"We write thus for the sake of our readers, not to convince Professor Smith, for you never convince any one who imagines he has all the wisdom, and all the learning, and all the culture in the world." (*The Globe*, Jan. 4, 1875).

"He is too cowardly, and withal too thin-skinned to be at all fitted for a popular leader, especially in times of turmoil and revolution." (*The Globe*, June 14, 1875).

"Mr. Goldwin Smith more than hints at his ambition to become a martyr. He may save himself the trouble, and make up his mind to be regarded as only a nuisance." (*The Globe*, July 24, 1875).

"He fancies he may gain popularity with a few; but he will find that he has only aroused indignation, strongly spiced with contempt, among all whose favour is worth having." (*The Globe*, July 24, 1875).

To the misrepresentation and discourtesy of *The Globe*, Mr. Goldwin Smith replied in a letter which from several points of view is worth reprinting:

"To the Editor of *The Globe*:

"Sir,—On my return to Toronto, I find it is thought desirable by my friends that I should enter my protest against the interpretation put on the address delivered by me at the dinner of the National Club, in a series of articles which have appeared during my absence in your columns.

"You have not laid before your readers my address or any portion of it. But, on the strength of its alleged contents, you have represented me as 'having come into a peaceful community to do my best for the furtherance of a cause which means simply revolution'; as advocating a policy which would 'put in jeopardy the material, social, and religious interests of every individual in the Dominion'; as 'contemplating force'; as proposing 'to cut loose from Great Britain'; as teaching that 'allegiance to the Sovereign may be withheld'; and as inciting to 'armed revolution.' You have intimated that I and those who agree with me are worthy of 'a traitor's trial and a traitor's doom.' You have gone so far as to hint that our mouths ought to be stopped by violence—a tribute on the part of a journalist to the principle of liberty of opinion which I cannot help commending to your own mature consideration, and to the judgment of all whom the honour of the Canadian press concerns.

"I beg leave to challenge you to produce from my address any passage which can afford the slightest ground or warrant for such charges and denunciations. If you fail to accept this challenge, your failure will be my sufficient vindication.

"There is an allusion in my address to 'gradual emancipation' as the probable 'end' of the 'state of transition' in which the colonial system is now generally considered to be, and to the difference, in this respect, between my views and those of some members of the Club who hold that the end will be Imperial Confederation. But I need hardly say that gradual

emancipation means nothing more than the gradual concession by the mother country to the colonies of powers of self-government. This process has already been carried far. Should it be carried further and ultimately consummated, as I frankly avow my belief it must, the mode of proceeding will be the same that it has always been. Each step will be an Act of Parliament passed with the assent of the Crown. As to the filial tie between Canada and England, I trust it will endure forever.

"I do not think it necessary to bandy words with you about my general character, or to rebut imputations of unpatriotic or malignant motives. Nor do I think it necessary to vindicate my right, as a member of a free community, to discuss in a legal and temperate way the question of colonial relations, a subject which has been freely handled by a long line of publicists and statesmen. The right is distinctly recognised by the most respectable journalists of your own party, who, while they differ from my opinions, argue the case against me with the calmness of sense and the courtesy of gentlemen.

"Your obedient servant,

"Goldwin Smith."

"Toronto, November 5th, 1874."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion of *The Globe* is recorded in *The Bystander* of January, 1883:

"Party organs are bad, though we must have them so long as party reigns: but far worse than any party organ is a journal which, under the mask of public censorship, serves the objects, backs the confederates, and traduces the enemies of individual ambition. Those who thwarted Mr. Brown's will, or incurred his enmity, were not merely assailed with the abuse which is bandied in our party frays, and often shows more heat than malice; they were systematically hunted down. Misrepresentation and distortion were employed constantly and without scruple to hold them up not only to political but to social and personal odium. If they were journalists, all the rules and privileges of the Press were disregarded in the determination to destroy them. No journal ever did more to poison the heart of society; the most virulent of party organs, the most scandalous of society papers, would not have wrought practically so much harm. Thanks to the ability with which *The Globe* was managed, and to the failure of its rivals, there arose a literary despotism which struck without mercy, while a train of parasites seconded its blows, and its victims were utterly defenceless. Few

men were bold enough, or sufficiently independent in circumstances, willingly to brave the tiger."

Mr. Goldwin Smith fell foul also of *The Mail*, which commenced publication about the time he came to Canada. *The Mail* pursued him with even greater scurrility than that of *The Globe*. Perhaps only a single incident need be chronicled. When Mr. Goldwin Smith was on the staff of *The Nation*, a paragraph appeared in *The Nation* reflecting on the general conduct of *The Mail*. *The Mail* attributed the paragraph, quite wrongly as the event showed, to Mr. Goldwin Smith, and poured out the vials of its wrath on his unoffending head. *The Nation* came to the rescue by pointing out that Mr. Goldwin Smith had not written the paragraph in question, that he had not seen it until it was in print, that he was not the editor of the paper, and that he could not be held responsible for what appeared in it. One would have expected that this would have called from *The Mail* a prompt and handsome apology; unfortunately, it did not. The next morning *The Mail* delivered itself of the following:

"Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is inveterably cynical and dog-matical, in yesterday's *Nation* again 'returns to his vomit.' We leave him to the enjoyment of it, believing that his own readers as well as ours are tired of the strife. The assertion that the article in *The Nation* of the preceding week referring to *The Mail* was not seen by that gentleman till it was printed is ingenious, but fails to relieve him of responsibility for its publication after he had seen it. Besides, he probably inspired it. Mr. Goldwin Smith is 'the toad, the whole toad, and nothing but the toad' in such a very little puddle as *The Nation*, and until he advertises himself out of the puddle, as he was advertised into it, we shall continue to hold him responsible for all that appears in it." (*The Mail*, February 25, 1876).

There is some consolation to a Canadian in reflecting that the managing editor of *The Mail* at this time was, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, an alumnus of Eton and Oxford.

It is with pleasure that one is able to claim *Grip*, the Canadian *Punch* of those days, as an occasional champion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, or at least of fair play. On July 31st, 1875, there appeared in *Grip* some lines which, it is much to be regretted, were not taken to heart by the editors of *The Globe* and *The Mail*:

THE "GLOBE," "MAIL," AND
"NATION..."

"That 'obscure sheet' he never reads
Keeps Brown awake the livelong night;
That 'little weekly' no one heeds
Robs Patteson of all delight.

"No need to answer; none at all,
For Goldwin does himself confute.'
Why, then, in leaders large and small,
Yell, shout, and scream to help him
do 't?

"Smith has a civil tongue, 'tis plain;
You've two uncivil ones, 'tis clear;
Now, when you write of him again,
Remember what is told you here.

"If true, your truth shall more appear
By giving reasons, plainly told,
Than screaming 'traitor!' for a year,
Or shouting 'liar!' till you're old."

Mr. Goldwin Smith gave the best that was in him to Canadian journalism, and for many years his reward was obloquy and traduction. As late as 1896 the language which the Canadian press held toward him was far from respectful; and no less a man than Principal Grant so far forgot himself as to refer to him in terms which gave great offence. For the language he used Principal Grant offered his apologies; other Canadian journalists were not so generous. It has been only in the last ten years, with the growing up of a younger generation, that the attitude of Canadian newspapers toward Mr. Goldwin Smith has been sympathetic and respectful. Perhaps "A Bystander" will gain from the incoming generation the recognition which was denied him by his own.

Regarding the future of Canadian journalism, "A Bystander" came to be somewhat pessimistic. In a letter

contributed to *The Week* of August 31st, 1894, he expresses himself quite clearly on this point:

"To the Editor of The Week:

"Sir,—A writer in one of your contemporaries dolefully asks, 'What is the matter with Canadian literature?' and goes on to exhort us to patriotic effort for the purpose of setting it on its legs. Without any disparagement of our native genius, we must answer that no such thing as a literature Canadian in the local sense exists or is ever likely to exist. 'Canada' is a political expression. There is no literary unity, there is not even unity of language among the several seats of population, some of them divided by great spaces from the rest, of which the Dominion is made up. A writer in Ontario has hardly any field outside his own Province. Quebec, saving the British quarter of Montreal and the British remnant of Quebec city, affords him none. There is very little chance of his reaching beyond Quebec to the Maritime Provinces. On the other side, neither Manitoba nor the Territories have as yet much of a reading public, and British Columbia is in another world. Ontario is his sole constituency, and Ontario is a farming Province with little over two millions of people; while among the wealthy class reading is not very much the fashion, nor are libraries very often seen.

* * * * *

"In the field of periodical literature, what chance can our Canadian publishers have against an American magazine with a circulation of a hundred and fifty thousand, and a splendour of illustration such as only a profuse expenditure can support? The idea that Canadian patriotism will give preference to the native product is not borne out by my experience. I fear the reverse is nearer the truth. The Canadian Monthly, with which, during the early part of its course, I was connected, was, I believe, at one time just making ends meet, but it was aided by unpaid contribution. The Nation, which was largely literary, was also, I believe, just making ends meet, when the departure of the two chief contributors compelled its withdrawal. But in this case again the principal contributors were unpaid. The little Bystander had a pretty good circulation. But it was a sort of literary yacht, and as a commercial speculation would not have been long carried on.

* * * * *

"There is no use in attempting to galvanise into life anything, whether liter-

ary, political, or commercial which has not life in itself. Canadian writers may distinguish themselves in the literary world of Great Britain or the United States, and may bring back the honour to us in Canada. We have a fair list of such authors to show, but the publications are [not] Canadian in the local sense.

"Those who have spent time and labour in the vain attempt to build up the 'Athens of the Dominion,' as the writer to whom I referred calls Toronto, can

bear the sad testimony of experience to unwelcome fact.

"Yours faithfully,

"Goldwin Smith."

Whether in this, and in other matters, Mr. Goldwin Smith read the omens aright, it remains with the gods to reveal. Perhaps, however, he was not such a false prophet as some people would have one believe.

ON THAT FAR RIVER

By THEODORE ROBERTS

A WIND came to me, crying,
 "On that far river that you love and know
 The silver shallows chatter in the sun,
 The slim, white paddles dip, the red barks go
 Silent as dream; and day is just begun
 With lifting mist along the meadow's brim
 And lifting fire along the mountain's rim.
 In scent of ripening grasses God releases
 Slumber and dew and many a night-old thing.
 The paddles flash, the level light increases
 And high day gilds the heron's ashen wing."

A wind came to me, crying,
 "On that far river where the eddies turn,
 Pause, and swing slow, and sink to amber sleep:
 The snipe are running in the dewy fern,
 The long poles bend, the red barks drag and creep
 Up the long rapids. Day and toil are done,
 And red as Gluskap's war-shield drops the sun.
 In scent of cooling waters and ripe grasses
 God stills the river that you love and know.
 Behind the West the long light flares and passes,
 And now the crimson camp-fire is aglow."

A wind comes to me, crying,
 And sets my heart a-sighing.

THE SONG: A SKETCH

BY DEAN MACLEOD

SOFTLY, slowly, the dreamy, shadowy, placid river flows idly seaward. The golden yellow haze of Indian summer is over all the land—a yellow land, of faded dying beauty.

Yellow—it is all yellow and gold. The rusty, low-hanging alders and willows sweep the river's brim, and the mellow, ripe yellows of beech and tamarac stretch far to the woodlands beyond.

Brown-tipped iris blades and tinted river-grasses, drift and sway with the undercurrent. Wild fowl nest in the sedgy shores, and there where the maples grow close to the water's edge, the undergrowth rustles, mystic with hidden life.

A sudden gurgle in midstream, an instant's flash of silver, where a trout jumped, and then quiet; and the circles widen lazily to the shore, swaying the lily-pads and floating river-grasses, and lapping the bank in gentle splashes.

Westward stretches a low, flat, bush-grown country; the red of blueberry barrens and flaming Indian tea reach far to the bald, brown uplands; and beyond the purple hills the mountains rise and merge into the sky.

A red-rimmed sun, weird, almost appalling, in its immensity and smothered glare behind the smoky yellow haze, surrenders slowly to the call of Night, flushing the hillsides in a last reckless farewell. To-morrow's sun will see a land even more withered and dried: for the blight of frost has been cruel—merciless and sudden in its devastation of summer.

A stray butterfly wings helplessly from one ruin to another in his search for the splendours of yesterday.

The glory and loveliness of a living green knoll, so lately brave with waving grasses, tangled vines and staggering loads of burnished golden-rod, is now but a heap of dry, brown ugliness, stupid and lifeless. Raspberry and wild gooseberry bushes crackle and break at the touch. Forgotten now is the riotous crimson splendour of the sweet wild rose and the flaring glory of the maples. These, dropping, dry, curled leaves, are dead and unsightly.

A bark canoe drifts indolently backward and forward in the undercurrent by the big beech tree. An old punt, green and slimy, it left to rot in the swamp by the river-side.

Children's voices, the tinkle of the cow-bells and the sweet monotony of the chickadee ring clear through the silent, soft sweetness of the autumn day. A muskrat skims silently down the river under the spreading alders, and drops with a hollow splash into a deep dark pool below.

The butterfly still wings forlornly over a clump of frost-killed ferns. Can he hope, even yet, to find a last bit of summer in this soulless beauty? You stir the heap idly with your stick—ah, close under that moss-covered log is a yellow bloom! Two yellow blooms, of last, late, August flowers, sole survivors of a flaunting glory. It seems really absurd how pleased you are to find them, these little, insignificant blooms. Unconsciously you hum a tune, and swing your stick cheerily on the bank to keep time with

your song. Soon you sing the words:

"You are just as young as you feel,
No matter how many the years."

You had not realised that this dead life—"the end of all things beautiful"—around you, had made you melancholy with gloomy thoughts. You turn back doggedly to the yellow blooms by the stump and sing your song again.

Up on the highway a boy starts whistling, gay and clear. Soon he comes in sight over the hill, swinging his pail, and he takes the path to the spring. You smile at him, not indulgently, but with *camaraderie* understanding, for you feel as young as the boy just now, for all your gray hairs and the wrinkles creeping around your eyes. You remember the words of your song—"You are just as young as you feel"—and you laugh aloud, in genuine good-fellowship with the world, especially with that whistling boy. But the boy's song—what is his tune? Ah, yes, an old, old, tune! And the words?—

"Harps may be strung again,
Old songs may be sung again;
But we never may be young again,
Never—ah—never."

Suddenly you feel the chill in the air, you remember your rheumatic

shoulder and the common things of life. Why hadn't you noticed the lowering sun and the darkening river? You shiver in the shadows and the old melancholy comes back. The boy's whistle has changed into a thoughtless ragtime ditty. You some way feel relieved, and, as he passes from sight over the hill, you sigh, as you remember the years since you were a boy.


"But we never may be young again,"

you hum softly to yourself and then turn to cover the blooms once again. You even gather a handful of extra dead leaves to shelter them the more.


You have a thought about letting them keep life and bloom as long as possible, but you realise it is foolish, for after all they are only flowers and do not care whether they are young or old, or whether they live or die. "Perhaps they do after all, who knows?" You reason, stubbornly. They are well covered now. You look long over the darkening hills and river, then turn slowly up the bank and sing softly, almost contentedly, as you think of your bright fire in the library at home:

"Harps may be strung again,
Old songs may be sung again;
But we never may be young again,
Never—ah—never."





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

FEW of us in Canada probably realise how stagnant the great country of Australia has been during the same years that have been for Canada a period of almost extravagant prosperity. The Dominion during the past fifteen years has added in round figures two million souls to its population by immigration; Australia during the same period has received a net immigration of 50,000, allowing the most favourable aspect to the unpublished statistics for the past year. The ten years from 1896 to 1905 showed more poorly yet, the net immigration having been but 5,147, an almost incredibly low figure. The laws of the Commonwealth have not been calculated to promote settlement on the land, and immigration to the cities has quite reasonably been emphatically discouraged — Australia is already confronted with the startling fact that more than a third of its people are contained in its five leading cities. The failure of the Commonwealth to secure immigration threatens, however, to add one more to the long list of Imperial problems. A tiny and stationary population can hardly hope to hold indefinitely a land which is really a continent while neighbouring nations lack soil for their people to till. So far every political party in the Commonwealth has accepted the principle of a White Australia, and there is little likelihood of any Australian leader running counter thereto, but the principle will not be maintained without a struggle unless the white race justifies its possession of the island continent by developing its resources and peopling its vacant areas.

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Doctor E. J. Dillon, always one of

the shrewdest observers of world politics, finds, in his review in the current issue of the *Contemporary*, that the signing of a convention between Russia and Japan has effected a transformation scene, not only as between the two countries named, but almost over the face of Europe. No argument is needed to show how rudely the balance of power in Europe was upset when Japan defeated Russia in war; the German spectre dates precisely from the time that Russian power was destroyed. Since the close of the war the remote East—the proximity of Japan—has occupied the energies and attention of Russia in a manner second only to that compelled by the actual contest. Now that a friendly arrangement has given place to a condition which was little better than an armed truce, the tension in the East will be released and Russia may proceed to recover her lost position in Europe. This at least is the view of Doctor Dillon and it seems a sound and reasonable conclusion.

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It will take several years meantime before Russia regains her old position, or recovers at any rate sufficient prestige to enable her to confront the greatly strengthened power of Germany. Doctor Dillon thinks five years of external peace would do it, but is very doubtful whether the five years of peace can be secured; the quinquennium safely weathered the weight of Russia would be thrown effectively into the scales on the side of peace, supporting Great Britain and France, and gradually wearing down, let us hope, the more militantly inclined powers of Central Europe. Japan, too, lies at the back

of this combination owing to her new convention with Russia and her treaty with Britain, for while Japanese friendship does not directly add to the strength of these powers in Europe yet it has that effect indirectly since England and Russia are no longer fettered by a foe or a doubtful neutral in the East awaiting an opportunity to strike with advantage.

*

On the whole, according to this experienced writer, the reviving influence of Russia makes distinctly for a more peaceful outlook, yet Doctor Dillon cannot help recalling the words of Bismarck, uttered five months only before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war: "the political horizon contemplated from Berlin seems at present so unclouded that there is nothing of interest to report and I can only hope that no unforeseen event will render the recently conceived hope of universal peace precarious." The unrealised gravity of the Cretan difficulty is one of the sources from which Doctor Dillon fears evil may come, Turkey, as he believes, being only too ready to seize an opportunity to annihilate Greece politically if the latter moves further in the direction of Cretan annexation; and once the blaze of war is started, only a miracle of statesmanship can prevent it spreading even to the powers who dread it most.

*

Papal statecraft seems not suited to the glare of the modern world. Its encounter with the American ex-President was tactless and undignified, but without serious results. Its present contest with Spain is infinitely more important and is being keenly watched by a universal audience. Spain has been the last stronghold of the old faith of Christendom and its relations with Rome have always been peculiarly cordial and intimate. Everything changes, however, and the times have de-

manded a modification in the Concordat which regulated the relations of the two powers. In the resulting friction it does not appear that any religious principle is at stake. Nor is Spain in any way initiating an anti-Catholic agitation after the manner of France. It is inconceivable to us in Canada that any church should seek to deny the government of a great nation the right of decreeing that a religious denomination may place its titles or emblems on its building; yet this is part of the present dispute. The right of the state in such a matter involves the very essence of religious freedom and does not admit of argument. The papal side of the controversy seems to have been espoused with more ardour than wisdom.

*

The election for the first Parliament of United South Africa, fixed for September 15th, will be over by the time these pages are read. The Honourable Mr. Lemieux is already on his voyage across the ocean as the representative of Canada—there could hardly be a more fitting choice—at the opening of the new parliament. The general expectation seems to be that the government of General Botha will be returned with a majority which will be at least substantial and may be overwhelming, this last condition depending mainly on the attitude of the seventeen members returned from the strongly English state of Natal. Doctor Jameson is the leader of the Opposition, which has taken to itself the title of Unionist, just why is not very clear, since there is no avowedly separatist party, and there has been no stronger advocate of a united South Africa than General Botha. Roughly speaking, the Botha party is mostly Dutch and the Jameson or Unionist party mostly British, but the race lines are not too tightly drawn. Doctor Jameson declares that General Botha, with whom he worked in close harmony in shaping the union, has surrendered



WILLIAM TELL AND SON
A mighty trying position for any father and son

—Des Moines Register and Leader

vital matters of principle to the reactionary elements in cabinet with the result, as he says, that politics are back largely to their old racial lines.

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The question most seriously at issue is that of education, practically that of language in the schools. There is no trouble outside the bounds of the old Orange Free State. Natal and Cape Colony are as they have been. In the Transvaal education is begun at the outset in the mother tongue of the child, and if this is Dutch and not English the latter is gradually substituted in the higher standards; in this way a Dutch child acquires a good knowledge of both languages, the English child not necessarily and not usually learning Dutch. The same system was established in Orange River colony at the close of the war and prevailed until 1908 when General Hertzog introduced what was called the "equal rights" principle, compelling the teaching of every subject throughout school life in both languages and re-

quiring every teacher to be familiar with both tongues.

✱

Practically this puts English teachers out of the question; places all children, English or Dutch, under Dutch teaching and influence, and largely deprives the children of both races of the chance of receiving any moderately good education in English. The effect has been to cause the withdrawal of the English children from the State schools, which, of course, will not be conducive to racial unity or even to a common patriotism. General Botha pleads that the central government cannot interfere, the question of education having been under the constitution left for five years to the individual States; and no doubt General Botha hopes that in the interim the matter will have ceased to be a source of worry. Looming up darkly, far more portentous than the educational problem, is the native question, which must force the races to act in common and any error of policy with regard to which

may threaten the very life of the new Dominion.

*

Lord Minto's term of office in India, now closing, has been a trying and anxious period but there is the widest testimony to the fact that he has acquitted himself with honour and distinction. Lord Minto went to India at a time when in the great Province of Bengal there was much irritation because of the then recent partition, and this accentuated the bitter anti-British campaign that had already begun. Lord Minto was not so great a man as his predecessor, Lord Curzon, and for that very reason was able in a measure to heal the wounds that Lord Curzon's aggressively progressive policy had made necessary. Almost immediately after the new viceroy took office a general election in England placed the Liberals in power and made Lord Minto, a Unionist, subordinate throughout his term to a scholarly radical doctrinaire. Yet Lord Minto worked in close harmony with Lord Morley—the latter has frequently so testified—and under the joint auspices of these statesmen and with the cordial approval of both an important step has been taken in the direction of conferring on the people of India those larger liberties which many are passionately demanding. Sir Charles Hardinge, the new Viceroy, who has received the usual peerage, takes up a task which has grown herculean.

*

There is a marked tendency towards new leaders in United States politics just now. It is not perhaps surprising that the Nebraska Democrats have snubbed Mr. Bryan, and told him in fairly plain terms that he must be shelved—a man who has three times led his party to defeat can expect little else—but it was less expected that Mr. Roosevelt should be almost as badly snubbed by the Republicans of his own State, who refused him the temporary chairmanship of the State

convention. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is in a better position to fight than Mr. Bryan; he has enjoyed the highest honours of the Republic and has never known defeat in anything that has mattered, whereas Mr. Bryan would hardly feel natural if he won anything. Mr. Roosevelt will still be a delegate to the State convention and it is said will carry on an active fight from the floor. The contest is really between the insurgents, or more liberal-minded Republicans, and the Old Guard, the latter being Mr. Roosevelt's opponents. The higher ideals and the higher type of public service are with the insurgents, and the triumph of Mr. Roosevelt's views will make for better politics and better citizens. If Mr. Taft's sympathies are thrown to the side of the Old Guard, as some despatches intimate, it is unfortunate and shows the compelling strength of party affiliations; but in such a rupture it is Mr. Taft who stands to lose.

*

The visit to England of the famous Queen's Own Regiment of Toronto six hundred strong, by the generosity of Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, is a pleasant and dramatic illustration of the growing community and kinship between the various sections of the Empire. Even a generation ago such an undertaking would have seemed quixotic and would have made the world stare; now it is calmly accepted as a natural incident in the working out of the tangled but splendid destiny of Britain's Empire, in the unfolding of which all the agencies of communication and transportation are marvellously assisting. Such visits can but create pleasant impressions on both sides and are object lessons to the world which will be of service to both Britain and Canada.

*

It is a matter of general satisfaction that the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor of New York has

failed. The would-be assassin was no more than a half-drunken, half-demented wretch, who sought this way of attracting attention to his imaginary grievance — a case much after the order of Guiteau and his more successful attack on President Garfield. The incident is a reminder of the dangers that have always beset public men, not more now than formerly, but unhappily not apparently less now than formerly, and certainly not less in the heart of a great democracy than in the old world, with its traditions of birth and caste and ruling classes. The effect of the sensation has been to draw attention to the excellent record Mr. Gaynor had made as mayor. Elected as a candidate of the famous Tammany, he has ignored Tammany influences as he said he would do, and is generally credited with having done more to reform the city government than any anti-Tammany mayor has done in many a year. Such men too seldom

reach high office, and it is well his work will not be rudely cut short.

*

The calm that has come over British politics seems almost uncanny, and is heartbreaking to those correspondents who love continuous sensation. The government has passed with flying colours through the ordeal of the oath of succession, and Mr. Asquith has won compliments from the Unionist press—a rare occurrence—because of his frank and unhesitating attitude on woman suffrage. Even the rumour that Home Rule is to be revived in the modified form of a federation and Mr. Birrell's open advocacy of such a project, has not served to renew the fierce controversies that were in full swing at the time of King Edward's death. It seems almost as if the happy and beneficent influence of the late sovereign were extending beyond the grave and more than ever entitling him to the name of Peacemaker.



TWO LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

CHINA AND JAPAN (to themselves)—"i-n't it fine to have such a strong protector? And so disinterested ..."

—Fischietto (Turin)



At Five O'clock

OLD BOOKS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Oh, Well-beloved and familiar friends,
A hundred joys have laughed and gone
their way;
A hundred loves have reached unlovely
ends,
And yet you stay.

With you no whit of comradeship
abates—
I turn to you of warmth and welcome
sure;
I, who have said farewell to many mates,
Yet you endure.

Dear gossips of my heart who compen-
sate
For days of dreariness, for nights of
pain,
Life shall not find me wholly desolate
While you remain.

Beside the flame of hearth and candlelight
Still shall your loves be mine to have
and hold.
Friends, who shall watch with me that
livelong night
When I am old.

—*Ainslee's Magazine.*

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THERE are many of us who feel
a debt of gratitude to Theodosia
Garrison, who writes "really" poetry
—which is more than verse. We are
familiar with the wail that there are
no great poets nowadays. Well, if
we were challenged to name a living
poet who might be placed with Mil-
ton or Wordsworth, we should be
compelled to surrender. Yet there
are, even in these materialistic days,
singers whose note rings clear and

sweet, who make the world much
more bearable by their music. Among
these is the writer of the lines just
quoted, whose poems are found in
many a modern scrap-book or may be
discovered in many a work box,
among needles and spools and other
prosaic belongings.

These lines on "old books" come
home to all of us who have had time
to realise that "old books, old friends
and old times are best." From the
best-selling novel of to-day, with its
Gibsonish hero and Christyish hero-
ine embracing violently on the cover
and making love to each other in split
infinitives throughout each chapter,
we turn to the well-thumbed volumes
on a certain familiar shelf and fondly
open them with an assurance of wel-
come and good cheer. "Back to
Dickens" is one watchword for peace
and comfort. I have spent these
lazy summer days in quaint old
"Bleak House" or in watching the
devious ways by which *Martin
Chuzzlewit* finally comes into his own,
and next month I hope to read
"David Copperfield" for the forty-
first time. What delightful old
friends they are, who spring from be-
tween the scarlet covers and find their
place in room or garden until they
have taken up their abode forever!
These dream people are the best of
all, these children of the fancy who
will be just as much alive one hundred
years from now as they are to-day.

Dora will still smile in simpering and distracting fashion, *Agnes* will still be pointing upward, and *Betsy Trotwood* will still be ordering the donkeys off the grass. Then the villains are such complete scamps—*Quilp* and *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, to say nothing of *Uriah Heep*. Has any other writer painted more vividly the portrait of an utter sneak? We hate *Uriah* and *Pecksniff* more cordially than we do the hypocrites whom we meet every day. The very virtue of humility has been spoiled for most of us by the former's "umbleness."

Then there is "*Prue and I*," a well-worn little book which has voyaged with many a pilgrim. Mine has been fished out of a Muskoka lake, has been the worse of a journey to MacKinac and is liked all the better for its stained and frayed condition. Then there is "*Tennyson*," the best beloved of all, which opens of itself at the "*Lady of Shalott*" with its magic melody. Curious how that stanza haunts one with its elfin music—

"Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'"

*

IT is old-fashioned, of course, to be devoted to Alfred Tennyson of the Victoria era, and is quite the mode to sneer at his chivalrous sentiment and lofty ideals. But he is worth a wilderness of the decadents and is good company in the long winter evenings. They are only a small shelf-full, after all, these indispensable book friends. Like the human beings, whose companionship we really need, the books which we *must* possess are "fit and few."

Why should we aspire to enter certain society or to become acquainted with the "would-be great," when the most noble minds that have created and aspired will be our comrades,

merely for the asking? Some of our best friends are those whom we have never seen, some of our truest helpers are those whom we have known only through the printed lines. Literature, like Nature, "never did betray the heart that loved her," and remains an imperishable possession.

*

THERE is a certain learned professor in the United States who is versed in the classics and who writes knowingly upon life and letters. More than ten years ago, he became involved in a controversy concerning the "rights" of woman and wrote several magazine articles which aroused the ire of the advanced women of the United States and evoked spirited replies and criticisms from feminine scribes. The aforesaid professor was firm in his dislike of the university woman, sneered at woman's desire for intellectual culture and held up to scorn her pretensions to political knowledge. Woman was merely and entirely "emotional," said he, and was utterly without mental strength or will power. In fact, it seemed very decent of man to allow her to exist, at all. Still, she was a useful being, who loved man and cooked for him—but, except by way of loving and cooking, she was a poor creature. So ran the professor's remarks, and it was no wonder that the woman who read Ibsen and appreciated George Meredith was ready to tear the hair of this scornful pedagogue. Finally the professor made a statement which was the climax of academic impertinence. He actually declared that man had set the bounds of woman's sphere, because he had a "perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations."

If you will reflect for a moment on the awful audacity of that declaration, you will see that the professor was rushing madly towards his own destruction. If there is anything upon which woman prides herself, it is upon being utterly incomprehensible by man—not to be understood by the

wisest professor of them all. Hence, the statement that the stupid sex has a perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations, and is therefore qualified to dictate her duties, filled the higher-educated sisters with an indignation which overflowed in a variety of magazine contributions.

At last, at last, the professor has met his Waterloo and the feminine world rejoices. He was a cynical and superior bachelor, but he finally succumbed and became a common-place "Benedick, the married man." Then ensued a law-suit of peculiar and piquant flavour. It seems he had made ardent love to another fair maiden to whom he had written various amorous epistles. He had calmly ignored her, however, when it came to a question of matrimony, and the slighted fair one arose in her wrath, sued him for breach of promise, and produced the sentimental communications in court. There followed the deluge! Consternation from the professor, tears from the professor's bride, and loud laughter from the yellow journals! A few of the women candidates for political rights remembered the "perfect knowledge of her nature and limitations" and jeered unfeelingly at the uneven course of the professor's true love. The letters to the jilted lady were a peculiar joy to the unregenerate, as they abounded in affectionate and delicate devotion. It is now rumoured that the indignant bride may sue for divorce; in which case, the learned professor will be left to lament over the fickleness of woman and the absolute impossibility of knowing what she will do, or whom she may sue. He may conclude with a modern philosopher: "Just as man thinks that he can read a woman's mind, she turns the page."

*

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY, of Toronto, who was elected president of the Canadian Women's Press Club for 1910-1913, at the recent annual meeting in Toronto,

eminently deserves the honour. It is due largely to Miss MacMurchy that the Toronto Press Club is in its present flourishing condition. Her enthusiasm and devotion to its interests have been shown ever since its early formation, and the Canadian Women's Press Club recognised the breadth of her ability in electing her to be chief officer of the national organisation. Miss MacMurchy is the writer of the book review columns of *The News*, a contributor to several weekly publications and a writer of charming short stories which have appeared, from time to time, in *Toronto Saturday Night*, *The Globe*, *The Canadian Magazine* and *Harper's Bazar*. She is an ardent believer in woman's work and the essential comradeship of women workers, without being in the least an aggressive advocate of any feminine "cause." She has no fads and possesses a Scottish caution and balance which render her journalistic judgment of excellent service. A reputation for reliable and finished workmanship is that which any one may desire, and it is this which has contributed to Miss MacMurchy's standing in her chosen profession.

*

THERE has been for some years the feeling that the teaching profession on this continent has become "feminised." "Why are there so few men in the teaching profession?" is a question which is heard at the various educational conventions. The answer is easy and simple. Because the salaries are not high enough to attract men of ambition—and teachers are not philanthropists, who enter upon their work for the pure joy of instructing the Young Idea. There will not be many capable women left in the profession at the end of two more decades, if the trustees of this highly-favoured land do not arouse to the necessity of giving reasonable remuneration. There was a time when teaching and needlework were the only occupations open to women. But

time and the universities have changed all that. Woman's work is no longer that which used to be termed "feminine," but has branched into a multitude of pathways. Business life has become increasingly attractive and now, that its higher prizes are within the grasp of womanly fingers, the former "teacher's salary" is not regarded as a desirable reward. Woman has learned, during a generation of business training, to discard any sentimental ideas regarding the beauties of giving work for meagre returns. She is quite willing to be thorough and conscientious in her "daily round and common task"—but she is going to demand and receive adequate payment.

*

YEARS ago, in the dark times of the Boer War, the eyes of all anxious Britishers were turned towards Mafeking, where a young officer, R. S. S. Baden-Powell, was holding his own. With the relief of the town, that name was flashed over the Empire and the frank, manly face under the wide-brimmed hat became familiar in all the illustrated papers and magazines. Since those troubled days, that officer has become Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, and is now known as the organiser and head of the Boy Scouts. He is now in Canada, which gives a warm welcome to so useful a citizen. The Boy Scout movement has become decidedly popular in this country and deserves the support of all interested in the development of young Canadians into healthy sturdy citizens. The most important principles to which the Boy Scouts adhere are included in their pledge and their law as laid down by Baden-Powell. Honour, courtesy, loyalty and helpfulness are to be cultivated by the Boy Scouts. The idea of the founder seems to be of the order of "muscular Christianity," as expounded by the author of "Tom Brown's School-days."

There are always certain timid



MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY,
PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S
PRESS CLUB

souls who perceive in this kind of movement an incipient militarism.

During last June a review of about fifteen hundred Boy Scouts took place at Toronto, when the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire presented flags to the various divisions. No one who saw the splendid appearance of the lads that afternoon could doubt the benefits of the movement. Exhibition Park has never seen a more inspiring sight than the marching columns of alert, soldierly young figures.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

CANADA has long been regarded as a fertile field for the novelist. So it is. And, yet, how seldom have we been presented with a Canadian historical novel of first-class quality? Many attempts have been made, and are being made, to fit romance into some of the stirring episodes or inspiring dramas that have taken place in the development of our country and our nationality. It is a lamentable fact, however, that novel after novel appears for a brief and lustreless career and then finds an abiding place in the undusted corners of our libraries. One is therefore impelled to look for a reason. Is it that our history is lacking in events that might naturally engender romance? Or is it that our writers do not fit romance into fact in such a way as to make the one the complement of the other and both enthralling and great? The blame must be laid on the writers, because, without doubt, there have been inspiring, romantic, and even heroic incidents and passages in the making of Canada. The rebellion of 1837 is an instance. Here we have an undertaking that gives us on its face material for but little more than a prosaic chronicle, and yet which in the hands of a skilful and imaginative novelist could be turned into a chapter of splendid dignity and chivalrous adventure. Doubtless Doctor Price-Brown had some appreciation of its possibilities when he began his novel published recently and entitled "The Macs of '37"; but in fairness to the time with which he

deals and to the measure of genuine romance, it must be admitted that the book does not reveal it. Instead of giving the reader a feeling that a movement of real moment was afoot, the narrative is small in calibre, small in its view of that uprising, and small and commonplace in its realisation of what is required to make love romantic and romance lovely. To read this volume (and it makes an effort to be historical as well as novel) one would conclude that the rebellion of 1837 had no real significance. Of course, we all know that in externals it was small, but it had underlying principles that have since become the chief corner stone of our constitution. The author of "The Macs of '37" had at the outset conceived what might have been developed into a highly dramatic situation—the friendship and intimacy of a rebel's daughter with the family of Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor. There is also the promise of an engaging romance between a young officer of Her Majesty's forces and this same young woman, *Marie MacAlpine*. But we feel that the novelist has not struck the dynamic chord. The interest in the narrative drags along between the girl and her lover, on the one hand, and William Lyon Mackenzie and his insurgents, on another hand, with several other hands occupied in an unimportant way from chapter to chapter. While the story is not without some merit, it is but one more instance of where a writer has failed to enliven the pages of our history with the glow of chivalry and

the fire of love. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

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MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL has expressed in his new book, "The Canadian Lake Region," the opinion that Ontario's four inland seas have affected the character of the people who have lived on their shores. If surroundings have any influence whatever on individuals, and that seems to be a foregone conclusion, he is quite right in that belief. Mr. Campbell has long been an ardent admirer of the Great Lakes. He has written much poetry with glimpses of them in his mind, a result no doubt of the fact that he was born on the shore of the Georgian Bay and lived there for some years. It is fortunate that the making of this book was entrusted to him, because in descriptive and historical sketches he is at his best as far as prose is concerned, and although the work in this instance is not uniformly excellent, it is nevertheless a most praiseworthy piece of writing — full of style, colour and poetic appreciation. It was in poetry that Mr. Campbell first made an impression as a writer, and it is to poetry that we must look as yet for his highest achievement with the pen. In "The Canadian Lake Region" his poetical temperament has lead him into alluring bypaths, and to this same temperament we must give credit for the many pages that save the volume from the less entertaining paragraphs of a purely historical tract. But it is not well to see only poetry and picturesqueness in fine scenery, splendid expanses and beautiful skies, and it is just possible that the author of this volume has not as yet come into full sympathy with the great part that commerce plays in the greatness of the Great Lakes themselves. After all, there is something profoundly poetical in a merchant vessel passing heavily laden out to sea, in the creakings and strainings of barges and tugs, and in the smoke and dust and clangour of a shipping town. Our



DOCTOR PRICE-BROWN,
AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL ENTITLED
"THE MACS OF '37"

poets are prone to dwell on the tints of autumn and of spring, but there is more in life, more of poetry too, than is to be found merely in colour and place and season. Mr. Campbell begins at the Thousand Islands, touches on the early settlements along the shores of Lake Ontario, pauses at the cataract of Niagara, lingers in the peach orchards and vineyards of the Niagara Peninsula, experiences the easily-tossed waters of Lake Erie, and advances with intimate knowledge along the rugged coasts of Huron and Superior. He begins with a poetical introduction:

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl.
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl;

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest.
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods, who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night
slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile;
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile.

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was
young.

Altogether it is an interesting volume, with coloured photographic illustrations that are generally good if not always new. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

DOCTOR ANDREW MACPHAIL, of Montreal, editor of *The University Magazine*, and author of a number of volumes, including one novel, and who is one of the most cultured of Canadian litterateurs, has published another volume of essays, the title this time being "Essays in Fallacy." Doctor Macphail has a singular liking for the essay, and he very frequently employs it to express his thoughts and opinions. In both thought and opinion his mind is extremely fertile, and he always seems to have the courage of his convictions. He enjoys argument, and takes a turn at irony and the epigram and is at times not above aphorism. The first essay is entitled "The American Woman"; the second, "The Psychology of the Suffragette"; the third, "The Fallacy in Education," and the fourth, "The Fallacy in Theology." The author does not confine the American woman to the United States, but he has found that she has existed from early times and in various places. She loves to adorn herself and to dwell in the luxury of idleness. Here is what the doctor says:

"Reduced by a power not her own to a condition of idleness, her case is a most unhappy one, and her manifold activities in the street, in places of entertainment, and finally in the divorce court, are merely blind strivings to free herself from an intolerable ennui. Her life is one of rivalry for appearance and position. The struggle exhausts her energy and all other means at her disposal. Her mind becomes warped and her ambition distorted. Eternal restlessness is her portion—a dislike of any discipline, a hatred of any law save that which her own whim, will or desire imposes. To impose this law upon others becomes her constant occupation."

In the second essay the reader is not always sure of the ground on which the author stands. In one paragraph he seems to support woman suffrage and in the next to go against it. In the third essay he argues in favour of classical study in the schools as against instruction in useful or utilitarian subjects. The essay on "The Fallacy in Theology" is mostly a contention that religion, theology, and ecclesiasticism are three distinct things, and that neither theologians nor ecclesiastics have apprehended that fact. Note the irony of the following paragraph:

"The prophet and the priest are inevitable enemies; and yet, without the priest the prophet ends as a voice crying in the wilderness. It is the strangest paradox of history that religion loses itself without the Church, and its fineness is always destroyed within. The priest slays the prophet and betrays the Church; yet he maintains its existence until the saint is ready to redeem it. When religion is driven from the hearts of men, its only refuge is the Church until the time comes, as it inevitably does, for it to burst forth like the water-spring long pent up. When we realise that it is one function of the priest to slay the prophet, we can regard with more equanimity the methods which he adopts. Occasionally a mistake is made, but the priests are always willing to make what amends they can by building a handsome sepulchre."

*

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, a Canadian who has established himself as a serious literary worker in the

United States, is the author of a fine biography and historical work entitled "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road." It is an inspiring account of a great undertaking, and of the book a critic has expressed this opinion:

"In the telling of the life story of this pioneer of civilisation the author gives us a romance which in thrilling personal interest is not excelled by anything Walter Scott wrote, but with this difference, that 'Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road' is the story of a real personality in the history of the United States. The story of this great old man is one to encourage and cheer every worker the world over, and one which will be told and retold so long as man continues to love and revere the heroic and the good."

(Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

IT would be difficult to find a more interesting native tribe than the Maoris, of New Zealand, a fact that has been emphasised once more by a Canadian writer, Reverend D. V. Lucas, who has published an interesting handbook on the history and characteristics of this people. The contents are based upon the author's observations during a year's visit to New Zealand, when he had special opportunities of studying the native people, and also meeting several of the Maori members of Parliament, who, as such, are

among the legislators of a land where, less than a century ago, their fathers had been cannibals. The author treats of the history, legends and customs of these so-called savages, or aborigines, and creates a regret that such an interesting tribal family should be in danger of dying out. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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SILAS K. HOCKING'S latest story, "Who Shall Judge?" is one of the striking novels of the season. It is a psychological study, that of the mental experiences of a married couple who have received a small amount of money yearly for rearing a motherless boy. They have a boy of their own, and when they learn that the father of their foster child has become wealthy in South America they succeed in passing their own son off as the heir to all the wealth. But on her death-bed the mother relents, and calling her son to her, she tells him the truth. He, of course, wishes to make amends to the other boy and to set everything right again, but he shrinks from causing pain and disappointment to one who has always been his companion. Poverty, however, induces him to tell the facts as he knows them. The story abounds in dramatic situations, is well told and is of absorbing interest. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).





THE LOVE OF A BUTCHER BOY

Deer heart, I'm in an awful stew
 How I'll re-veal my love for you.
 I'm such a mutton-head, I fear—
 I feel so sheep-ish when you're near.
 I know it's only cow-ardice
 That makes these lamb-entations rise.
 I dread a cut—let me explain:
 A single roast would give me pain.
 I should not like to get the hooks,
 And dare not steak my hopes on looks.
 I never sausage such eyes as thine,
 If you would but-cher hand in mine—
 And live-r round me every day,
 We'd seek some ham-let far away;
 We'd meat life's frowns with love's
 caress,
 And cleav-er road to happiness.

—Graphic



'Strike me, Ned, if we ain't in the fashion at
 last!'
 —Punch

THE PICNIC ANT

Hast ever seen the ant, my friend,
 The picnic Ant, I mean?
 He hasn't much at either end
 And nothing in between.

Yet when the basket joy is spread
 Beneath a shady tree,
 Of every blessed piece of bread
 That Ant will eat with glee.

You see him gorging on the pie
 With calm, unruffled air,
 But when to smash the beast you try
 He simply isn't there.

He stops to drink the lemonade
 And sample tarts and cake;
 He noses every dish you've made
 And pauses to partake.

I don't know where he puts it all
 Or why he doesn't burst;
 His appetite is far from small.
 So likewise is his thirst.

His viscera have me amazed,
 Nor can I solve his curve,
 But though he surely has me feazed
 I must admire his nerve.

—Brooklyn Life

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OF COURSE

Bound to sell—modern fiction.—
 Harvard Lampoon.

*

THE CLIMAX

"There wasn't a single really funny
 character in the whole comedy!"

"Wait till the audience calls for the
 author!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"Wot's 'e follerin' the copper for?" "It's only 'is bloomin' side. 'E wants people to fink 'e's done somefink'!"

—Punch

SATISFACTION

"The most amusing story of an American in France that I ever heard," said a recently appointed attaché to the French Embassy, "is this:

"A well-known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air, and stalked out.

"The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote 'Admit bearer' above the engraved line, and went off to the theatre."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

NOTHING ELSE

Friend—"So you dined at a way station. What did you have for dinner?"

Traveller — "Twenty minutes."—*Berkeley Blade*.

DISCOURTEOUS

Theatrical Manager (whose new farce is a failure)—"They might at least have laughed as much as they did at my 'Hamlet'."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

SLIPPED HIS MIND

A Perthshire farmer on his way home from market one day suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something, but what he could not recall.

As he neared home the conviction increased and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocket-book in the vain endeavour to discover what he had missed. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and asked:

"Why, father, what have you done with mother?"—*M. A. P.*



1912.—ABDICATION OF THE QUEEN REGENT
Le Grand Roisvelte: "Les Etats Unis—C'est moi"

TRYOUTS

Crawford—"Don't you miss the theatre, living out here in this one-horse town?"

Suburbs—"Why, man, we see plays here that you never see in New York!"—*Puck*.

*

ABRAHAM'S PREDICAMENT

The Sunday-school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

"And what, now, is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher.

There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is what you takes off before you puts on your nightie."—*Lippincott's*.

*

HOW THEY DO IT

In a hotel in Montana is the following notice:

"Boarders are taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly are taken by the neck."—*Lippincott's*.

THE CASUS BELLI

One day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far the more pugnacious. "What garred ye fight a big laddie like that for?" said the mother as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers!"—*Argonaut*.

*

THE IMPROVED AMERICAN CATECHISM

To be read, inwardly digested and often repeated by all foolish little Americans.

Question.—Who made the world?
Answer.—Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the First Man?

A.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Wisest Man?

A.—Governor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Strongest Man?

A.—Elephant-Killer Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the meekest Man?

A.—Vice-President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Champion Boxer at Harvard?

A.—Student Roosevelt.

Q.—What President Couldn't Tell a Lie?

A.—President Roosevelt.

Q.—Who Lived Three Days in the Belly of a Whale?

A.—Roosevelt, the Faunal Naturalist.

Q.—Who won the Spanish-American War?

A.—Rough-Rider Roosevelt.

Q.—Who was the Talkiest Man?

A.—Doctor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who wrote the Letters of Junius?

A.—Editor Roosevelt.

Q.—Who killed Cock Robin?

A.—Teddy.

Q.—Who struck Billy Patterson?

A.—The Colonel.

Q.—Who Was, Is, and Always Will Be the Most Modest Man?

A.—T. R.

—*Life*.

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